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DOCTOR WATTS'S

IMITATION

OF THE

PSALMS

OF

DAVID,

CORRECTED AND ENLARGED,
By JOEL BARLOW.

TO WHICH IS ADDED

A COLLECTION OF

HYMNS;

The whole applied to the State of the CHRISTIAN
CHURCH in general.

THE FOURTH EDITION.

LUKE xxiv. *All things must be fulfilled which were
written in the—PSALMS concerning me.*

HARTFORD:
PRINTED BY NATHANIEL PATTEN.
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AT a Meeting of the General Association of the State of Connecticut in June last, it was thought expedient, that a number of the Psalms in Doctor WATT's version, which are locally appropriated, should be altered and applied to the state of the Christian Church in general, and not to any particular country ; and finding some attempts had been made to alter and apply those Psalms to America, or particular parts of America, tending to destroy that uniformity in the use of Psalmody, so desirable in religious assemblies ; they appointed the Rev. Messrs. *Timothy Pitkin, John Smally and Theodore Hinsdale*, a Committee to confer with and apply to Mr. *Jeel Barlow*, of Hartford, to make the proposed alteration. These, together with the additions and the collection of Hymns annexed to this Edition, we have carefully examined and approved ; and we therefore recommend them to the use of the Church of CHRIST, for the purposes of public worship and private devotion.

TIMOTHY PITKIN,	} Committee of	
JOHN SMALLY,		} General
THEODORE HINSDALE.		} Association.

The following Gentlemen, appointed by particular Associations, to examine and revise, concur in the above Recommendation.

NATHAN WILLIAMS,
THOMAS W. BRAY,
NATHAN PERKINS.

January 1, 1783.

P R E F A C E.

THE reasons for undertaking the Corrections and Additions, contained in this Edition of the Psalms are sufficiently explained in the foregoing Narrative of the General Association's Committee. Yet the difficulty of giving general satisfaction in attempts of this kind, cannot be realized till the experiment be made. Among the many Versions which have been given of these Divine Songs in order to adapt them to the Christian State and Worship, that of DOCTOR WATTS is undoubtedly in many respects to be preferred. His Application of the prophetic passages; his easy and natural explication of parts that are in any measure obscure; his pure and elevated strains of devotion, so pleasing to every pious and attentive Reader, have perhaps never been equalled in our Language: And with respect to his style and manner of versification, they are not only better adapted to the capacities of common assemblies, and the easy solemnity of Church Music, than any other that have yet appeared; but it may be presumed that no Poet after him will succeed in composing devotional songs, without taking his model of style and versification from Doctor Watts. Were it not for his local appropriation of some Psalms, and his omission of a few others, his Version would doubtless have been used for many ages without amendment. But as the author of these corrections is employed, directed and supported by so respectable a Body as the whole Clergy of the State: and as it is an object of great importance that harmony and uniformity should be established as extensively as possible in the use of Psalmody, he has not only avoided all local applications, but has made some slighter corrections in point of elegance, where the rules of grammar, established since the time of Doctor Watts, have made it necessary.

The Psalms considerably altered are the 21st, 60th, 67th, 75th, 124th, 147th; those omitted by Doctor Watts, are the 28th, 43d, 52d, 54th, 59th, 64th, 70th, 79th, 88th, 108th, 137th, 140th.

The Hymns are selected chiefly from Doctor Watts: some are entirely new. It was thought adviseable to bind them in the same volume, that sacramental and other particular occasions, not provided for in the Book of Psalms, might be supplied with suitable songs of devotion.



IMITATION

OF THE

Psalms of *David*.



P S A L M I. Common Metre.

The Way and End of the Righteous and the Wicked.

1. **B**LEST is the man who shuns the place,
Where sinners love to meet ;
Who fears to read their wicked ways,
And hates the scoffer's seat.
2. But in the statutes of the Lord,
Has plac'd his chief delight ;
By day he reads or hears the word,
And meditates by night.
3. [He like a plant of generous kind
By living waters set,
Safe from the storms and blasting wind,
Enjoys a peaceful state.]
4. Green as the leaf, and ever fair
Shall his profession shine ;
While fruits of holiness appear
Like clusters on the vine.
5. Not so the impious and unjust ;
What vain designs they form !
Their hopes are blown away like dust,
Or chaff before the storm.
6. Sinners in judgment shall not stand
Among the sons of grace,

When *Christ* the Judge at his right-hand
Appoints his saints a place.

7. His eye beholds the path they tread,
His heart approves it well ;
But crooked ways of sinners lead
Down to the gates of hell.

P S A L M I. Short Metre.

The Saint happy, the Sinner miserable.

1. **T**HE man is ever blest,
Who shuns the sinners' ways,
Among their councils never stands,
Nor takes the scorner's place :
2. But makes the law of God
His study and delight,
Amidst the labours of the day,
And watches of the night.
3. He like a tree shall thrive,
With waters near the root ;
Fresh as the leaf his name shall live,
His works are heavenly fruit.
4. Not so th' ungodly race,
They no such blessings find :
Their hopes shall flee like empty chaff
Before the driving wind.
5. How will they bear to stand
Before that judgment seat,
Where all the saints at *Christ's* right hand
In full assembly meet ?
6. He knows and he approves
The way the righteous go :
But sinners and their works shall meet
A dreadful overthrow.

P S A L M I. Long Metre.

The Difference between the Righteous and the Wicked.

1. **H**APPY the man, whose cautious feet
Shun the broad way where sinners go,

- Who hates the place where Atheists meet,
And fears to talk as scoffers do.
2. He loves t'employ his morning light
Among the statutes of the Lord ;
And spends the wakeful hours of night,
With pleasure pond'ring o'er the word.
3. He, like a plant by gentle streams,
Shall flourish in immortal green ;
And Heaven will shine with kindest beams,
On every work his hands begin.
4. But sinners find their councils cross'd ;
As chaff before the tempest flies ;
So shall their hopes be blown and lost,
When the last trumpet shakes the skies.
5. In vain the rebel seeks to stand
In judgment with the pious race ;
The dreadful Judge with stern command
Divides him to a different place.
6. " Strait is the Way my saints have trod,
" I blest the path, and drew it plain ;
" But you would chuse the crooked road ;
" And down it leads to endless pain.

P S A L M II. Short Metre.

Translated according to the Divine Pattern.

*Acts iv. 24, &c.**Christ Dying, Rising, Interceding, and Reigning.*

1. [**M**AKER and sovereign Lord
Of heaven and earth and seas,
Thy providence confirms thy word,
And answers thy decrees.

2. The things so long foretold
By David are fulfill'd ;
When *Jews* and *Gentiles* join to slay
Jesus, thine holy Child.]

3. Why did the *Gentiles* rage,
And *Jews* with one accord
Join all their councils to destroy
Th' Anointed of the Lord ?

- 4 Rulers and Kings agree
To form a vain design ;
Against the Lord their powers unite,
Against his Christ they join.
5. The Lord derides their rage,
And will support his throne ;
He that hath rais'd him from the dead,
Hath own'd him for his son.

P A U S E:

6. Now he's ascending high,
To rule the subject earth ;
The merit of his blood he pleads,
And pleads his heavenly birth.
7. Beneath his sovereign sway
The *Gentile* nations bend ;
Far as the world's remotest bounds,
His Kingdom shall extend.
8. The nations that rebel,
Must feel his iron rod ;
He'll vindicate those honours well
Which he receiv'd from God.
9. [Be wise, ye rulers, now,
And worship at his throne ;
With trembling joy, ye people bow,
To God's exalted Son.
10. If once his wrath arise,
Ye perish on the place ;
Then blessed is the soul that flies
For refuge to his grace.]

P S A L M II. Common Metre.

1. **W**HY did the nations join to slay
The Lord's anointed Son ?
Why did they cast his laws away,
And tread his gospel down ?
2. The Lord that sits above the skies,
Derides their rage below,
He speaks with vengeance in his eyes,
And strikes their spirits through.

3. " I call him my eternal Son,
 " And raise him from the dead ;
 " I make my holy hill his throne,
 " And wide his kingdom spread.
4. " Ask me, my Son, and then enjoy
 " The utmost *heathen* lands ;
 " Thy rod of iron shall destroy
 " The rebel that withstands."
5. Be wise, ye rulers of the earth,
 Obey th' anointed Lord,
 Adore the King of heavenly birth,
 And tremble at his word.
6. With humble love address his throne,
 For if he frown, ye die :
 Those are secure, and those alone
 Who on his grace rely.

P S A L M II. Long Metre.

Christ's Death, Resurrection, and Ascension.

1. **W**HY did the *Jews* proclaim their rage ?
 The *Romans* why their swords employ ?
 Against the Lord their powers engage,
 His dear Anointed to destroy ?
2. " Come let us break his bands, they say,
 " This man shall never give us laws ;"
 And thus they cast his yoke away,
 And nail'd the Monarch to the cross.
3. But God, who high in glory reigns,
 Laughs at their pride, their rage controuls :
 He'll smite their hearts with inward pains,
 And speak in thunder to their souls.
4. " I will maintain the King I made
 " On *Zion's* everlasting hill,
 " My hand shall bring him from the dead,
 " And he shall stand your sovereign still."
5. [His wondrous rising from the earth
 Makes his eternal Godhead known ;
 The Lord declares his heavenly birth :
 " This day have I begot my Son.

6. "Ascend, my Son, to my right-hand,
 "There thou shalt ask, and I bestow
 "The utmost bounds of *heathen* lands ;
 "To thee their suppliant tribes shall bow."]

7. But nations that resist his grace
 Shall fall beneath his lifted rod ;
 His arm shall crush the impious race,
 That dare provoke th' avenging God.

P A U S E.

8. Now ye that sit on earthly thrones,
 Be wise, and serve the Lord, the Lamb ;
 Now to his feet submit your crowns,
 Rejoice and tremble at his name.

9. With humble love address the Son,
 Lest he grow angry, and ye die ;
 His wrath will burn to worlds unknown,
 His love gives life above the sky.

10. His storms shall quell the stubborn foe,
 And sink his honours in the dust :
 Happy the souls, their God that know,
 And make his grace their only trust.

P S A L M III. Common Metre.

*Doubts and Fears suppressed; or, God our defence from
 Sin and Satan.*

1 **M**Y God, how many are my fears ?
 How fast my foes increase ?
 Conspiring my eternal death,
 They break my present peace.

2 The lying tempter would persuade
 Ther's no releas in heaven,
 And all my growing sins appear
 Too great to be forgiven.

3 But thou, my glory, and my strength,
 Shalt on the tempter tread,
 Shalt silence all my threatening guilt,
 And raise my drooping head.

4 [I cry'd, and from his holy hill
 He bow'd a listening ear ;

- I call'd my Father, and my God,
And he subdued my fear.
- 5 He shed soft slumbers on mine eyes,
In spite of all my foes;
I woke and wonder'd at the grace
That guarded my repose.]
- 6 What tho' the hosts of death and hell
All arm'd against me stood;
Terrors no more shall shake my soul;
My refuge is my God.
- 7 Arise, O Lord, fulfill thy grace,
While I thy glory sing;
My God has broke the serpent's teeth,
And death has lost his sting.
- 8 Salvation to the Lord belongs,
His arm alone can save;
Blessings attend thy people here,
And reach beyond the grave.

P S A L M III. *Ver. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5. 8. Long Metre.*
A Morning Psalm.

- 1 **O** Lord, how many are my foes,
In this weak state of flesh and blood?
My peace they daily discompose,
But my defence and hope is God.
- 2 Tired with the burdens of the day,
To thee I rais'd an evening cry;
Thou heard'st when I began to pray,
And thine Almighty help was nigh.
- 3 Supported by thine heavenly aid
I laid me down and slept secure;
Not death should make my heart afraid,
Though I should wake and rise no more.
- 4 But God sustain'd me all the night;
Salvation doth to God belong:
He rais'd my head to see the light,
And makes his praise my morning song.

P S A L M IV. 1, 2, 3, 4 6, 7. Long Metre.

Hearing of Prayer ; or God our Portion, and Christ our Hope.

1 **O** God of grace and righteousness,
Hear and attend when I complain:
Thou hast enlarg'd me in distress,
Bow down a gracious ear again.

2 Ye sons of men in vain ye try
To turn my glory into shame
How long will scoffers love to lie,
And dare reproach my Saviour's name?

3 Know that the Lord divides his saints
From all the tribes of men beside ;
He hears and pities their complaints,
For the dear sake of Christ that died.

4 When our obedient hands have done
A thousand works of righteousness,
We put our trust in God alone,
And glory in his pard'ning grace.

5 Let the unthinking many say,
" *Who will bestow some earthly good?*"
But, Lord, thy light and love we pray ;
Our souls desire this heavenly food.

6 Then shall my cheerful powers rejoice
At grace divine, and love so great ;
Nor will I change my happy choice
For all their wealth and boasted state.

P S A L M IV. *Ver.* 3, 4, 5, 8. Com. Metre.
An Evening Hymn.

1 **L**ORD, thou wilt hear me when I pray ;
I am for ever thine ;
I fear before thee all the day,
Nor would I dare to sin.

2 And while I rest my weary head,
From cares and business free,
'Tis sweet conversing on my bed,
With my own heart and thee.

- 3 I pay this evening sacrifice ;
 And when my work is done,
 Great God, my faith and hope relies
 Upon thy grace alone.
- 4 Thus with my thoughts compos'd to peace,
 I'll give mine eyes to sleep :
 Thy hand in safety keeps my days,
 And will my slumbers keep.

P S A L M V. Common Metre.

For the Lord's Day Morning.

- 1 **L**ORD, in the morning thou shalt hear
 My voice ascending high ;
 To thee will I direct my prayer,
 To thee lift up mine eye.
- 2 Up to the hills where Christ is gone
 To plead for all his saints,
 Presenting at his Father's throne
 Our songs and our complaints.
3. Thou art a God, before whose sight
 The wicked shall not stand ;
 Sinners shall ne'er be thy delight,
 Nor dwell at thy right hand.
- 4 But to thy house will I resort,
 To taste thy mercies there ;
 I will frequent thine holy court,
 And worship in thy fear.
- 5 O may thy spirit guide my feet,
 In ways of righteousness.
 Make every path of duty strait,
 And plain before my face.
- P A U S E.
- 6 My watchful enemies combine
 To tempt my feet astray ;
 They flatter with a base design,
 To make my soul their prey.
- 7 Lord, crush the serpent in the dust,
 And all his plots destroy ;
 While those that in thy mercy trust,
 For ever shout for joy.

- 3 The men that love and fear thy name,
 Shall see their hopes fulfill'd ;
 The mighty God will compass them
 With favour as a shield.

P S A L M VI. Common Metre.

Complaint in sickness ; or, diseases healed.

- 1 **I**N anger, Lord, do not chastise,
 Withdraw the dreadful storm ;
 Nor let thine awful wrath arise
 Against a feeble worm.
- 2 My soul bow'd down with heavy cares,
 My flesh with pain oppress'd ;
 My couch is witness to my tears,
 My tears forbid my rest.
- 3 Sorrow and grief wear out my days ;
 I waste the night with cries,
 And count the minutes as they pass,
 'Till the slow morning rise.
- 4 Shall I be still tormented more ?
 My eyes consum'd with grief :
 How long, my God, how long, before
 Thine hand afford relief.
- 5 He hears his mourning children speak,
 He pities all our groans ;
 He saves us for his mercy's sake,
 And heals our broken bones.
- 6 The virtue of his sovereign word,
 Restores our fainting breath ;
 For silent graves praise not the Lord,
 Nor is he known in death.

P S A L M VI. Long Metre.

Temptations in Sickness overcome.

- 1 **L**ORD, I can suffer thy rebukes,
 When thou with kindness dost chastise ;
 But thy fierce wrath I cannot bear,
 O let it not against me rise !

- 2 Pity my languishing estate,
And ease the sorrows that I feel ;
The wounds thine heavy hand hath made,
O let thy gentler touches heal !
- 3 See how in sighs I pass my days,
And waste in groans the weary night :
My bed is water'd with my tears ;
My grief consumes, and dims my sight.
- 4 Look how the powers of nature mourn !
How long, Almighty God, how long ?
When shall thine hour of grace return ?
When shall I make thy grace my song ?
- 5 I feel my flesh so near the grave,
My thoughts are tempted to despair :
But graves can never praise the Lord,
For all is dust and silence there.
- 6 Depart, ye tempters, from my soul.
And all despairing thoughts depart ;
My God, who hears my humble moan,
Will ease my flesh, and chear my heart.

P S A L M VII. Common Metre.

God's care of his People, and punishment of Persecutors.

- 1 **M**Y trust is in my heavenly Friend,
My hope in thee, my God :
Rise and my helpless life defend,
From those that seek my blood.

- 2 With insolence and fury they
My soul in pieces tear,
As hungry lions rend the prey,
When no deliverer's near.

- 3 If e'er my pride provok'd them first,
Or once abused my foe,
Then let them tread my life to dust,
And lay my honour low.

- 4 If there be malice found in me,
I know thy piercing eyes ;
I should not dare appeal to thee,
Nor ask my God to rise.

- 5 Arise, my God, lift up thy hand,
 Their pride and power controul ?
 Awake to judgment, and command
 Deliverance for my soul.

P A U S E.

- 6 Let sinners and their wicked rage
 Be humbled to the dust :
 Shall not the God of truth engage
 To vindicate the just ?
- 7 He knows the heart, he tries the reins,
 He will defend th' upright :
 His sharpest arrows he ordains
 Against the sons of spite.
- 8 Tho' leagu'd in guile their malice spread,
 A snare before my way ;
 Their mischiefs on their impious head,
 His vengeance shall repay.
- 9 That cruel persecuting race
 Must feel his dreadful sword ;
 Awake my soul, and praise the grace
 And justice of the LORD.

P S A L M VIII. Short Metre.

*GOD's sovereignty and goodness ; and Man's dominion
 over the creatures.*

- 1 **O** LORD, our heavenly King,
 Thy name is all divine ;
 Thy glories round the earth are spread,
 And o'er the heavens they shine.
- 2 When to thy works on high
 I raise my wondering eyes,
 And see the moon, complete in light
 Adorn the darksome skies.
- 3 When I survey the stars
 And all their shining forms,
 LORD, what is man, that worthless thing,
 A-kin to dust and worms ?
- 4 LORD, what is worthless man,
 That thou should'st love him so ?

Next to thine angels is he plac'd,
And lord of all below :

- 5 Thine honours crown his head,
While beasts like slaves obey,
And birds that cut the air with wings,
And fish that cleave the sea.
- 6 How rich thy bounties are !
And wondrous are thy ways :
Of dust and worms thy power can frame
A monument of praise.
- 7 [From mouths of feeble babes
And sucklings, thou canst draw
Surprising honours to thy name !
And strike the world with awe.
- 8 O Lord, our heavenly King,
Thy name is all divine ;
Thy glories round the earth are spread,
And o'er the heavens they shine.]

P S A L M VIII. Common Metre.

Christ's *condescension and glorification*; or, God made
man.

- 1 **O** LORD, our Lord, how wondrous great
Is thine exalted name !
The glories of thy heavenly state
Let men and babes proclaim,
- 2 When I behold the works on high,
The moon that rules the night,
And shining stars that grace the sky,
Those moving worlds of light.
- 3 Lord, what is man, or all his race,
Who dwells so far below,
That thou should'st visit him with grace,
And love his nature so ?
- 4 That thine eternal Son should bear
To take a mortal form,
Made lower than his angels are,
To save a dying worm ?

- [5 Yet while he liv'd on earth unknown,
And men would not adore,
Behold obedient nature own,
His Godhead and his power.
- 6 The waves lay spread beneath his feet ;
And fish at his command,
Bring their large shoals to *Peter's* net,
Bring tribute to his hand.
- 7 These smaller glories of the Son,
Shone through the fleshly cloud ;
Now we behold him on his throne,
And men confess him God.
- 8 Let him with majesty be crown'd,
Who bow'd his head do death ;
And his eternal honours sound,
From all things that have breath.
- 9 *Jesus*, our Lord, how wondrous great
Is thine exalted name !
The glories of thy heavenly state
Let the whole earth proclaim.

P S A L M VIII. Ver. 1, 2, Paraphrased.

First Part. Long Metre.

The Hosanna of the children ; or, infants praising God.

- 1 **A**LMIGHTY Ruler of the skies,
Thro' the wide earth thy name is spread,
And thine eternal glorious rise
O'er all the heavens thy hands have made.
- 2 To thee the voices of the young
Their sounding notes of honour raise ;
And babes, with uninstructed tongue,
Declare the wonders of thy praise.
- 3 Thy power assists their tender age
To bring proud rebels to the ground,
To still the bold blasphemer's rage,
And all their policies confound.

- 4 Children amidst thy temple throng
To see their great Redeemer's face ;
The *Son of David*, is their song,
And loud *Hosannas* fill the place.
- 5 The frowning scribes and angry priests
In vain their impious cavils bring ;
Revenge sits silent in their breasts,
While *Jewish* babes proclaim their King.

P S A L M VIII. *Ver. 3, &c. Paraphrased.*

Second Part. Long Metre.

Adam and Christ, Lords of the Old and New Creation.

- 1 **L**ORD, what was man, when made at first,
Adam, the offspring of the dust,
That thou should'st set him and his race,
But just below an angel's place ?
- 2 That thou should'st raise his nature so,
And make him lord of all below ;
Make every beast and bird submit,
And lay the fishes at his feet ?
- 3 But O ! what brighter glories wait,
To crown the second *Adam's* state ?
What honours shall thy Son adorn ;
Who condescended to be born ?
- 4 See him below his angels made !
Behold him number'd with the dead,
To save a ruin'd world from sin ;
But he shall reign with power divine.
- 5 The world to come, redeem'd from all
The miseries that attend the fall,
New made, and glorious, shall submit
At our exalted Saviour's feet.

P S A L M IX. *First Metre.*

Wrath and Mercy from the Judgment Seat.

- 1 **W**ITH my whole heart I'll raise my song,
Thy wonder I'll proclaim,
Thou sovereign judge of right and wrong
Wilt put thy foes to shame.

- 2 I'll sing thy majesty and grace ;
My God prepares his throne
To judge the world in righteousness,
And make his vengeance known.
- 3 Then shall the Lord a refuge prove
For all the poor oppress'd ;
To save the people of his love,
And give the weary rest.
- 4 The men that know thy name will trust
In thy abundant grace ;
For thou hast ne'er forsok the just,
Who humbly seek thy face.
- 5 Sing praises to the righteous Lord,
Who dwells on *Zion's* Hill,
Who executes his threat'ning word,
Whose works his grace fulfil.

P S A L M IX. *Ver. 12. Second Part.*

The Wisdom and Equity of Providence.

- 1 **W**HEN the great Judge, supreme and just,
Shall once enquire for blood ;
The humble souls that mourn in dust,
Shall find a faithful God.
- 2 He from the dreadful gates of death
Does his own children raise :
In *Zion's* gates, with cheerful breath,
They sing their Father's praise.
- 3 His foes shall fall, with heedless feet,
Into the pit they made ;
And sinners perish in the net
That their own hands have spread.
- 4 Thus by thy judgments, mighty God,
Are thy deep councils known :
When men of mischief are destroyed,
In snares that were their own.

P A U S E.

- 5 The wicked shall sink down to hell ;
Thy wrath devour the lands
That dare forget thee, or rebel
Against thy known commands.

6 Though saints to sore distress are brought,
And wait, and long complain,
Their cries shall never be forgot,
Nor shall their hopes be vain.

7 [Rise, great Redeemer, from thy seat,
To judge and save the poor;
Let nations tremble at thy feet,
And man prevail no more.

8 Thy thunder shall affright the proud,
And put their hearts to pain,
Make them confess that thou art God,
And they but feeble men.]

P S A L M X. Common Metre.

*Prayer heard, and saints saved; or, pride, atheism, and
oppression punished.*

For a humiliation day.

1 **W**HY doth the Lord depart so far?
And why conceal his face,
When great calamities appear,
And times of deep distress?

2 Lord, shall the wicked still deride
Thy justice and thy laws?
Shall they advance their heads in pride,
And slight the righteous cause.

3 They cast thy judgments from their sight,
And then insult the poor,
They boast in their exalted height,
That they shall fall no more.

4 Arise, O God, lift up thine hand,
Attend our humble cry;
No enemy shall dare to stand,
When God ascends on high.

P A U S E.

5 Why do the men of malice rage,
And say with foolish pride,
*The God of heaven will ne'er engage
To fight on Zion's side.*

- 6 But thou forever art our Lord ;
 And powerful is thine hand,
 As when the Heathens felt thy sword,
 And perish'd from thy land.
- 7 Thou wilt prepare our hearts to pray,
 And cause thine ear to hear ;
 Accept the vows thy children pay,
 And free thy saints from fear.
- 8 Proud tyrants shall no more oppress,
 No more dispise the just ;
 And mighty sinners shall confess,
 They are but earth and dust.

P S A L M XI. Long Metre.

God loves the righteous, and hates the wicked.

- 1 **M**Y refuge is the God of love ;
 Why do my foes insult and cry,
*Fly like a timorous trembling dove,
 To distant woods or mountains fly ?*
- 2 If government be once destroy'd,
 (That firm foundation of our peace)
 And violence make justice void,
 Where shall the righteous seek redress ?
- 3 The Lord in heaven has fix'd his throne,
 His eye surveys the world below ;
 To him all mortal things are known ;
 His eye-lids search our spirits through.
- 4 If he afflicts his saints so far,
 To prove their love, and try their grace,
 What may the bold transgressors fear ?
 His soul abhors their wicked ways.
- 5 On impious wretches he shall rain
 Sulpherous flames of wasting death,
 Such as he kindled on the plain
 Of *Sodom*, with his angry breath.
- 6 The righteous Lord loves righteous souls,
 Whose thoughts and actions are sincere,
 And with a gracious eye beholds
 The men that his own image bear.

P S A L M XII. Long Metre.

The Saint's Safety and Hope in evil Times : Or, Sins of the Tongue complained of, viz. Blasphemy, Falshood, &c.

1. **A**LMIGHTY God, appear and save !
For vice and vanity prevail ;
The godly perish in the grave,
The just depart, the faithful fail.
- 2 The whole discourse when crouds are met,
Is fill'd with trifles loose and vain ;
Their lips are flattery and deceit,
And their proud language is profane.
- 3 But lips that with deceit abound,
Shall not maintain their triumph long :
The God of vengeance will confound
The flattering and blaspheming tongue.
- 4 *Yet shall our words be free, they cry,
Our tongues shall be controul'd by none :
Where is the Lord will ask us why ?
Or say our lips are not our own ?*
- 5 The Lord who sees the poor oppress'd,
And hears the oppressor's haughty strain,
Will rise to give his children rest,
Nor shall they trust his word in vain.
- 6 Thy word, O Lord, though often try'd,
Void of deceit shall still appear ;
Not silver, seven times purify'd
From dross and mixture, shines so clear.
- 7 Thy grace shall in the darkest hour
Defend from danger and surprise ;
Tho' when the vilest men have power,
On every side oppressors rise.

P S A L M XII. Common Metre.

Complaint of a general Corruption of Manners : or, The Promise and Signs of Christ's coming to Judgment.

- 1 **H**ELP, Lord, for men of virtue fail,
Religion looses ground !

The sons of violence prevail,
And treacheries abound ;

2. Their oaths and promises they break,
Yet act the flatterer's part ;
With fair deceitful lips they speak,
And with a double heart.

3 If we reprove some hateful lie,
They scorn our faithful word :
“ *Are not our lips our own,*” they cry,
“ *And who shall be our Lord ?*”

4 Scoffers appear on every side,
Where a vile race of men
Is rais'd to seats of power and pride,
And bears the sword in vain.

P A U S E.

5 Lord, when iniquities abound,
And blasphemy grows bold,
When faith is rarely to be found,
And love is waxing cold :

6 Is not thy chariot hasting on ?
Hast thou not given the sign ?
May we not trust and live upon
A promise so divine ?

7 “ Yes, faith the Lord, now will I rise,
“ And make th' oppressors flee ;
“ I shall appear to their surprise,
“ And set my servants free.”

8 Thy word, like silver seven times try'd,
Through ages shall endure :
The men that in thy truth confide,
Shall find thy promise sure.

P S A L M XIII. Common Metre.

Complaint under the Temptation of the Devil.

1 **H**OW long wilt thou conceal thy face ?
My God, how long delay ?
When shall I feel those heavenly rays
That chase my fears away ?

- 2 How long shall my poor labouring soul
wrestle and toil in vain ?
Thy word can all my foes controul.
And ease my raging pain.
- 3 See how the Prince of darkness tries
All his malicious arts ;
He spreads a mist around my eyes,
And throws his fiery darts.
- 4 Be thou my Son, and thou my shield,
My soul in safety keep ;
Make haste before mine eyes are seal'd
In death's eternal sleep.
- 5 How would the tempter boast aloud,
Should I become his prey !
Behold the sons of hell grow proud,
To see thy long delay.
- 6 But they shall fly at thy rebuke,
And *Satan* hide his head ;
He knows the terrors of thy look,
And hears thy voice with dread.
- 7 Thou wilt display that sovereign grace
Whence all my comforts spring :
I shall employ my lips in praise,
And thy salvation sing.

P S A L M XIV. *First Part.* Com. Mewe.

By Nature all Men are Sinners.

- 1 **F**OOLS in their hearts believe and say,
“ That all religion's vain,
“ There is no God that reigns on high,
“ Or minds th' affairs of men.”
- 2 From thoughts so dreadful and profane
Corrupt discourse proceeds ;
And in their impious hands are found
Abominable deeds.
- 3 The Lord, from his celestial throne
Look'd down on things below,
To find the man that sought his grace,
Or did his justice know.

- 4 By nature all are gone astray,
 Their practice all the same ;
 There's none that fears his Maker's hand,
 There's none that loves his name.
- 5 Their tongues are us'd to speak deceit,
 Their slanders never cease ;
 How swift to mischief are their feet ;
 Nor know the paths of peace.
- 6 Such seeds of sin (that bitter root)
 In every heart are found ;
 Nor can they bear diviner fruit,
 'Till grace refine the ground.

P S A L M XIV. *Second Part.* Com. Metre.*The Folly of Persecutors.*

- 1 **A**RE sinners now so senseless grown
 That they the saints devour ?
 And never worship at thy throne,
 Nor fear thine awful power ?
- 2 Great God, appear to their surprise,
 Reveal thy dreadful name ;
 Let them no more thy wrath despise,
 Nor turn our hopes to shame.
- 3 Dost thou not dwell among the just ?
 And yet our foes deride,
 That we should make thy name our trust :
 Great God, confound their pride.
- 4 Oh that the joyful day were come
 To finish our distress !
 When God shall bring his children home,
 Our songs shall never cease.

P S A L M XV. Common Metre.

*Character of a Saint ; or, a Citizen of Zion ; or the
 Qualifications of a Christian.*

- 1 **W**HO shall inhabit in thy hill,
 O God of holiness ?
 Whom will the Lord admit to dwell
 So near his throne of grace ?

- 2 The man that walks in pious ways,
And works with righteous hands ;
That trusts his Maker's promis'd grace,
And follows his commands.
- 3 He speaks the meaning of his heart,
Nor slanders with his tongue ;
Will scarce believe an ill report,
Nor do his neighbour wrong.
- 4 The wealthy sinner he contemns,
Loves all that fear the Lord :
And tho' to his own hurt he swears,
Still he performs his word.
- 5 His hands disdain a golden bribe,
And never wrong the poor ;
This man shall dwell with God on earth,
And find his heaven secure.

P S A L M XV. Long Metre.

*Religion and Justice, Goodness and Truth ; or, Duties to
God and Man ; or, the Qualifications of a Christian.*

- 1 **W**HO shall ascend thy heavenly place,
Great God, and dwell before thy face ?
The man that minds religion now,
And humbly walks with God below :
- 2 Whose hands are pure, whose heart is clean ;
Whose lips still speak the thing they mean ;
No slanders dwell upon his tongue ;
He hates to do his neighbour wrong.
- 3 [Scarce will he trust an ill report,
Or vent it to his neighbour's hurt :
Sinners of state he can despise,
But saints are honour'd in his eyes.]
- 4 [Firm to his word he ever stood,
And always makes his promise good,
Nor dares to change the thing he swears,
Whatever pain or loss he bears.]
- 5 [He never deals in bribing gold,
And mourns that justice should be sold :

While others scorn and wrong the poor,
Sweet charity attends his door.]

- 6 He loves his enemies, and prays
For those that curse him to his face ;
And doth to all men still the same
That he would hope or wish from them.
- 7 Yet, when his holiest works are done,
His soul depends on grace alone :
This is the man thy face shall see,
And dwell forever, Lord, with thee.

P S A L M XVI. *First Part.* Long Metre.

*Confession of our poverty ; and, Saints the best Company ;
or, Good Works profit Men, not God.*

- 1 **P**RESERVE me, Lord, in time of need,
For succour to thy throne I flee,
But have no merits there to plead ;
My goodness cannot reach to thee.
- 2 Oft have my heart and tongue confess
How empty and how poor I am ;
My praise can never make thee blest,
Nor add new glories to thy name.
- 3 Yet, Lord, thy saints on earth may reap
Some profit by the good we do ;
These are the company I keep,
These are the choicest friends I know.
- 4 Let others chuse the sons of mirth
To give a relish to their wine ?
I love the men of heavenly birth,
Whose thoughts and language are divine.

P S A L M XVI. *Second Part.* Long Metre.

Christ's Allsufficiency.

- 1 **H**OW fast their guilt and sorrows rise,
Who haste to seek some idol god !
I will not taste their sacrifice,
Their offerings of forbidden blood.
- 2 My God provides a richer cup,
And nobler food to live upon ;

He for my life has offer'd up
Jesus, his best beloved Son.

- 3 His love is my perpetual feast ;
By day his counsels guide me right ;
And be his name forever blest,
Who gives me sweet advice by night.
- 4 I set him still before mine eyes ;
At my right hand he stands prepar'd
To keep my soul from all surprize,
And be my everlasting guard.

P S A L M XVI. *Third Part. Long Metre.*

Courage in Death, and Hope of the Resurrection.

- 1 **W**HEN God is nigh, my faith is strong,
His arm is my almighty prop :
Be glad my heart, rejoice my tongue,
My dying flesh shall rest in hope.

- 2 Though in the dust I lay my head,
Yet, gracious God, thou wilt not leave
My soul forever with the dead,
Nor lose thy children in the grave.
- 3 My flesh shall thy first call obey,
Shake off the dust, and rise on high ;
Then shalt thou lead the wondrous way
Up to the throne above the sky.
- 4 There streams of endless pleasure flow ;
And full discoveries of thy grace
(Which we but tasted here below)
Spread heavenly joys through all the place.

P S A L M XVI. 1--8. *First Part. Com. Metre.*

Support and Counsel from God without Merit.

- 1 **S**AVE me, O Lord, from every foe ;
In thee my trust I place,
Though all the good that I can do
Can ne'er deserve thy grace :
- 2 Yet if my God prolong my breath,
The saints may still rejoice,

- The saints, the glory of the earth,
The people of my choice.
- 3 Let heathens to their idols haste,
And worship wood or stone ;
But my delightful lot is cast
Where the true God is known.
- 4 His hand provides my constant food,
He fills my daily cup ;
Much am I pleas'd with present good,
But more rejoice in hope.
- 5 God is my portion and my joy ;
His counsels are my light :
He gives me sweet advice by day,
And gentle hints by night.
- 6 My soul would all her thoughts approve
To his all-seeing eye ;
Not death nor hell my hope shall move
While such a friend is nigh.

P S A L M XVI. *Second Part.* Common Metre.*The Death and Resurrection of Christ.*

- 1 “ **I** SET the Lord before my face,
“ He bears my courage up :
“ My heart, my tongue their joys express,
“ My flesh shall rest in hope.
- 2 “ My spirit, Lord, thou wilt not leave
“ Where souls departed are ;
“ Nor quit my body to the grave
“ To see corruption there.
- 3 “ Thou wilt reveal the path of life,
“ And raise me to thy throne :
“ Thy courts immortal pleasure give
“ Thy presence joys unknown.”
- 4 [Thus in the name of Christ the Lord,
The holy *David* sung,
And Providence fulfils the word
Of his prophetic tongue.

- 5 Jesus, whom every saint adores,
Was crucify'd and slain ;
Behold the tomb its prey restores,
Behold he lives again.
- 6 When shall my feet arise and stand
On heaven's eternal hills ?
There sits the Son at God's right hand,
And there the Father smiles.]

P S A L M XVII. *Ver. 13, &c.* Short Metre.

Portion of Saints and Sinners ; or Hope and Despair in Death.

- 1 **A**RISE, my gracious God,
And make the wicked flee ;
They are but thy chastning rod
To drive thy saints to thee.
- 2 Behold the sinner dies,
His haughty words are vain ;
Here in this life his pleasure lies,
And all beyond is pain.
- 3 Then let his pride advance,
And boast of all his store ;
The Lord is my inheritance,
My soul can wish no more.
- 4 I shall behold the face
Of my forgiving God ;
And stand complete in righteousness,
Wash'd in my Saviour's blood.
- 5 There's a new heaven begun
When I awake from Death,
Drest in a likeness of thy Son,
And draw immortal breath.

~ P S A L M XVII. Long Metre.

The Sinner's Portion and Saint's Hope ; or, the Heavens of separate Souls, and the Resurrection.

- 1 **L**ORD, I am thine ; but thou wilt prove
My faith, my patience, and my love ;
When men of spite against me join,
They are the sword, the hand is thine.

- 2 Their hope and portion lie below ;
'Tis all the happiness they know,
'Tis all they seek ; they take their shares ;
And leave the rest among their heirs.
- 3 What sinners value, I resign ;
Lord, 'tis enough that thou art mine :
I shall behold thy blissful face,
And stand complete in righteousness.
- 4 His life's a dream, an empty show ;
But the bright world, to which I go,
Hath joys substantial and sincere ;
When shall I wake and find me there ?
- 5 O glorious hour ! O blest abode !
I shall be near, and like my God ?
And flesh and sin no more controul
The sacred pleasures of the soul.
- 6 My flesh shall slumber in the ground,
Till the last trumpet's joyful sound :
Then burst the chains with sweet surprise,
And in my Saviour's image rise.

P S A L M XVIII. *First Part.* Long Metre.

Ver. 1—9, 15—18.

Deliverance from Despair ; or, Temptation overcome.

- 1 **T** H E E will I love, O Lord, my strength,
My rock, my tower, my high defence ;
Thy mighty arm shall be my trust,
For I have found salvation thence.
- 2 Death, and the terrors of the grave,
Stood round me with their dismal shade ;
While floods of high temptation rose,
And made my sinking soul afraid.
- 3 I saw the opening gates of hell,
With endless pains and sorrows there,
(Which none but they that feel can tell)
While I was hurry'd to despair.
- 4 In my distress I call'd my God,
When I could scarce believe him mine ;
He bow'd his ear to my complaint ;
And prov'd his saving grace divine.

- 5 [With speed he flew to my relief,
As on a cherub's wing he rode ;
Awful, and bright as lightening, shone
The face of my deliverer God.
- 6 Temptations fled to his rebuke,
The blast of his Almighty breath
He sent salvation from on high,
And drew me from the deeps of death.]
- 7 Great were my fears, my foes were great,
Much was their strength, and more their rage ;
But Christ, my Lord, is conqueror still
In all the wars the proud can wage.
- 8 My song forever shall record
That terrible, that joyful hour ;
And give the glory to the Lord
Due to his mercy and his power.

P S A L M XVIII.

Second Part. Ver. 20.—26. Long Metre.

Sincerity provided and rewarded.

- 1 **L**ORD, thou hast seen my soul sincere,
Hast made thy truth and love appear :
Before mine eyes I set thy laws,
And thou hast own'd my righteous cause.
- 2 Since I have learn'd thy holy ways,
I've walk'd upright before thy face :
Or if my feet did e'er depart,
Thy love reclaim'd my wandering heart.
- 3 What fore temptations broke my rest !
What wars and strugglings in my breast !
But through thy grace that reigns within,
I guard against my darling sin.
- 4 That sin that close besets me still,
That works and strives against my will ;
When shall thy spirit's sovereign power
Destroy it, that it rise no more.
- 5 With an impartial hand, the Lord
Deals out to mortals their reward :
The kind and faithful souls shall find
A God as faithful and as kind.

- And men that love revenge shall know,
 God hath an arm of vengeance too :
 The just and pure shall ever say,
 Thou art more pure, more just than they.

P S A L M XVIII. *Third Part. Long Metre.*

Ver. 30, 31, 34, 35, 36, &c.

- 1 **J**UST are thy ways, and true thy word,
 Great Rock of my secure abode :
 Who is a God beside the Lord ?
 Or where's a refuge like our God ?

- 2 'Tis he that girds me with his might,
 Gives me his holy sword to wield ;
 And while with sin and hell I fight,
 Spreads his salvation for my shield.

- 3 He lives, and blessings crown his reign,
 The God of my salvation lives,
 The dark designs of hell are vain ;
 While heavenly peace my Father gives.

- 4 Before the scoffers of the age,
 I will exalt my Father's name,
 Nor tremble at their mighty rage,
 But meet reproach, and bear the shame.

- 5 To *David* and his royal seed
 Thy grace forever shall extend ;
 Thy love to saints, in *Christ* their head.
 Knows not a limit, nor an end.

P S A L M XVIII. *First Part. Common Metre.*

Victory and Triumph over Temporal Enemies.

- 1 **W**E love thee, Lord, and we adore,
 Now is thine arm reveal'd ;
 Thou art our strength, our heavenly tower,
 Our bulwark and our shield.

- 2 We fly to our eternal Rock,
 And find a sure defence ;
 His holy name our lips invoke,
 And draw salvation thence.

- 3 When God our leader shines in arms,
 What mortal heart can bear

The thunder of his loud alarms?

The lightning of his spear?

- 4 He rides upon the winged wind,
And angels in array
In millions wait to know his mind,
And swift as flames obey.
- 5 He speaks, and at his fierce rebuke
Whole armies are dismay'd ;
His voice, his frown, his angry look
Strikes all their courage dead.
- 6 He forms our generals for the field,
With all their dreadful skill ;
Gives them his awful sword to wield,
And makes their hearts of steel.
- 7 Oft has the Lord whole nations blest
For his own church's sake ;
The powers that give his people rest,
Shall of his care partake.

P S A L M XVIII. *Second Part.* Com. *Mete.*

The Conqueror's Song.

- 1 **T**O thine almighty arm we owe
The triumphs of the day ;
Thy terrors, Lord, confound the foe,
And melt their strength away.
- 2 'Tis by thy aid our troops prevail,
And break united powers,
Or burn their boasted fleets, or scale
The proudest of their towers.
- 3 How have we chas'd them through the field,
And trod them to the ground,
While thy salvation was our shield,
But they no shelter found !
- 4 In vain to idol saints they cry,
And perish in their blood ;
Where is a rock so great, so high,
So powerful as our God?
- 5 The God of *Israel* ever lives :
His name be ever blest ;

'Tis his own arm the victory gives,
And gives his people rest.

P S A L M XIX. *First Part.* Short Metre.

The Book of Nature and Scripture.

For a Lord's Day Morning.

- 1 **B**EHOLD the lofty sky
Declares its maker God,
And all the starry works on high
Proclaim his power abroad.
- 2 The darkness and the light,
Still keep their course the same ;
While night to day and day to night
Divinely teach his name.
- 3 In every different land
Their general voice is known ;
They shew the wonders of his hand,
And orders of his throne.
- 4 Ye christian lands, rejoice,
Here he reveals his word ;
We are not left to nature's voice
To bid us know the Lord.
- 5 His statutes and commands
Are set before our eyes,
He puts his gospel in our hands,
Where our salvation lies.
- 6 His laws are just and pure,
His truth without deceit,
His promises forever sure,
And his rewards are great.
- 7 [~~N~~ot honey to the taste
Affords so much delight ;
Nor gold that has the furnace pass'd
So much allures the sight.
- 8 While of thy works I sing,
Thy glory to proclaim,
Accept the praise, my God, my King,
In my Redeemer's name.]

P S A L M XIX, Short Metre.

God's Word most excellent ; or, Sincerity and Watchfulness.

For a Lord's Day Morning.

1 **B**EHOLD the morning sun
Begins his glorious way :
His beams through all the nations run,
And life and light convey.

2 But where the gospel comes
It spreads diviner light,
It calls dead sinners from their tombs,
And gives the blind their sight.

3 How perfect is thy word !
And all thy judgments just,
Forever sure thy promise, Lord,
And men securely trust.

4 My gracious God, how plain
Are thy directions given !
Oh may I never read in vain,
But find the path to heaven !

P A U S E.

5 I heard thy word with love,
And I would fain obey :
Send thy good spirit from above
To guide me lest I stray,

Oh who can ever find
The errors of his ways ?

Yet with a bold presumptuous mind
I would not dare transgress.

7 Warn me of every sin,
Forgive my secret faults,
And cleanse this guilty soul of mine,
Whose crimes exceed my thoughts.

8 While with my heart and tongue
I spread thy praise abroad ;
Accept the worship and the song,
May Saviour and my God,

P S A L M XIX. Long Metre,

*The Books of Nature, and Scripture compared ; in the
Glory and Success of the Gospel.*

- 1 **T**HE heavens declare thy glory, Lord,
In every star thy goodness shines ;
But when our eyes behold thy word,
We read thy name in fairer lines.
- 2 The rolling sun, the changing light,
And nights and days thy power confess ;
But the blest volume thou hast writ,
Reveals thy justice and thy grace.
- 3 Sun, moon and stars convey thy praise
Round the whole earth, and never stand ;
So when thy truth began its race,
It touch'd and glanc'd on every land.
- 4 Nor shall thy spreading gospel rest
Till through the world thy truth has run ;
Till *Christ* has all the nations blest,
That see the light or feel the sun.
- 5 Great Sun of Righteousness, arise,
Bless the dark world with heavenly light ;
Thy gospel makes the simple wise,
Thy laws are pure, thy judgments right.
- 6 Thy noblest wonders here we view,
In souls renew'd and sins forgiven,
Lord, cleanse my sins, my soul renew,
And make thy word my guide to heaven.

P S A L M XIX. To the Tune of the 113th Psalm.

The Book of Nature and Scripture.

- 1 **G**REAT God, the heaven's well order'd frame
Declares the glories of thy name :
There thy rich works of wonder shine ;
A thousand starry beauties there,
A thousand radiant marks appear
Of boundless power, and skill divine.

- 2 From night to day, from day to night,
The dawning and the dying light,
Lectures of heavenly wisdom read :
With silent eloquence they raise
Our thoughts to our Creator's praise,
And neither sound nor language need.
- 3 Yet their divine instructions run
Far as the journies of the sun,
And every nation knows their voice :
The sun, like some young bridegroom drest,
Breaks from the chambers of the east,
Rolls round, and makes the earth rejoice.
- 4 Where e'er he spreads his beams abroad,
He smiles, and speaks his maker God :
All nature joins to shew thy praise :
Thus God in every creature shines ;
Fair is the book of nature's lines,
But fairer is the book of grace :

P A U S E.

- 5 I love the volumes of thy word ;
What light and joy those leaves afford,
To souls benighted and distressed !
Thy precepts guide my doubtful way,
Thy fear forbids my feet to stray,
Thy promise leads my heart to rest.
- 6 From the discoveries of thy law
The perfect rules of life I draw :
These are my study and delight ;
Not honey so invites the taste,
Nor gold that hath the furnace past
Appears so pleasing to the sight.
- 7 Thy threatenings wake my slumbering eyes,
And warn me where my dangers lies ;
But 'tis thy blessed gospel, Lord,
That makes my guilty conscience clean,
Converts my soul, subdues my sin,
And gives a free, but large reward.
- 8 Who knows the errors of his thoughts ?
My God, forgive my secret faults,
And from presumptuous sins restrain ;

Accept my poor attempts of praise,
That I have read thy book of grace
And book of nature not in vain.

P S A L M XX.

Prayer and Hope of Victory.

For a Day of Prayer in Time of War.

- 1 **N**OW may the God of power and grace
Attend his people's humble cry !
Jehovah hears when *Israel* prays,
And brings deliverance from on high.
- 2 The name of *Jacob's* God defends,
When bucklers fail and brazen walls ;
He from his sanctuary sends
Succour and strength when *Zion* calls.
- 3 Well he remembers all our sighs,
His love exceeds our best deserts ;
His love accepts the sacrifice
Of humble groans and broken hearts.
- 4 In this salvation is our hope,
And in the name of *Israel's* God.
Our troops shall lift their banners up,
Our navies spread their flags abroad.
- 5 Some trust in horses train'd for war,
And some of chariots make their boasts :
Our surest expectations are
From thee, the Lord of heavenly hosts.
- 6 [O may the memory of thy name
Inspire our armies for the fight !
Our foes shall fall and die with shame,
Or quit the field with coward flight.]
- 7 Now save us, Lord, from slavish fear,
Now let our hopes be firm and strong,
Till thy salvation shall appear,
And joy and triumph raise the song,

P S A L M XXI. Common Metre.

National Blessings acknowledged.

- 1 **I**N thee, great God, with songs of praise,
Our favour'd realms rejoice ;
And, blest with thy salvation, raise
To heaven their cheerful voice.
- 2 Thy sure defence, through nations round,
Hath spread our rising name,
And all our feeble efforts crown'd
With freedom and with fame.
- 3 In deep distress our injur'd land
Implor'd thy power to save ;
For life we pray'd ; thy bounteous hand
The timely blessing gave.
- 4 Thy mighty arm, eternal Power,
Oppos'd their deadly aim,
In mercy swept them from our shore,
And spread their sails with shame.
- 5 On thee, in want, in woe or pain,
Our hearts alone rely ;
Our rights thy mercy will maintain,
And all our wants supply.
- 6 Thus, Lord, thy wondrous power declare,
And still exalt thy fame ;
While we glad songs of praise prepare,
For thine Almighty name.

P S A L M XXI. 1—9. Long Metre.

Christ exalted to the Kingdom.

- 1 **D**AVID rejoic'd in God his strength,
Rais'd to the throne by special grace.
But *Christ* the son appears at length,
Fulfil the triumph and the praise.
- 2 How great the blest *Messiah's* joy
In the salvation of thy hand !
Lord, thou hast rais'd his kingdom high,
And given the world to his command.

3 Thy goodness grants whate'er he will,
Nor doth the least request with-hold :
Blessings of love prevent him still,
And crowns of glory, not of gold.

4 Honour and majesty divine
Around his sacred temples shine :
Blest with the favour of thy face,
And length of everlasting days.

5 Thine hand shall find out all his foes :
And as a firey oven glows
With raging heat and living coals,
So shall thy wrath devour their souls.

P S A L M XXII. 1—16 *First Part. Com. Metre.*
The Sufferings and Death of Christ.

1 **W**HY has my God my soul forsook,
Nor will a smile afford ?
(Thus *David* once in anguish spoke,
And thus our dying Lord.)

2 Though 'tis thy chief delight to dwell
Among thy praising saints,
Yet thou canst hear our groan as well,
And pity our complaints.

3 Our fathers trusted in thy name,
And great deliverance found :
But I'm a worm despis'd of men,
And trodden to the ground.

4 With shaking head they pass me by,
And laugh my soul to scorn :
In vain he trusts in God, they cry,
Neglected and forlorn.

5 But thou art he, who form'd my flesh,
By thine Almighty word ;
And since I hung upon the breast
My hope is in the Lord.

6 Why will my father hide his face
When foes stand threatening round
In the dark hour of deep distress,
And not an helper found ?

- 7 Behold thy darling left among
 The cruel and the proud,
 By foes encompass'd fierce and strong,
 As lions roaring loud
- 8 From earth and hell my sorrows meet,
 To multiply the smart ;
 They nail my hands, they pierce my feet,
 And try to vex my heart.
- 9 Yet if thy sovereign hand let loose
 The rage of earth and hell,
 Why will my heavenly Father bruise
 The son he loves so well ?
- 10 My God, if possible it be,
 With-hold this bitter cup ;
 But I resign my will to thee,
 And drink the sorrows up.
- 11 My heart dissolves with pangs unknown,
 In groans I waste my breath ;
 Thy heavy hand has brought me down,
 Low as the dust of death.
- 12 Father, I give my spirt up.
 And trust it in thy hand ;
 My dying flesh shall rest in hope,
 And rise at thy command.

P S A L M XXII. 20, 21, 27—31. *Second Part.*
 Common Metre.

- 1 “ **N**OW from the roaring lion's rage,
 “ O Lord, protect thy Son,
 “ Nor leave thy darling to engage
 “ The powers of hell alone.”
- 2 Thus did our suffering Saviour pray
 With mighty cries and tears,
 God heard him in that dreadful day,
 And chas'd away his fears.
- 3 Great was the victory of his death
 His throne exalted high ;
 And all the kindreds of the earth
 Shall worship or shall die.

- 4 A numerous offspring must arise
From his expiring groans ;
They shall be reckon'd in his eyes
For daughters and for sons.
- 5 The meek and humble souls shall see
His table richly spread ;
And all that seek the Lord shall be
With joys immortal fed.
- 6 The isles shall know the righteousness
Of our incarnate God,
And nations yet unborn profess
Salvation in his blood.

P S A L M XXII. Long Metre.

Christ's Sufferings and Exaltation.

- 1 **N**OW let our mournful songs record
The dying sorrows of our Lord,
When he complain'd in tears and blood,
As one forsaken of his God.
- 2 The *Jews* behold him thus forlorn,
And shake their heads and laugh in scorn ;
“ He rescued others from the grave,
“ Now let him try himself to save..
- 3 “ This is the man did once pretend-
“ God was his father and his friend ;
“ If God the blessed lov'd him so,
“ Why doth he fail to help him now ?
- 4 Oh savage people ! cruel priests !
How they stood round like raging beasts ;
Like lions gaping to devour,
When God had left him in their power.
- 5 They wound his head, his hands, his feet,
Till streams of blood each other meet ;
By lot his garments they divide,
And mock the pangs in which he died.
- 6 But God his father heard his cry ;
Rais'd from the dead he reigns on high ;
The nations learn his righteousness,
And humble sinners taste his grace.

P S A L M XXIII. Long Metre.

God our Shepherd.

- 1 **M**Y shepherd is the living Lord,
Now shall my wants be well supply'd :
His providence and holy word
Become my safety and my guide.
- 2 In pastures where salvation grows
He makes me feed, he makes me rest,
'There living water gently flows,
And all the food divinely blest.
- 3 My wandering feet his ways mistake,
But he restores my soul to peace,
And leads me for his mercy's sake,
In the fair paths of righteousness.
- 4 Though I walk through the gloomy vale,
Where death and all its terrors are,
My heart and hope shall never fail,
For God, my shepherd's with me there.
- 5 Amidst the darkness and the deeps
Thou art my comfort, thou my stay ;
Thy staff supports my feeble steps,
Thy rod directs my doubtful way.
- 6 The sons of earth and sons of hell
Gaze at thy goodness, and repine
To see my table spread so well
With living bread and cheerful wine.
- 7 [How I rejoice, when on my head
Thy Spirit condescends to rest !
'Tis a divine anointing shed,
Like oil of gladness at a feast.
- 8 Surely the mercies of the Lord
Attend his household all their days :
There will I dwell to hear his word,
To seek his face, and sing his praise.]

P S A L M XXIII. Common Metre.

- 1 **M**Y Shepherd will supply my need,
Jehovah is his name ;
In pastures fresh he makes me feed,
Beside the living stream.

- 2 He brings my wandering spirit back
When I forsake his ways,
And leads me for his mercy's sake
In paths of truth and grace.
- 3 When I walk through the shades of death,
Thy presence is my stay ;
One word of thy supporting breath
Drives all my fears away.
- 4 Thy hand in sight of all my foes
Doth still my table spread ;
My cup with blessings overflows,
Thine oil anoints my head.
- 5 The sure provisions of my God
Attend me all my days :
Oh may thy house be mine abode,
And all my work be praise !
- 6 There would I find a settled rest,
(While others go and come)
No more a stranger or a guest,
But like a child at home.

P S A L M XXIII. Short Metre.

- 1 **T**HE Lord my shepherd is,
I shall be well supply'd ;
Since he is mine and I am his,
What can I want beside ?
- 2 He leads me to the place,
Where heavenly pasture grows,
Where living waters gently pass,
And full salvation flows.
- 3 If e'er I go astray,
He doth my soul reclaim,
And guides me in his own right way,
For his most holy name.
- 4 While he affords his aid,
I cannot yield to fear ;
Tho' I should walk thro' death's dark shade,
My shepherd's with me there.

- 5 Amid surrounding foes
 Thou dost my table spread,
 My cup with blessings overflows,
 And joy exalts my head.
- 6 The bounties of thy love
 Shall crown my following days ;
 Nor from thy house will I remove,
 Nor cease to speak thy praise.

P S A L M XXIV. Common Metre.

Dwelling with God.

- 1 **T**HE earth forever is the Lord's
 With *Adam's* numerous race ;
 He rais'd its arches o'er the floods,
 And built it on the seas.
- 2 But who among the sons of men
 May visit thine abode ?
 He that has hands from mischief clean,
 Whose heart is right with God.
- 3 This is the man may rise and take
 The blessings of his grace ;
 This is the lot of those that seek
 The God of *Jacob's* face.
- 4 Now let our soul's immortal powers,
 To meet the Lord prepare,
 Lift up their everlasting doors,
 The king of glory's near.
- 5 The king of glory ! Who can tell
 The wonders of his might ?
 He rules the nations ; but to dwell
 With saints is his delight.

P S A L M XXIV. Long Metre.

Saints dwell in Heaven ; or, Christ's Ascension.

- 1 **T**HIS spacious earth is all the Lord's,
 And men and worms, and beasts and birds ;
 He rais'd the building on the seas,
 And gave it for their dwelling-place.
- 2 But there's a brighter world on high,
 Thy palace, Lord, above the sky ;

Who shall ascend that blest abode,
And dwell so near his Maker God ?

3 He that abhors and fears to sin,
Whose heart is pure, whose hands are clean,
Him shall the Lord, the Saviour bless,
And clothe his soul with righteousness.

4 These are the men, the pious race,
That seek the God of *Jacob's* face ;
These shall enjoy the blissful sight
And dwell in everlasting light.

P A U S E.

5 Rejoice, ye shining worlds on high,
Behold the King of glory nigh ;
Who can this King of glory be ?
The mighty Lord, the Saviour's he.

6 Ye heavenly gates, your leaves display,
To make the Lord, the Saviour way :
Laden with spoils from earth and hell,
The Conqueror comes with God to dwell.

7 Rais'd from the dead in royal state.
He opens heaven's eternal gate.
To give his saints a blest abode,
Near their Redeemer and their God.

P S A L M XXV. I—II. *First Part.*
Waiting for Pardon and Direction.

1 **I** LIFT my soul to God,
My trust is in his name ;
Let not my foes that seek my blood
Still triumph in my shame.

2 Sin and the powers of hell
Persuade me to despair ;
Lord, make me know thy covenant well,
That I may 'scape the snare.

3 From gleams of dawning light
Till evening shades arise,
For thy salvation, Lord, I wait,
With ever-longing eyes.

4 Remember all thy grace,
And lead me in thy truth ;

Forgive the sins of riper days,
And follies of my youth,

5 The Lord is just and kind,
The meek shall learn his ways,
And every humble sinner find
The methods of his grace.

6 For his own goodness sake
He saves my soul from shame ;
He pardons (tho' my guilt be great)
Thro' my Redeemer's name.

P S A L M XXV. 12, 14, 10, 13, *Second Part.*

Short Metre. *Divine Instruction.*

1 **W**HERE shall the man be found,
That fears t' offend his God,
That loves the gospel's joyful sound,
And trembles at the rod ?

2 The Lord shall make him known
The secrets of his heart,
The wonders of his covenant show,
And all his love impart.

3 The dealings of his power
Are truth and mercy still,
With such as keep his covenant sure,
And love to do his will.

4 Their souls shall dwell at ease
Before their Maker's face,
Their seed shall taste the promises
In their extensive grace,

P S A L M XXV. 15—22. *Third Part.*

Short Metre.

Distress of soul ; or, Backsliding and Desertion.

1 **M**INE eyes and my desire
Are ever to the Lord ;
I love to plead his promis'd grace
And rest upon his word.

- 2 Turn, turn thee to my soul,
Bring thy salvation near ;
When will thy hand assist my feet
To 'scape the deadly snare ?
- 3 When shall the sovereign grace
Of my forgiving God
Restore me from those dangerous ways
My wandering feet have trod ?
- 4 The tumult of my thoughts
Doth but enlarge my woe ;
My spirit languishes, my heart
Is desolate and low.
- 5 With every morning light
My sorrow new begins ;
Look on my anguish and my pain,
And pardon all my sins.
- P A U S E .
- 6 Behold the hosts of hell,
How cruel is their hate !
Against my life they rise, and join
Their fury with deceit.
- 7 Oh keep my soul from death,
Nor put my hope to shame,
For I have plac'd my only trust
In my Redeemer's name.
- 8 With humble faith I wait
To see thy face again ;
Of *Israel* it shall ne'er be said,
He sought the Lord in vain.

P S A L M XXVI. Long Metre.

Self-Examination ; or, Evidences of Grace.

- 1 **J**UDGE me, O Lord, and prove my ways,
And try my reins, and try my heart ;
My faith upon thy promise stays,
Nor from thy law my feet depart.
- 2 I hate to walk, I hate to sit
With men of vanity and lies ;
The scoffer and the hypocrite
Are the abhorrence of mine eyes.

- 3 Amongst thy saints will I appear
 Array'd in robes of innocence ;
 But when I stand before thy bar,
 The blood of *Christ* is my defence.
- 4 I love thy habitation, Lord,
 The temple where thine honours dwell ;
 There shall I hear thy holy word,
 And there thy works of wonder tell.
- 5 Let not my soul be join'd at last
 With men of treachery and blood,
 Since I my days on earth have past
 Among the saints, and near my God.

P S A L M XXVII. 1—6. *First Part.*
The Church is our Delight and Safety.

- 1 **T**HE Lord of glory is my light,
 And my salvation too ;
 God is my strength ; nor will I fear
 What all my foes can do.
- 2 One Privilege my heart desires ;
 Oh grant me mine abode
 Among the churches of thy saints,
 The temples of my God.
- 3 There shall I offer my requests
 And see thy beauty still ;
 Shall hear thy messages of love,
 And there enquire thy will.
- 4 When troubles rise and storms appear,
 There may his children hide ;
 God has a strong pavilion, where
 He makes my soul abide.
- 5 Now shall my head be lifted high
 Above my foes around,
 And songs of joy and victory
 Within thy temple sound.

P S A L M XXVII. 8, 9, 13, 14. *Second Part.*
 Common Metre. *Prayer and Hope.*

- 1 **S**OON as I heard my Father say,
 “ Ye children, seek my grace,”

My heart reply'd without delay,

"I'll seek my Father's face."

- 2 Let not thy face be hid from me,
Nor frown my soul away ;
God of my life, I fly to thee
In a distressing day.
- 3 Should friends and kindred near and dear
Leave me to want or die,
My God will make my life his care,
And all my need supply.
- 4 My fainting flesh had died with grief,
Had not my soul believ'd,
To see thy grace provide relief,
Nor was my hope deceiv'd.
- 5 Wait on the Lord, ye trembling saints,
And keep your courage up ;
He'll raise your spirit when it faints,
And far exceed your hope.

P S A L M XXVIII. Long Metre.

God the Refuge of the Afflicted.

- 1 **T**O thee, O Lord, I raise my cries ;
My fervent prayer in mercy hear ;
For ruin waits my trembling soul,
If thou refuse a gracious ear.
- 2 When suppliant tow'rd thy holy hill,
I lift my mournful hands to pray,
Afford thy grace, nor drive me still,
With impious hypocrites away.
- 3 To sons of falsehood, that despise
The works and wonders of thy reign,
Thy vengeance gives the due reward,
And sinks their souls to endless pain.
- 4 But, ever blessed be the Lord,
Whose mercy hears my mournful voice,
My heart, that trusted in his word,
In his salvation shall rejoice.

- 5 Let every saint in sore distress,
By faith approach his Saviour God ;
Then grant, O Lord, thy pardoning grace,
And feed thy church with heavenly food.

P S A L M XXIX. Long Metre.

Storm and Thunder.

- 1 **G**IVE to the Lord, ye sons of fame,
Give to the Lord renown and power,
Ascribe due honours to his name,
And his eternal might adore.
- 2 The Lord proclaims his power aloud
Thro' every ocean, every land ;
His voice divides the watery cloud,
And lightnings blaze at his command.
- 3 He speaks, and tempest, hail and wind.
Lay the wide forest bare around ;
The fearful hart, and frightened hind,
Leap at the terror of the sound.
- 4 To *Lebanon* he turns his voice,
And lo, the stately cedars break ;
The mountains tremble at the noise,
The vallies roar, the deserts quake.
- 5 The Lord sits sovereign on the flood,
The Thunderer reigns forever king ;
But makes his church his blest abode,
Where we his awful glories sing.
- 6 In gentler language, there the Lord
The counsel of his grace imparts ;
Amidst the raging storm, his word
Speaks peace and courage to our hearts.

P S A L M XXX. First Part. Long Metre.

Sickness healed, and Sorrows removed

- 1 **I** Will extol thee, Lord, on high,
At thy command diseases fly :
Who but a God can speak and save
From the dark borders of the grave ?
- 2 Sing to the Lord, ye saints, and prove
How large his grace, how kind his love,

Let all your powers rejoice, and trace
The wondrous records of his grace.

- 3 His anger but a moment stays ;
His love is life and length of days :
Tho' grief and tears the night employ,
The morning-star restores the joy.

PSALM XXX. *ver. 6. Second Part. Long Metre.*

Health, Sickness and Recovery.

- 1 **F**IRM was my health, my day was bright,
And I presum'd 'twould ne'er be night ;
Fondly I said within my heart,
“ *Pleasure and peace shall ne'er depart.*”

- 2 But I forget thine arm was strong
Which made my mountain stand so long ;
Soon as thy face began to hide,
My health was gone, my comforts di'd.

- 3 I cried aloud to thee my God :
“ What can'st thou profit by my blood ?
“ Deep in the dust can I declare
“ Thy truth, or sing thy goodness there ?

- 4 “ Hear me, O God of Grace, I said,
“ And bring me from among the dead :”
“ Thy word rebuk'd the pains I felt,
Thy pardoning love remov'd my guilt.

- 5 My groans, and tears, and forms of woe,
Are turn'd to joy and praises now ;
I throw my sackcloth on the ground,
And ease and gladness gird me round.

- 6 My tongue, the glory of my frame,
Shall ne'er be silent of thy name ;
Thy praise shall sound thro' earth and heaven,
For sickness heal'd, and sins forgiven.

P S A L M XXXI. 5, 13—21, 22, 23, *First Part.*
Common Metre.

Deliverance from Death.

- 1 **T**O thee, O God of truth and love
My spirit I commit ;

Thou hast redeem'd my soul from death,
And sav'd me from the pit.

2 Despair and comfort, hope and fear
Maintain'd a doubtful strife ;
While sorrow, pain, and sin conspir'd
To take away my life.

3 " *My time is in thy hand, I cried,
" Though I draw near the dust :*"
Thou art the refuge where I hide,
The God in whom I trust.

4 Oh make thy reconciled face
Upon thy servant thine,
And save me from thy mercy's sake,
For I'm entirely thine.

P A U S E.

5 'Twas in my haste, my spirit said,
" *I must despair and die,*
" *I am cut off before thine eyes ;*"
But thou hast heard my cry.

6 Thy goodness how divinely free !
How sweet thy smiling face,
To those that fear thy majesty,
And trust thy promis'd grace.

7 Oh love the Lord, all ye his saints,
And sing his praises loud ;
He'll bend his ear to your complaints,
And recompence the proud.

P S A L M XXXI. 7—33, 11—21. *Second Part,*
Common Metre.

Deliverance from Slander and Reproach.

1 **M**Y heart rejoices in thy name,
My God, my heavenly trust ;
Thou hast preserv'd my face from shame,
Mine honour from the dust.

2 " My life is spent with grief, I cried,
" My years consum'd in groans,
" My strength decays, mine eyes are dried,
" And sorrow wastes my bones."

3 Among mine enemies my name
A proverb vile was grown,
While to my neighbours I became
Forgotten and unknown.

4 Slander and fear on every side,
Seiz'd and beset me round,
I to thy throne of grace applied,
And speedy rescue found.

P A U S E.

5 How great deliverance thou hast wrought
Before the sons of men !
The lying lips to silence brought,
And made their boasting vain !

6 Thy children from the strife of tongues
Shall thy pavilion hide,
Guard them from infamy and wrongs,
And crush the sons of pride.

7 Within thy secret presence, Lord,
Let me forever dwell ;
No fenced city wall'd and barr'd
Secures a saint so well.

P S A L M XXXII. Short Metre.

Forgiveness of Sins upon Confession.

1 **O**H blessed souls are they
Whose sins are cover'd o'er !
Divinely blest to whom the Lord
Imputes their guilt no more.

2 They mourn their follies past,
And keep their hearts with care ;
Their lips and lives without deceit
Shall prove their faith sincere.

3 While I conceal'd my guilt,
I felt the festering wound,
Till I confess'd my sins to thee,
And ready pardon found

4 Let sinners learn to pray,
Let saints keep near the throne ;
Our help in times of deep distress,
Is found in God alone.

P S A L M XXXII. Common Metre.

Free Pardon and sincere Obedience ; or, Confession and Forgiveness.

1 **H**OW blest the man to whom his God
 No more imputes his sin,
 But wash'd in the Redeemer's blood
 Hath made his garments clean !

2 And blest beyond expression he,
 Whose debts are thus discharg'd ;
 While from the guilty bondage free
 He feels his soul enlarg'd.

3 His spirit hates deceit and lies,
 His words are all sincere :
 He guards his heart, he guards his eyes,
 To keep his conscience clear.

4 While I my inward guilt suppress,
 No quiet could I find ;
 Thy wrath lay burning in my breast,
 And rack'd my tortur'd mind.

5 Then I confess'd my troubled thoughts,
 My secret sins reveal'd,
 Thy pardoning grace forgave my faults,
 Thy grace my pardon seal'd.

6 This shall invite thy saints to pray ;
 When like a raging flood
 Temptations rise, our strength and stay
 Is a forgiving God.

P S A L M XXXII. *First Part.* Long Metre.*Repentance and free Pardon ; or, Justification and Sanctification.*

1 **B**LEST is the man, forever blest,
 Whose guilt is pardon'd by his God,
 Whose sins with sorrow are confess'd
 And cover'd with his Saviour's blood.

2 Before his judgment seat the Lord
 Nor more permits his crimes to rise ;
 He pleads no merit of reward.
 And not on works but grace relies.

- 3 From guile his heart and lips are free,
His humble joy, his holy fear,
With deep repentance well agree,
And join to prove his faith sincere.
- 4 How glorious is that righteousness
That hides and cancels all his sins !
While a bright evidence of grace
Through all his life appears and shines.

P S A L M XXXII. *Second Part. Long Metre.*
A guilty Conscience eased by Confession and Pardon.

- 1 **W**HILE I keep silence and conceal
My heavy guilt within my heart,
What torments doth my conscience feel !
What agonies of inward smart !
- 2 I spread my sins before the Lord,
And all my secret faults confess ;
Thy gospel speaks a pardoning word,
Thine holy spirit seals the grace.
- 3 For this shall every humble soul.
Make swift addresses to thy seat :
When floods of huge temptations roll,
There shall they find a blest retreat.
- 4 How safe beneath thy wings I lie,
When days grow dark, and storms appear ?
And when I walk, thy watchful eye,
Shall guide me safe from every snare.

P S A L M XXXIII. *First Part. Com. Metre.*
Works of Creation and Providence.

- 1 **R**EJOICE, ye righteous in the Lord,
This work belongs to you :
Sing of his name, his ways, his word,
How holy, just and true !
- 2 His mercy and his righteousness
Let heaven and earth proclaim ;
His works of nature and of grace
Reveal his wondrous name.
- 3 His word, with energy divine,
Those heavenly arches spread,

Bade starry hosts around them shine,
And light the heavens prevade.

4 He taught the swelling waves to flow
To their appointed deep ;
Bade raging seas their limits know,
And still their station keep.

5 Yesthenants of the spacious earth,
With fear before him stand ;
He spake, and nature took its birth,
And rests on his command.

6 He scorns the angry nations' rage,
And breaks their vain designs ?
His counsel stands through every age,
And in full glory shines.

P S A L M XXXIII. *Second Part. Com. Metre.*
Creatures vain, and God All sufficient.

1 **B**LEST is the nation, where the Lord
Hath fix'd his gracious throne ?
Where he reveals his heavenly word,
And calls their tribes his own.

2 His eye, with infinite survey,
Does the whole world behold ;
He form'd us all of equal clay,
And knows our feeble mould.

3 Kings are not rescued by the force
Of armies from the grave ;
Nor speed nor courage of an horse
Can his bold rider save.

4 Vain is the strength of beasts or men,
Nor springs our safety thence ;
But holy souls from God obtain
A strong and sure defence.

5 God is their fear, and God their trust :
When plagues or famine spread,
His watchful eye secures the just,
Among ten thousand dead.

6 Lord let our hearts in thee rejoice,
And bless us from thy throne ;

For we have made thy word our choice,
And trust thy grace alone.

P S A L M XXXIII. As the 113th Psalm. *First Part.*
Works of Creation and Providence.

1 **Y**E holy souls in God rejoice,
Your Maker's praise becomes your voice,
Great is your theme, your songs be new ;
Sing of his name, his word, his ways,
His works of nature and of grace,
How wise and holy, just and true !

2 Behold, to earth's remotest ends,
His goodness flows, his truth extends ;
His power the heavenly arches spread ;
His word, with energy divine,
Bade starry hosts around them shine,
And light the circling heavens pervade.

3 His hand collects the flowing seas ;
Those watry treasures know their place,
And fill the store-house of the deep :
He spake, and gave all nature birth ;
And fires, and seas, and heaven and earth
His everlasting orders keep.

4 Let mortals tremble and adore
A God of such resistless power,
Nor dare indulge their feeble rage :
Vain are your thoughts, and weak your hands,
But his eternal counsel stands,
And rules the world from age to age.

PSALM XXXIII. As the 113th Psalm. *Second Part.*
Creatures vain, and God All-sufficient.

1 **O**H happy nation, where the Lord
Reveals the treasure of his word,
And builds his church, his earthly throne !
His eye the heathen world surveys,
He form'd their hearts, he knows their ways,
But God their maker is unknown.

2 Let kings rely upon their host,
And of his strength the champion boast,
In vain they boast, in vain rely ;

In vain we trust the brutal force,
Or speed or courage of an horse,
To guard his rider, or to fly.

- 3 The arm of our almighty Lord,
Doth more secure defence afford,
When deaths or dangers threatening stand,
Thy watchful eye preserves the just,
Who make thy name their fear and trust,
When wars and famine waste the land.

- 4 In sickness or the bloody field,
Our great physician and our shield,
Shall send salvation from his throne ;
We wait to see thy goodness shine ;
Let us rejoice in help divine,
For all our hope is God alone.

P S A L M XXXIV. *First Part.* Long Metre.
God's Care of the Saints ; or, Deliverance by Prayer.

- 1 **L**ORD, I will bless thee all my days,
Thy praise shall dwell upon my tongue :
My soul shall glory in thy grace,
While saints rejoice to hear the song.
- 2 Come, magnify the Lord with me,
Let every heart exalt his name ;
I sought th' eternal God, and he
Has not expos'd my hope to shame.
- 3 I told him all my secret grief,
My secret groaning reach'd his ears ;
He gave my inward pains relief,
And calm'd the tumult of my fears.
- 4 To him the poor lift up their eyes,
With heavenly joy their faces shine,
A beam of mercy from the skies
Fills them with light and love divine.
- 5 His holy angels pitch their tents
Around the men that serve the Lord ;
Oh fear and love him, all his saints,
Taste of his grace and trust his word.

- 6 The wild young lions, pinch'd with pain
And hunger, roar through all the wood ;
But none shall seek the Lord in vain,
Nor want supplies of real good.

P S A L M XXXIV. 11—22. *Second Part.*

Long Metre.

Religious Education ; or, Instructions of Piety.

- 1 **C**HILDREN, in years and knowledge young,
Your parents' hope, your parents' joy,
Attend the counsels of my tongue,
Let pious thoughts your minds employ.

- 2 If you desire a length of days,
And peace to crown your mortal state,
Restrain your feet from impious ways,
Your lips from slander and deceit.

- 3 The eyes of God regard his saints,
His ears are open to their cries ;
He sets his frowning face against
The sons of violence and lies.

- 4 To humble souls and broken hearts
God with his grace is ever nigh ;
Pardon and hope his love imparts
When men in deep contrition lie.

- 5 He tells their tears, he counts their groans.
His son redeems their souls from death ;
His spirit heals their broken bones,
His praise employs their tuneful breath.

P S A L M XXXIV. 1—10. *First Part.*

Common Metre.

Prayer and Praise for eminent Deliverance.

- 1 **I**'LL bless the Lord from day to day ;
How good are all his ways !
Ye humble souls that use to pray,
Come, help my lips to praise.

- 2 Sing to the honour of his name,
How a poor sufferer cried,

Nor was his hope expos'd to shame,
Nor was his fruit denied.

3 When threatening sorrows round me stood,
And endless fears arose,
Like the loud billows of a flood,
Redoubling all my woes.

4 I told the Lord my fore distress,
With heavy groans and tears ;
He gave my sharpest torments ease,
And silenc'd all my fears.

P A U S E.

5 [Oh sinners, come and taste his love,
Come, learn his pleasant ways,
And let your own experience prove
The sweetness of his grace.

6 He bids his angels pitch their tents
Round where his children dwell ;
What ills their heavenly care prevents
No earthly tongue can tell.]

7 [Oh love the Lord, ye saints of his ;
His eye regards the just,
How richly bleis'd their portion is,
Who make the Lord their trust !

8 Young lions pinch's with hunger roar,
And famish in the wood :
But God supplies his holy poor
With ever needful good.]

P S A L M XXXIV. 11—22. *Second Part.*
Common Metre.

Exhortation to Peace and Holiness.

1 COME children, learn to fear the Lord,
And that your days be long,
Escap'd the ill or spiteful word
By found upon your tongue.

2 Be not in wrath, practice love,
And let the works of peace ;
So shall the Lord your ways approve,
And let your souls at ease.

- 3 His eyes awake to guard the just,
His ears attend their cry ;
When broken spirits dwell in dust,
The God of grace is nigh.
- 4 What tho' the sorrows here they taste
Are sharp and tedious too,
The Lord who saves them all at last,
Is their supporter now.
- 5 Evil shall smite the wicked dead ;
But God secures his own,
Prevents the mischief when they slide,
Or heals the broken bone.
- 6 When desolation like a flood
O'er the proud sinner rolls,
Saints find a refuge in their God,
For he redeem'd their souls.

P S A L M XXXV. ver. 12, 13, 14.

Love to Enemies ; or, the Love of Christ to Sinners typified in David.

- 1 **B**EHOLD the love, the generous love
That holy *David* shows ;
Behold his kind compassion move
For his afflicted foes.
- 2 When they are sick, his soul complains,
And seems to feel the smart ;
The spirit of the gospel reigns,
And melts his pious heart.
- 3 How did his flowing tears condole
As for a brother dead !
And fasting mortified his soul,
While for their life he pray'd.
- 4 They groan'd, and curs'd him on their bed,
Yet still he pleads and mourns ;
And double blessings on his head
The righteous God returns.
- 5 Oh glorious type of heavenly grace !
Thus *Christ* the Lord appears ;
While sinners curse, the Saviour prays,
And pities them with tears.

- 6 He, the true *David*, *Israel's* king,
 Blest and belov'd of God,
 To save us rebels dead in sin,
 Paid his own dearest blood.

P S A L M XXXVI. 5—9. Long Metre.

The Perfections and Providence of God; or, General Providence and Special Grace.

- 1 **H**IGH in the heavens, eternal God,
 Thy goodness in full glory shines;
 Thy truth shall break through every cloud
 That veils and darkens thy designs.
- 2 Forever firm thy justice stands,
 As mountains their foundations keep;
 Wise are the wonders of thy hands,
 Thy judgments are a mighty deep.
- 3 Thy providence is kind and large,
 Both man and beast thy bounty share;
 The whole creation is thy charge,
 But saints are thy peculiar care.
- 4 My God, how excellent thy grace!
 Whence all our hope and comfort springs,
 The sons of *Adam* in distress
 Fly to the shadow of thy wings.
- 5 From the provisions of thy house
 We shall be fed with sweet repast;
 There mercy like a river flows,
 And brings salvation to our taste.
- 6 Life, like a fountain rich and free,
 Springs from the presence of my Lord;
 And in thy light our souls shall see
 The glories promis'd in thy word.

P S A L M XXXVI. 1, 2, 5, 6, 7, 9. Com. Metre.

Practical Atheism exposed, or, the Being and Attributes of God asserted.

- 1 **W**HILE men grow bold in wicked ways,
 And yet a God they own,
 My heart within me often says,
 "Their thoughts believe there's none."

- 2 Their thoughts and ways at once declare
(Whate'er their lips profess)
God hath no wrath for them to fear,
Nor will they seek his grace.
- 3 What strange self-flattery blinds their eyes !
But there's a hastening hour,
When they shall see with sore surprise
The terrors of thy power.
- 4 Thy justice shall maintain its throne,
Though mountaints melt away ;
Thy judgments are a world unknown,
A deep, unfathom'd sea.
- 5 Above these heaven's created rounds,
Thy mercies, Lord, extend ;
Thy truth out-lives the narrow bounds,
Where time and nature end.
- 6 Safety to man thy goodness brings,
Nor overlooks the beast ;
Beneath the shadow of thy wings
Thy children chuse to rest.
- 7 [From thee, when creature-streams run low,
And mortal comforts die,
Perpetual springs of life shall flow,
And raise our pleasures high.
- 8 Though all created light decay,
And death close up our eyes,
Thy presence makes eternal day
Where clouds can never rise.

P S A L M XXXVI. 1—7. Short Metre.
*The Wickedness of Man, and the Majesty of God ; or
 Practical Atheism exposed.*

- 1 **W**HEN man grows bold in sin,
My heart within me cries,
“ He hath no faith of God within,
“ Nor fear before his eyes.
- 2 [He walks a while conceal'd
In a self-flattering dream,

Till his dark crimes at once reveal'd,
Expose his hateful name.]

- 3 His heart is false and foul,
His words are smooth and fair ;
Wisdom is banish'd from his soul,
And leaves no goodness there.
- 4 He plots upon his bed
New mischief to fulfil ;
He sets his heart, and hand, and head
To practise all that's ill.
- 5 But ther's a dreadful God,
Tho' men renounce his fear ;
His justice, hid behind the cloud,
Shall one great day appear.
- 6 His truth transcends the sky,
In heaven his mercies dwell ;
Deep as the sea his judgments lie,
" His anger burns to hell.
- 7 How excellent his love,
Whence all our safety springs !
Oh never let my soul remove
From underneath his wings.

P S A L M XXXVII. 1—15. *First Part.*

*The Cure of Envy, Fretfulness and Unbelief ; or, the
Rewards of the Righteous and the Wicked.*

- 1 **W**HY should I vex my soul, and fret
To see the wicked rise ?
Or envy sinners waxing great,
By violence and lies ?

- 2 As flowery geas cut down at noon,
Before the evening fades,
So shall their glories vanish soon,
In everlasting shades.

- 3 Then let me make the Lord my truth,
And practise all that's good ;
So shall I dwell among the just,
And He provide me food.

- 4 I to my God my ways commit,
And cheerful wait his will ;

Thy hand, which guides my doubtful feet,
Shall my desires fulfil.

5 Mine innocence shalt thou display,
And make thy judgments known,
Fair as the light of dawning day,
And glorious as the noon.

6 The meek at last the earth possess,
And are the heirs of heaven ;
True riches, with abundant peace,
To humble souls are given.

P A U S E.

7 Rest in the Lord, and keep his way,
Nor let your anger rise ;
Though providence should long delay,
To punish haughty vice.

8 Let sinners join to break your peace,
And plot, and rage, and foam ;
The Lord derides them, for he sees
Their day of vengeance come.

9 They have drawn out the threatening sword,
Have bent the murderous bow,
To slay the men that fear the Lord,
And bring the righteous low.

10 My God shall break the bows, and burn
Their persecuting darts,
Shall their own swords against them turn,
And pierce their stubborn hearts.

PSALM XXXVII. 16, 21, 26—31. *Second Part.*
Charity to the Poor ; or, Religion in Words and Deeds.

1 **W**HY do the wealthy wicked boast,
And grow profanely bold ?
The meanest portion of the just,
Excels the sinner's gold.

2 The wicked borrows of his friends,
But ne'er designs to pay :
The faint is merciful and lends,
Nor turns the poor away.

3 His arms with liberal heart he gives
Amongst the sons of need ;

His memory to long ages lives,
And blessed is his seed.

4 His lips abhor to talk profane,
To slander or defraud ;
His ready tongue declares to men
What he has learn'd of God.

5 The law and gospel of the Lord
Deep in his heart abide ;
Led by the spirit and the word
His feet shall never slide.

6 When sinners fall, the righteous stand,
Preserv'd from every snare ;
They shall possess the promis'd land,
And dwell forever there.

PSALM XXXVII. ver. 23—37. *Third Part.*
The Way and End of the Righteous and the Wicked.

1 **M**Y God, the steps of pious men
Are order'd by thy will :
Though they should fall, they rise again,
Thy hand supports them still.

2 The Lord delights to see their ways,
Their virtue he approves :
He'll ne'er deprive them of his grace,
Nor leave the men he loves.

3 The heavenly heritage is theirs,
Their portion and their home ;
He feasts them now, and makes them heirs
Of blessings long to come.

4 Wait on the Lord, ye sons of men,
Nor fear when tyrants frown :
Ye shall confess their pride was vain,
When justice casts them down.

P A U S E.

5 The haughty sinner have I seen,
Not fearing man nor God,
Like a tall bay-tree fair and green,
Spreading his arms abroad :

6 And lo, he vanish'd from the ground,
Destroy'd by hands unseen ;

Nor root, nor branch, nor leaf was found
Where all that pride had been.

- 7 But mark the man of righteousness,
His several steps attend ;
True pleasure runs thro' all his ways,
And peaceful is his end.

P S A L M XXXVIII. Common Metre.
*Guilt of Conscience and Relief; or, Repentance and Prayer
for Pardon and Health.*

- 1 **A**MIDST thy wrath remember love ;
Restore thy servant, Lord,
Nor let a Father's chastening prove
Like an avenger's sword.

- 2 Thine arrows stick within my heart,
My flesh is sorely prest ;
Between the sorrow and the smart
My spirit finds no rest.

- 3 My sins a heavy load appear,
And o'er my head are gone ;
Too heavy they for me to bear,
Too hard for me t' atone.

- 4 My thoughts are like a troubled sea,
That sinks my comforts down ;
And I go mourning all the day
Beneath my father's frown.

- 5 Lord I am weaken'd and dismay'd,
None of my powers are whole :
My wounds with piercing anguish bleed,
The anguish of my soul.

- 6 All my desires to thee are known,
Thine eye counts every tear,
And every sigh and every groan
Is notic'd by thine ear.

- 7 Thou art my God, my only hope :
My God will hear my cry,
My God will bear my spirit up
When Satan bids me die.

- My foes rejoice whene'er I slide,
To see my virtue fail ;

They raise their pleasure and their pride,
When'er their wiles prevail.

- 9 But I'll confess my guilty ways,
And grieve for all my sin ;
I'll mourn how weak the seeds of grace,
And beg support divine.

- 10 My God, forgive my follies past,
And be forever nigh ;
O Lord of my salvation haste,
Before thy servant die.

PSALM XXXIX. 1, 2, 3. *First Part. Com. Metre.*
Watchfulness over the Tongue ; or, Prudence and Zeal.

- 1 **T**HUS I resolv'd before the Lord,
" Now will I watch my tongue,
" Lest I let slip one sinful word,
" Or do my neighbour wrong."

- 2 Whene'er constrain'd a while to stay
With men of lives profane,
I'll set a double guard that day,
Nor let my talk be vain.

- 3 I'll scarce allow my lips to speak
The pious thoughts I feel,
Lest scoffers should th' occasion take
To mock my holy zeal.

- 4 Yet if some proper hour appear,
I'll not be over-aw'd,
But let the scoffing sinners hear
That we can speak for God.

PSALM XXXIX. 4, 5, 6, 7. *Second Part.*
The Vanity of Man as Mortal.

- 1 **T**EACH me the measure of my days,
Thou maker of my frame ;
I would survey life's narrow space,
And learn how frail I am.

- 2 A span is all that we can boast,
An inch or two of time :
Man is but vanity and dust
In all his flower and prime.

- 3 See the vain race of mortals move
Like shadows o'er the plain ;
They rage and strive, desire and love,
But all the noise is vain.
- 4 Some walk in honour's gaudy show,
Some dig for golden ore,
They toil for heirs, they know not who,
And strait are seen no more.
- 5 What should I wish or wait for then
From creatures earth and dust ?
They make our expectations vain,
And disappoint our trust.
- 6 Now I forbid my carnal hope,
My fond desires recall ;
I give my mortal interest up,
And make my God my all.

P S A L M XXXIX. *Ver. 9—13. Third Part.*
Sick-Bed Devotion ; or, pleading without Repining.

- 1 **G**OD of my life, look gently down,
Behold the pains I feel ;
But I am dumb before thy throne,
Nor dare dispute thy will.
- 2 Diseases are thy servants Lord,
They come at thy command ;
I'll not attempt a murmuring word,
Against thy chastening hand.
- 3 Yet I may plead with humble cries,
Remove thy sharp rebukes :
My strength consumes, my spirit dies,
Through thy repeated strokes.
- 4 Crush'd as a moth beneath thy hand,
We moulder to the dust ;
Our feeble powers can ne'er withstand,
And all our beauty's lost.
- 5 I'm but a stranger here below,
As all my fathers were ;
May I be well prepar'd to go,
When I thy summons hear I

- 6 But if my life be spar'd a while
 Before my last remove,
 Thy praise shall be my business still,
 And I'll declare thy love.

P S A A M XL. ver. 1, 2, 3, 5, 17. First Part.
 Common Metre.

A Song of Deliverance from great Distress.

- 1 **I** Waited patient for the Lord,
 He bow'd to hear my cry;
 He saw me resting on his word,
 And brought salvation nigh.
- 2 He rais'd me from a horrid pit,
 Where mourning long I lay,
 And from my bonds releas'd my feet,
 Deep bonds of mirey clay
- 3 Firm on a rock he made me stand,
 And taught my cheerful tongue
 To praise the wonders of his hand,
 In a new thankful song.
- 4 I'll spread his works of grace abroad;
 The saints with joy shall hear,
 And sinners learn to make my God
 Their only hope and fear.
- 5 How many are thy thoughts of love;
 Thy mercies, Lord, how great!
 We have not words nor hours enough
 Their numbers to repeat.
- 6 When I'm afflicted, poor and low,
 And light and peace depart,
 My God beholds my heavy woe,
 And bears me on his heart.

PSALM XL. 6—9 Second Part. Com. Metre.
The Incarnation and Sacrifice of Christ.

- 1 **T**HUS saith the Lord, "your work is vain,
 " Give your burnt-offerings o'er,
 " In dying goats and bullocks slain
 " My soul delights no more."
- 2 Then spake the Saviour, "Lo, I'm here,
 " My God, to do thy will;

- “ Whate’er thy sacred books declare
 “ Thy servant shall fulfil.
 3 “ Thy law is ever in my sight,
 “ I keep it near my heart ;
 “ Mine eyes are open’d with delight
 “ To what thy lips impart.”
 4 And see the blest Redeemer comes,
 Th’ eternal Son appears,
 And at th’ appointed time assumes
 The body God prepares.
 5 Much he reveal’d his Father’s grace,
 And much his truth he shew’d,
 And preach’d the way of righteousness
 Where great assemblies stood.
 6 His Father’s honour touch’d his heart,
 He pity’d sinners’ cries,
 And to fulfil a Saviour’s part
 Was-made a sacrifice.

P A U S E.

- 7 No blood of beasts on altars shed
 Could wash the conscience clean,
 But the rich sacrifice he paid
 Atones for all our sin.
 8 Then was the great salvation spread,
 And satan’s kingdom shook ;
 Thus by the woman’s promis’d seed
 The serpent’s head was broke.

P S A L M XL. 5—10. Long Metre.

Christ our Sacrifice.

- 1 **T**HE wonders, Lord, thy love has wrought,
 Exceed our praise, surmount our thought ;
 Should I attempt the long detail,
 My speech would faint, my numbers fail.
 2 No blood of beasts on altars spilt,
 Can cleanse the souls of men from guilt ;
 But thou hast set before our eyes
 An all sufficient sacrifice.

- 3 Lo thine eternal Son appears,
 To thy designs he bows his ears ;
 Assumes a body well prepar'd,
 And well performs a work so hard.
- 4 " Behold I come (the Saviour cries,
 " With love and duty in his eyes,)
 " I come to bear the heavy load
 " Of sins, and do thy will, my God.
- 5 " 'Tis written in thy great decree,
 " 'Tis in thy book foretold of me,
 " I must fulfil the Saviour's part.
 " And lo ! thy law is in my heart.
- 6 " I'll magnify thy holy law,
 " And rebels to obedience draw,
 " When on my cross I'm lifted high,
 " Or to my crown above the sky.
- 7 " The Spirit shall descend and show
 " What thou hast done and what I do ;
 " The wondering world shall learn thy grace,
 " And all creation tune thy praise."

P S A L M XLI. 1, 2, 3.

Charity to the Poor ; or, Pity to the Afflicted.

- 1 **B**LEST is the man, whose breast can move,
 And melt with pity to the poor,
 Whose soul by sympathizing love,
 Feels what his fellow-saints endure.
- 2 His heart contrives for their relief.
 More good than his own hands can do ;
 He in the time of general grief
 Shall find the Lord has mercy too.
- 3 His soul shall live secure on earth,
 With secret blessings on his head,
 When drouth, and pestilence, and death,
 Around him multiply their dead.
- 4 Or if he languish on his couch
 God will pronounce his sins forgiven,
 Will save him with a healing touch,
 Or take his willing soul to heaven.

P S A L M XLII. 1—9. *First Part.**Desertion and hope ; or, Complaint of Absence from public Worship.*

- 1 **W**ITH earnest longings of the mind,
My God, to thee I look ;
So pants the hunted heart to find,
And taste the cooling brook.
- 2 When shall I see thy courts of grace,
And meet my God again ?
So long an absence from thy face
My heart endures with pain.
- 3 Temptations vex my weary soul,
And tears are my repast ;
The foe insults without controul,
“ *And where’s your God at last ?*”
- 4 ’Tis with a mournful pleasure now
I think on ancient days :
Then to thy house did numbers go,
And all our work was praise.
- 5 But why, my soul, sink down so far
Beneath this heavy load ?
My spirit, why indulge despair,
And sin against my God ?
- 6 Hope in the Lord, whose mighty hand
Can all thy woes remove ;
For I shall yet before him stand,
And sing restoring love.

P S A L M XLII. 6—11. *Second Part.**Melancholy Thoughts Reproved ; or, Hope in Affliction.*

- 1 **M**Y spirit sinks within me, Lord.
But I will call thy name to mind,
And times of past distress record,
When I have found my God was kind.
- 2 Huge troubles with tumultuous noise
Swell like a sea, and round me spread ;
The rising waves drown all my joys,
And roll tremendous o’er my head.
- 3 Yet will the Lord command his love,
When I address his throne by day,

Nor in the night his grace remove ;
The night shall hear me sing and pray.

- 4 I'll cast myself before his feet,
And say, " my God, my heavenly rock,
" Why doth thy love so long forget
" The soul that groans beneath thy stroke ? "
- 5 I'll chide my heart that sinks so low,
Why should my soul indulge her grief ;
Hope in the Lord, and praise him too ;
He is my rest, my sure relief.
- 6 My God, my most exceeding joy,
Thy light and truth shall guide me still ;
Thy word shall thy best thoughts employ,
And lead me to thine heavenly hill.

P : A L M XLIII. Common Metre.

Safety in Divine Protection.

- 1 **J**UDGE me, O God, and plead my cause,
Against a sinful race ;
From vile oppression and deceit
Secure me by thy grace.
- 2 On thee my steadfast hope depends,
And am I left to mourn ?
To sink in sorrows, and in vain
Implore thy kind return ?
- 3 Oh send thy light to guide my feet,
And bid thy truth appear,
Conduct me to thy holy hill,
To taste thy mercies there.
- 4 Then to thy altar, oh my God,
My joyful feet shall rise,
And my triumphant songs shall praise
The God that rules the skies.
- 5 Sink not, my soul, beneath thy fear,
Nor yield to weak despair ;
For I shall live to praise the Lord,
And bless his guardian care.

P S A L M XLIV. *ver.* 1, 2, 3, 8, 15, 26.*The Church's Complaint in Persecution.*

1 **L**ORD, we have heard thy works of old,
Thy works of power and grace,
When to our ears our fathers told,
The wonders of their days.

2 They saw thy beauteous churches rise,
The spreading gospel run ;
While light and glory from the skies
Through all their temples shone.

3 In God they boasted all the day,
And in a cheerful throng
Did thousands meet to praise and pray,
And grace was all their song.

4 But now our souls are seiz'd with shame,
Confusion fills our face,
To hear the enemy blaspheme,
And fools reproach thy grace.

5 Yet have we not forgot our God,
Nor falsely dealt with heaven,
Nor have our steps declin'd the road
Of duty thou hast given.

6 Though dragons all around us roar
With their destructive breath,
And thine own hand has bruise'd us sore,
Hard by the gates of death.

P A U S E.

7 We are expos'd all day to die,
As martyrs for thy name ;
As sheep for slaughter bound we lie,
And wait the kindling flame.

8 Awake, arise, almighty Lord,
Why sleeps thy wanton grace ?
Why should we seem like men abhor'd,
Or banish'd from thy face ?

9 Wilt thou forever cast us off,
And still neglect our cries ?

Forever hide thine heavenly love
From our afflicted eyes ?

10 Down to the dust our soul is bow'd;
And dies upon the ground ;
Rise for our help, rebuke the proud,
And all their powers confound.

11. Redeem us from perpetual shame,
Our Saviour and our God ;
We plead the honours of thy name,
The merits of thy blood.

P S A L M XLV. Short Metre.

*The Glory of Christ. The Success of the Gospel, and the
Gentile Church.*

1 **M**Y Saviour and my King,
Thy beauties are divine ;
Thy lips with blessings overflow,
And every grace is thine.

2 Now make thy glory known,
Gird on thy dreadful sword ;
And rise in majesty to spread
The conquests of thy word.

3 Strike through thy stubborn foes,
Or make their hearts obey,
While justice, meekness, grace and truth
Attend thy glorious way.

4 Thy laws, O God, are right,
Thy throne shall ever stand ;
And thy victorious gospel prove
A sceptre in thy hand.

5 [Thy Father and thy God
Hath without measure shed
His spirit like a grateful oil
T' anoint thy sacred head.]

6 [Behold at thy right hand
The *Gentile* church is seen,
A beauteous bride in rich attire,
And princes guard the Queen.

- 7 Fair bride, receive his love,
 Forget thy father's house ;
 Forsake thy gods, thy idol gods,
 And pay the Lord thy vows.
- 8 Oh let thy God and King
 Thy sweetest thoughts employ ;
 Thy children shall his honour sing,
 And taste the heavenly joy.

P S A L M XLV. Common Metre.

The personal Glories, and Government of Christ.

- 1 **I**'LL speak the honours of my King,
 His form divinely fair ;
 None of the sons of mortal race
 May with the Lord compare.
- 2 Sweet is thy speech, and heavenly grace
 Upon thy lips is shed ;
 Thy God with blessings infinite
 Hath crown'd thy sacred head.
- 3 Gird on thy sword, victorious Prince,
 Ride with majestic sway ;
 Thy terror shall strike through thy foes,
 And make the world obey.
- 4 Thy throne, O God, forever stands.
 Thy word of grace shall prove
 A peaceful sceptre in thy hands,
 To rule thy saints by love.
- 5 Justice and truth attend thee still,
 But mercy is thy choice :
 And God, thy God, thy soul shall fill
 With most peculiar joys.

P S A L M XLV. First Part. Long Metre.

The Glory of Christ, and Power of his Gospel.

- 1 **N**OW be my heart inspir'd to sing
 The glories of my Saviour King,
 Jesus the Lord ; how heavenly fair
 His form ! how bright his beauties are !
- 2 O'er all the sons of human race
 He shines with far superior grace,

Love from his lips divinely flows,
And blessings all his state compose.

3 Dress thee in arms, most mighty Lord,
Gird on the terror of thy sword,
In majesty and glory ride
With truth and meekness at thy side.

4 Thine anger, like a pointed dart,
Shall pierce the foes of stubborn heart ;
Or words of mercy kind and sweet
Shall melt the rebels at thy feet.

5 Thy throne, O God, forever stands,
Grace is the sceptre in thy hands ;
Thy laws and works are just and right,
But grace and justice thy delight.

6 God thine own God has richly shed
His oil of gladness on thy head ;
And with his sacred spirit blest'd
His first born Son above the rest.

P S A L M XLV. *Second Part. Long Metre.*
Christ and his Church ; or, the Mystical Marriage.

1 **T**HE King of saints, how fair his face,
Adorn'd with majesty and grace !
He comes with blessings from above,
And wins the nations to his love.

2 At his right hand our eyes behold
The queen array'd in purest gold ;
The world admires her heavenly dress ;
Her robes of joy and righteousness.

3 He forms her beauties like his own,
He calls and seats her near his throne ;
Fair stranger, let thine heart forget
The idols of thy native state.

4 So shall the king the more rejoice
In thee the favourite of his choice ;
Let him be lov'd, and yet ador'd
For he's thy Maker and thy Lord.

5 Oh happy hour, when thou shalt rise
To his fair palace in the skies,

And all thy sons, (a numerous train)
Each like a prince in glory reign.

- 6 Let endless honours crown his head;
Let every age his praises spread;
While we with cheerful songs approve
The condescension of his love.

P S A L M XLVI. *First Part.*

*The Church's Safety and Triumph among national
Desolations.*

- 1 **G**OD is the refuge of his saints,
When storms of sharp distress invade;
Ere we can offer our complaints,
Behold him present with his aid.
- 2 Let mountains from their seats be hurl'd
Down to the deep, and buried there,
Convulsions shake the solid world,
Our faith shall never yield to fear.
- 3 Loud may the troubled ocean roar,
In sacred peace our souls abide,
While every nation, every shore
Trembles, and dreads the swelling tide.
- 4 There is a stream, whose gentle flow
Supplies the city of our God!
Life, love and joy still gliding through
And watering our divine abode.
- 5 That sacred stream, thine holy word,
Supports our faith, our fear controuls,
Sweet peace thy promises afford,
And give new strength to fainting souls.
- 6 *Sion* enjoys her Monarch's love,
Secure against a threatening hour;
Nor can her firm foundation move,
Built on his truth, and arm'd with power.

P S A L M XLVI. *Second Part.*

God fights for his Church.

- 1 **L**ET *Sion* in her King rejoice,
Tho' tyrants rage, and kingdoms rise;
He utters his almighty voice,
The nations melt, the tumult dies.

- 2 The Lord of old for *Jacob* fought,
And *Jacob's* God is still our aid ;
Behold the works his hand has wrought,
What desolutions he has made.
- 3 From sea to sea, through all the shores
He makes the noise of battle cease ;
When from on high his thunder roars,
He awes the trembling world to peace.
- 4 He breaks the bow, he cuts the spear,
Chariots he burns with heavenly flame ;
Let earth in silent wonder hear
The sound and glory of his name.
- 5 " Be still, and learn that I am God,
" I reign exalted o'er the lands,
" I will be known and fear'd abroad,
" But still my throne in *Sion* stands."
- 6 O Lord of hosts, almighty King,
While we so near thy presence dwell,
Our faith shall sit secure, and sing,
Nor fear the raging powers of hell.

P S A L M XLVII.

Christ ascending and Reigning.

- 1 **O**H for a shout of sacred joy
To God the sovereign King !
Let every land their tongues employ,
And hymns of triumph sing.
- 2 *Jesus* our God ascends on high ;
His heavenly guards around
Attend him rising thro' the sky,
With trumpet's joyful sound.
- 3 While angels shout and praise their King,
Let mortals learn their strains ;
Let all the earth his honours sing ;
O'er all the earth he reigns.
- 4 Rehearse his praise with awe profound,
Let knowledge guide the song ;
Nor mock him with a solemn sound
Upon a thoughtless tongue.

- 5 In *Israel* stood his antient throne,
 He lov'd that chosen race ;
 But now he calls the world his own,
 And heathens taste his grace.
- 6 The Gentile nations are the Lord's,
 There *Abraham's* God is known ;
 While powers and princes, shields and swords
 Submit before his throne.

P S A L M XLVIII. 1—8. *First Part.*

The Church is the Honour and Safety of a Nation.

- 1 [GREAT is the Lord our God,
 And let his praise be great ;
 He makes his churches his abode,
 His most delightful seat.

- 2 These temples of his grace,
 How beautiful they stand ?
 The honours of our native place,
 And bulwarks of our land.]
- 3 In *Sion* God is known
 A refuge in distress ;
 How bright has his salvation shone ;
 How fair his heavenly grace ?

- 4 When kings against her join'd,
 And saw the Lord was there,
 In wild confusion of the mind
 They fled with hasty fear.

- 5 When navies tall and proud
 Attempt to spoil our peace,
 He sends his tempest roaring loud,
 And sinks them in the seas.

- 6 Oft have our fathers told,
 Our eyes have often seen,
 How well our God secures the fold
 Where his own flocks have been.

- 7 In every new distress
 We'll to his house repair,
 Recal to mind his wondrous grace,
 And seek deliverance there.

P S A L M XLVIII. 10—14. *Second Part.**The Beauty of the Church ; or, Gospel Worship and Order.*

- 1 **F**AR as thy name is known
The world declares thy praise ;
Thy saints, O Lord, before thy throne
Their songs of honour raise.
- 2 With joy thy people stand
On *Sion's* chosen hill,
Proclaim the wonders of thy hand,
And counsels of thy will.
- 3 Let strangers walk around
The city where we dwell,
Compass and view thine holy ground,
And mark the building well.
- 4 The orders of thy house,
The worship of thy court,
The cheerful songs, the solemn vows,
And make a fair report.
- 5 How decent and how wise !
How glorious to behold !
Beyond the pomp that charms the eyes,
And rites adorn'd with gold.
- 6 The God we worship now
Will guide us till we die ;
Will be our God while here below,
And ours above the sky.

P S A L M XLIX. 6—14. *First Part.* Com. Metre.*Pride and Death ; or, the Vanity of Life and Riches.*

- 1 **W**HY doth the man of riches grow
To insolence and pride,
To see his wealth and honours flow
With every rising tide.
- 2 [Why doth he treat the poor with scorn,
Made of the self-same clay,
And boast as though his flesh was born
Of better dust than they ?]

- 3 Not all his treasures can procure
His soul a short reprieve,
Redeem from death one guilty hour,
Or make his brother live.
- 4 Eternal life can ne'er be sold,
The ransom is too high ;
Justice will ne'er be brib'd with gold,
That man may never die.
- 5 He sees the brutish and the wise,
The timorous and the brave
Quit their possessions, close their eyes,
And hasten to the grave.
- 6 Yet 'tis his inward thought and pride,
" My house shall ever stand ;
" And that my name may long abide
" I'll give it to my land."
- 7 Vain are his thoughts, his hopes are lost,
How soon his memory dies !
His name is buried in the dust,
Where his own body lies.

P A U S E.

- 8 This is the folly of their way
And yet their sons are vain
Approve the words their fathers say,
And act their works again.
- 9 Men void of wisdom and of grace,
Tho' honour raise them high,
Live like a beast, a thoughtless race,
And like the beast they die.
- 10 [Laid in the grave like silly sheep,
Death triumphs o'er them there.
Till the last trumpet breaks their sleep,
And wakes them in despair.]

P S A L M XLIX. ver. 14—15. *Second Part.*
Common Metre.

Death and the Resurrection.

YE sons of pride, that hate the just,
And trample on the poor,

When death has brought you down to dust
Your pomp shall raise no more.

2 The last great day shall change the scene ;
When will that hour appear ?
When shall the just revive, and reign
O'er all that scorn'd them here ?

3 God will my naked soul receive,
Call'd from the world away,
And break the prison of the grave,
To raise my mouldering clay.

4 Heaven is my everlasting home,
Th' inheritance is sure ;
Let men of pride their rage resume,
But I'll repine no more.

P S A L M XLIX. Long Metre.

The rich sinner's Death, and the Saint's Resurrection.

1 **W**HY do the proud insult the poor,
And boast the large estates they have !
How vain are riches to secure
Their haughty owners from the grave !

2 They can't redeem an hour from death
With all the wealth in which they trust ;
Nor give a dying brother breath,
When God commands him down to dust.

3 There the dark earth and dismal shade
Shall clasp their naked bodies round ;
That flesh so delicately fed
Lies cold and moulders in the ground.

4 Like thoughtless sheep the sinner dies,
And leaves his glories in the tomb ;
The saints shall in the morning rise,
And hear the oppressor's awful doom.

5 His honours perish in the dust,
And pomp and beauty, birth and blood :
That glorious day exalts the just
To full dominion o'er the proud.

6 My Saviour shall my life restore,
And raise me from my dark abode ;

My flesh and soul shall part no more,
But dwell forever near my God.

PSALM L. ver. 1—6. *First Part.* Common Metre.

The last Judgment ; or, the Saints rewarded.

- 1 **T**HE Lord, the Judge, before his throne,
Bids the whole earth draw nigh,
The nations near the rising sun,
And near the *Western* sky.
- 2 No more shall bold blasphemers say,
“ *Judgment will ne’er begin ;* ”
No more abuse his long delay
To impudence and sin.
- 3 Thron’d on a cloud our God shall come,
Bright flames prepare his way,
Thunder and darkness, fire and storm
Lead on the dreadful day.
- 4 Heaven from above his call shall hear,
Attending Angels come,
And earth and hell shall know, and fear
His justice and their doom.
- 5 “ But gather all my saints (he cries)
“ That made their peace with God,
“ By the Redeemer’s sacrifice,
“ And seal’d it with his blood.
- 6 “ Their faith and works, brought fourth to light,
“ Shall make the world confess
“ My sentence of reward is right,
“ And heaven adore my grace.”

PSALM L. ver. 10, 11, 14, 15, 23. *Second Part.*

Common Metre.

Obedience is better than Sacrifice.

- 1 **T**HUS saith the Lord, “ the spacious fields
“ And flocks and herds are mine,
“ O’er all the cattle of the hills
“ I claim a right divine.
- 2 “ I ask no sheep for sacrifice,
“ Nor bullocks burnt with fire ;

“ To hope and love, to pray and praise,
 “ Is all that I require.

3 “ Invoke my name when trouble’s near,
 “ My hand shall set thee free ;
 “ Then shall thy thankful lips declare
 “ The honour due to me.

4 “ The man that offers humble praise,
 “ Declares my glory best ;
 “ And those that tread my holy ways,
 “ Shall my salvation taste.”

PSALM L. ver. 1, 5, 8, 16, 21, 22. *Third Part.*

Common Metre.

The Judgment of Hypocrites.

1 **W**HEN *Christ* to judgment shall descend,
 And saints surround their Lord,
 He calls the nations to attend,
 And hear his awful word.

2 “ Not for the want of bullocks slain
 “ Will I the world reprove ;
 “ Altars and rites, and forms are vain
 “ Without the fire of love.

3 “ And what have hypocrites to do
 “ To bring their sacrifice ?
 “ They call my statutes just and true,
 “ But deal in theft and lies.

4 “ Could you expect to ’scape my sight,
 “ And sin without controul ?
 “ But I shall bring your crimes to light,
 “ With anguish in your soul.”

5 Consider, ye, that slight the Lord,
 Before his wrath appear ;
 If once you fall beneath his sword,
 There’s no deliverer there.

P S A L M L. Long Metre.

Hypocrisy exposed.

1 **T**HE Lord, the Judge his churches warns,
 Let hypocrites attend and fear,

Who place their hope in rites and forms,
But make not faith nor love their care.

- 2 Vile wretches dare rehearse his name
With lips of falsehood and deceit ;
A friend or brother they defame,
And sooth and flatter those they hate.
- 3 They watch to do their neighbours wrong,
Yet dare to seek their Maker's face ;
They take his covenant on their tongue,
But break his laws, abuse his grace.
- 4 To heaven they lift their hands unclean,
Defil'd with lust, defil'd with blood ;
By night they practise every sin,
By day their mouths draw near to God.
- 5 And while his judgments long delay,
They grow secure and sin the more ;
They think he sleeps as well as they,
And put far off the dreadful hour.
- 6 Oh dreadful hour ! when God draws near,
And sets their crimes before their eyes !
His wrath their guilty souls shall tear,
And no deliverer dare to rise.

P S A L M L. To a new Tune.

The last Judgment.

- T**HE Lord, the sovereign sends his summons forth,
Calls the *south* nations, and awakes the *north* ;
From *East* to *West* the sounding orders spread
Thro' distant worlds and regions of the dead ;
No more shall atheists mock his long delay ;
His vengeance sleeps no more ; behold the day.
- 2 Behold the Judge descends ; his guards are nigh,
Tempest and fire attend him down the sky ;
Heaven, earth and hell, draw near : let all things
To hear his justice and the sinners' doom ; [come
But gather first my saints (the Judge commands)
Bring them, ye angels, from their distant lands.

- 3 Behold my covenant stands forever good,
Seal'd by th' eternal sacrifice in blood,
And sign'd with all their names; the *Greek* the *Jew*
That paid the ancient worship or the new,
There's no distinction here, prepare their thrones,
And near me seat my favourites and my sons.
- 4 I, their almighty Saviour and their God,
I am their Judge; Ye heavens proclaim abroad
My just, eternal sentence, and declare
Those awful truths, that sinners dread to hear;
Sinners in *Zion*, tremble and retire;
I doom the painted hypocrite to fire.
- 5 Not for the want of goats or bullocks slain
Do I condemn thee; bulls and goats are vain,
Without the flame of love; in vain the store
Of brutal offerings that were mine before;
Mine are the tamer beasts and savage breed,
Flocks, herds, and fields, and forests where they feed.
- 6 If I were hungry, would I ask thee food?
When did I thirst, or taste the victim's blood?
Can I be flatter'd with thy cringing bows,
Thy solem chatterings and fantastic vows?
Are my eyes charm'd thy vestments to behold,
Glaring in gems, and gay, in woven gold?
- 7 Unthinking wretch! how could'st thou hope to
A God, a spirit, with such toys as these? [please
While with my grace and statues on thy tongue
Thou lov'st deceit, and dost thy brother wrong;
In vain to pious forms thy zeal pretends,
Thieves and adulterers are thy chosen friends.
- 8 Silent I waited with long-suffering love,
But didst thou hope that I should ne'er reprove?
And cherish such an impious thought within,
That God the righteous would indulge thy sin?
Behold my terrors now; my thunders roll,
And thy own crimes affright thy guilty soul.
- 9 Sinners, awake betimes; ye fools, be wise;
Awake before this dreadful morning rise;
Change your vain thoughts, your sinful works amend;
Fly to the Saviour, make the Judge your friend;
Lest like a lion his last vengeance tear
Your trembling souls; and no deliverer near.

P S A L M L. To the old proper Tune.

The last Judgment.

1 **T**HE God of glory sends his summons forth,
 Calls the *south* nations and awakes the *north* :
 From *east* to *west* the sovereign orders spread,
 Thro' distant worlds and regions of the dead.
The trumpet sounds ; hell trembles, heaven rejoices ;
Lift up your heads, ye saints, with cheerful voices.

2 No more shall atheists mock his long delay :
 His vengeance sleeps no more : behold the day :
 Behold the Judge descends ; his guards are nigh ;
 Tempest and fire attend him down the sky.
When God appears, all nature shall adore him ;
While sinners tremble, saints rejoice before him.

3 " Heaven, earth, and hell, draw near : let all things
 " To hear my justice and the sinner's doom ; [come
 " But gather first my saints ; the Judge commands ;
 " Bring them, ye angels, from their distant lands.
When Christ returns, wake every cheerful passion ;
And shout, ye saints ; he comes for your salvation.

4 " Behold my covenant stands forever good,
 " Seal'd by th' eternal sacrifice in blood.
 " And sign'd with all their names ; *the Greek the Jews.*
 " That paid the ancient worship or the new.
There's no distinction here ; join all your voices,
And raise your heads, ye saints, for heaven rejoices.

5 " Here (saith the Lord) ye angels spread their thrones.
 " And near me set my favourites and my sons.
 " Come, my redeem'd possess the joys prepar'd
 " Ere time began, 'tis your divine reward.
When Christ returns, wake every cheerful passion ;
And shout, ye saints, he comes for your salvation.

P A U S E the First.

6 " I am the Saviour, I th' almighty God,
 " The sovereign Judge : ye heavens proclaim abroad
 " My just eternal sentence, and declare
 " Those awful truths, that sinners dread to hear.
When God appears all nature shall adore him,
While sinners tremble, saints rejoice before him.

- 7 " Stand forth, thou bold blasphemer, and profane,
 " Now feel my wrath, nor call my threatnings vain;
 " Thou hypocrite once dress'd in saint's attire,
 " I doom the painted hypocrite to fire.

*Judgment proceeds ; hell trembles ; heaven rejoices ;
 Lift up your heads, ye saints, with cheerful voices.*

- 8 " Not for the want of goats, or bullocks slain
 " Do I condemn thee ; bulls and goats are vain
 " Without the flames of love ; in vain the store
 " Of brutal offerings that were mine before.

*Earth is the Lord's, all nature shall adore him ;
 While sinners tremble, saints rejoice before him.*

- 9 " If I were hungry, would I ask thee food ?
 " When did I thirst or drink thy bullock's blood ?
 " Mine are the tamer beasts and savage breed,
 " Flocks, herds, and fields, and forests where they feed.
All is the Lord's he rules the wide creation ; [feed.
Gives sinners vengeance, and the saints salvation.

- 10 " Can I be flatter'd with thy cringing bows,
 " Thy solemn chattering and fantastic vows ?
 " Are my eyes charm'd thy vestments to behold
 " Glaring in gems, and gay in woven gold ?

*God is the judge of hearts, no fair disguises
 Can screen the guilty when his vengeance rises.*

P A U S E the Second.

[please.

- 11 " Unthinking wretch ! how coul'd thou hope to
 " A God, a spirit, with such toys as these ?
 " While with my grace and statues on thy tongue
 " Thou lov'st deceit, and dost thy brother wrong.

*Judgment proceeds ; hell trembles ; heaven rejoices ;
 Lift up your heads, ye saints, with cheerful voices.*

- 12 " In vain to pious forms thy zeal pretends ;
 " Thieves and adulterers are thy chosen friends ;
 " While the false flatterer at mine altar waits,
 " His harden'd soul divine instruction hates.

*God is the judge of hearts, no fair disguises
 Can screen the guilty when his vengeance rises.*

- 13 " Silent I waited with long-suffering love ;
 " But didst thou hope that I should ne'er reprove ?
 " And cherish such an impious thought within,

" That the All-Holy would indulge thy sin ?
See God appears, all nations join t' adore him ;
Judgment proceeds, and sinners fall before him.

- 14 " Behold my terrors now, my thunder roll,
 " And thy own crimes affright thy guilty soul ;
 " Now like a lion shall my vengeance tear
 " Thy bleeding heart, and no deliverer near.

Judgment concludes ; hell trembles ; heaven rejoices ;
Lift up your heads, ye saints, with cheerful voices.

Epiphonema.

- 15 " Sinners, awake betimes ; ye souls be wise ;
 " Awake before this dreadful morning rise : [amend,
 " Change your vain thoughts, your sinful works
 " Fly to the Saviour, make the Judge your friend.
Then join, ye saints, wake every cheerful passion ;
When Christ returns, he comes for your salvation.

P S A L M LI. *First Part.* Long Metre.
A Penitent pleading for Pardon.

- 1 **S**HEW pity, Lord, O Lord, forgive,
 Let a repenting rebel live ;
 Are not thy mercies large and free ?
 May not a sinner trust in thee ?
- 2 My crimes are great, but can't surpass
 The power and glory of thy grace :
 Great God, thy nature hath no bound,
 So let thy pardoning love be found ?
- 3 Oh wash my soul from every sin,
 And make my guilty conscience clean ;
 Here on my heart the burden lies,
 And past offences pain mine eyes.
- 4 My lips with shame my sins confess
 Against thy law, against thy grace ;
 Lord, should thy judgment grow severe,
 I am condemn'd but thou art clear.
- 5 Should sudden vengeance seize my breath,
 I must pronounce thee just in dearth ;
 And if my soul were sent to hell,
 Thy righteous law approves it well.
- 6 Yet save a trembling sinner, Lord,
 Whose hope, still hovering round thy word,

Would light on some sweet promise there,
Some sure support against despair.

P s A L M LI. *Second Part.* Long Metre.

Original and actual Sin confessed.

- 1 **L**ORD, I am vile, conceiv'd in sin,
And born unholy and unclean ;
Sprung from the man whose guilty fall
Corrupts the race, and taints us all.
- 2 Soon as we draw our infant breath,
The seeds of sin grow up for death ;
The law demands a perfect heart ;
But we'er defil'd in every part.
- 3 [Great God, create my heart a-new,
And form my spirit pure and true ;
Oh make me wise betimes to spy
My danger and my remedy.]
- 4 Behold I fall before thy face ;
My only refuge is thy grace ;
No outward forms can make me clean ;
The leprosy lies deep within.
- 5 No bleeding bird, nor bleeding beast,
Nor hyssop-branch, nor sprinkling priest,
Nor running brook, nor flood, nor sea,
Can wash the dismal stain away.
- 6 *Jesus*, my God, thy blood alone
Hath power sufficient to atone ;
Thy blood can make me white as snow ;
No *Jewish* types could cleanse me so.
- 7 While guilt disturbs and breaks my peace,
Nor flesh nor soul hath rest or ease ;
Lord, let me hear thy pardoning voice,
And make my broken heart rejoice.

P s A L M LI. *Third Part.* Long Metre.

*The Backslider restored ; or, Repentance and Faith in
the Blood of Christ.*

- 1 **O** Thou that hear'st when sinners cry,
Though all my crimes before thee lie.

Behold them not with angry look,
But blot their memory from thy book.

2 Create my nature pure within,
And form my soul averse to sin;
Let thy good spirit ne'er depart,
Nor hide thy presence from my heart.

3 I cannot live without thy light,
Cast out and banish'd from thy sight:
Thine holy joys, my God, restore,
And guard me, that I fall no more.

4 Though I have griev'd thy spirit, Lord,
Thy help and comfort still afford,
And let a wretch come near thy throne,
To plead the merits of thy Son.

5 A broken heart, my God, my King,
Is all the sacrifice I bring;
The God of grace will ne'er despise
A broken heart for sacrifice.

6 My soul lies humbled in the dust,
And owns thy dreadful sentence just;
Look down, O Lord, with pitying eye,
And save the soul condemn'd to die.

7 Then will I teach the world thy ways;
Sinners shall learn thy sovereign grace;
I'll lead them to my Saviour's blood,
And they shall praise a pardoning God.

8 O may thy love inspire my tongue!
Salvation shall be all my song;
And all my powers shall join to bless
The Lord my strength and righteousness.

P S A L M LI. 3—13, *First Part.* Common Metre.

Original and actual Sin confessed and pardoned.

: **L**ORD, I would spread my sore distress
And guilt before thine eyes;
Against thy laws, against thy grace,
How high my crimes arise!

Should'st thou condemn my soul to hell,
And crush my flesh to dust,

Heaven would approve thy vengeance well,
And earth must own it just.

- 3 I from the stock of *Adam* came,
Unholy and unclean ;
All my original is shame,
And all my nature sin.
- 4 Born in a world of guilt, I drew
Contagion with my breath ;
And as my days advanc'd, I grew
A juster prey for death.
- 5 Cleanse me, O Lord, and cheer my soul
With thy forgiving love ;
O make my broken spirit whole,
And bid my pains remove.
- 6 Let not thy spirit e'er depart.
Nor drive me from thy face ;
Create a-new my vicious heart,
And fill it with thy grace.
- 7 Then will I make thy mercy known
Before the sons of men ;
Backsliders shall address thy throne,
And turn to God again.

P S A L M LI. 14—17. *Second Part.* Com. Metre.
Repentance and Faith in the Blood of Christ.

- 1 **O** GOD of mercy, hear my call,
My loads of guilt remove,
Break down this separating wall
That bars me from thy love.
- 2 Give me the presence of thy grace,
Then my rejoicing tongue
Shall speak aloud thy righteousness,
And make thy praise my song.
- 3 No blood of goats nor heifer slain
For sin could e'er atone ;
The death of Christ shall still remain
Sufficient and alone.
- 4 A soul oppress'd with sin's desert
My God will ne'er despise ;

A Humble groan, a broken heart,
Is our best sacrifice.

P S A L M LII. Common Metre.

The Disappointment of the Wicked.

- 1 **W**HY should the mighty make their boast,
And heavenly grace despise?
In their own arm they put their trust,
And fill their mouth with lies.
- 2 But God in vengeance shall destroy,
And drive them from his face;
No more shall they his church annoy,
Nor find on earth a place.
- 3 But like a cultur'd olive grove,
Dress'd in immortal green,
Thy children, blooming in thy love,
Amid thy courts are seen.
- 4 On thine eternal grace, O Lord,
Thy saints shall rest secure,
And all, who trust thy holy word,
Shall find salvation sure.

P S A L M LII. Long Metre.

The Folly of Self-Dependence.

- 1 **W**HY should the haughty hero boast
His vengeful arm, his warlike host?
While blood defiles his cruel hand,
And desolation wastes the land.
- 2 He joys to hear the captive's cry,
The widow's groan, the orphan's sigh;
And when the wearied sword would spare,
His falsehood spreads the fatal snare.
- 3 He triumphs in the deeds of wrong,
And arms with rage his impious tongue;
With pride proclaims his dreadful power,
And bids the trembling world adore.
- 4 But God beholds and with a frown,
Cast to the dust his honours down;

The righteous freed, their hopes recal,
And hail the proud oppressor's fall.

- 5 How low th' insulting tyrant lies,
Who dar'd th' eternal Power despise ;
And vainly deem'd with envious joy,
His arm almighty to destroy.
- 6 We praise the Lord, who heard our cries,
And sent salvation from the skies ;
The saints, who saw our mournful days,
Shall join our greatful songs of praise.

P S A L M LIII. 4—6.

Victory and Deliverance from Persecution.

- 1 **A**RE all the foes of *Sion* fools
Who thus destroy her saints ?
Do they not know her Saviour rules,
And pities her complaints ?
- 2 They shall be seiz'd with sad surprise ;
For God's avenging arm
Shall crush the hand that dares arise,
To do his children harm.
- 3 In vain the sons of *satan* boast
Of armies in array ;
When God has first despis'd their host,
They fall an easy prey.
- 4 Oh for a word from *Sion's* King,
Her captives to restore !
Thy joyful saints thy praise shall sing
And *Israel* weep no more.

P S A L M LIV. Common Metre.

- 1 **B**EHOLD us Lord, and let our cry
Before thy throne ascend,
Cast thou on us a pitying eye,
And still our lives defend.
- 2 For slaughtering foes insult us round,
Oppressive, proud and vain,
They cast thy temples to the ground,
And all our rites profane.
- 3 Yet thy forgiving grace we trust,
And in thy power rejoice ;

Thine arm shall crush our foes to dust,
Thy praise inspire our voice.

- 4 Be thou with those whose friendly hand
Upheld us in distress,
Extend thy truth through every land,
And still thy people bless.

PSALM LV. 1—3, 16, 17, 18, 22. Com. Metre.

Support for the afflicted and tempted Soul.

- 1 **O** GOD, my refuge, hear my cries,
Behold my flowing tears,
For earth and hell my hurt devils,
And triumph in my fears.

- 2 Their rage is level'd at my life,
My soul with guilt they load,
And fill my thoughts with inward strife,
To shake my hope in God.

- 3 What inward pains my heart-strings wound,
I groan with every breath;
Horror and fear beset me round
Amongst the shades of death.

- 4 O were I like a feather'd dove,
And innocence had wings;
I'd fly, and make a long remove
From all these restless things.

- 5 Let me to some wild desert go,
And find a peaceful home,
Where storms of malice never blow,
Temptations never come.

- 6 Vain hopes, and vain inventions all
To 'scape the rage of hell!
The mighty God, on whom I call,
Can save me here as well.

P A U S E.

- 7 By morning light I'll seek his face,
At noon repeat my cry,
The night shall hear me ask his grace,
Nor will he long deny.

- 8 God shall preserve my soul from fear,
Or shield me when afraid;

Ten thousand angels must appear
If he commands their aid.

- 9 I cast my burdens on the Lord,
The Lord sustains them all ;
My courage rests upon his word,
That saints shall never fall.
- 10 My highest hopes shall not be vain,
My lips shall spread his praise ;
While cruel and deceitful men,
Scarce live out half their days.

P S A L M LV. 15, 16, 17, 19, 22. Short Metre.

- 1 **L**ET sinners take their course,
And chuse the road to death ;
But in the worship of my God
I'll spend my daily breath.
- 2 My thoughts address his throne,
When morning brings the light ;
I seek his blessing every noon,
And pay my vows at night.
- 3 Thou wilt regard my cries,
O my eternal God,
While sinners perish in surprise
Beneath thine angry rod.
- 4 Because they dwell at ease,
And no sad changes feel.
They neither fear nor trust thy name,
Nor learn to do thy will.
- 5 But I with all my cares,
Will lean upon the Lord ;
I'll cast my burdens on his arm,
And rest upon his word.
- 6 His arm shall well sustain
The children of his love ;
The ground on which their safety stands,
No earthly power can move.

P S A L M LVI.

*Deliverence from Oppression and Falseness; or, God's
Care of his People in answer to Faith and Prayer.*

- 1 **O** Thou, whose justice reigns on high,
And makes th' oppressor cease,
Behold how envious sinners try
To vex and break my peace.
 - 2 The sons of violence and lies
Join to devour me, Lord;
But as my hourly dangers rise,
My refuge is thy word.
 - 3 In God most holy, just, and true,
I have repos'd my trust;
Nor will I fear what flesh can do,
The offspring of the dust.
 - 4 They wrest my words to mischief still,
Charge me with unknown faults;
For mischiefs all their counsels fill,
And malice all their thoughts.
 - 5 Shall they escape without thy frown?
Must their devices stand?
O cast the haughty sinner down,
And let him know thy hand!
- P A U S E.
- 6 God sees the sorrows of his saints,
Their groans affect his ears;
Thy mercy counts my just complaints,
And numbers all my tears.
 - 7 When to thy throne I raise my cry
The wicked fear and flee;
So swift is prayer to reach the sky,
So near is God to me.
 - 8 In thee, most holy, just, and true,
I have repos'd my trust;
Nor will I fear what man can do,
The offspring of the dust.
 - 9 Thy solemn vows are on me, Lord,
Thou shalt receive my praise:-

I'll sing, *how faithful is thy word!*

How righteous all thy ways!

- 10 Thou hast secur'd my soul from death,
 Oh set thy prisoner free,
 That heart and hand, and life and breath
 May be employ'd for thee.

P S A L M LVII.

Praise for Protection; Grace and Truth.

- 1 **M**Y God, in whom are all the springs,
 Of boundless love and grace unknown,
 Hide me beneath thy spreading wings,
 Till the dark cloud is overblown.
- 2 Up to the heavens I send my cry.
 The Lord will my desires perform;
 He sends his angel from the sky,
 And saves me from the threatening storm.
- 3 Be thou exalted, O my God,
 Above the heavens, where angels dwell;
 Thy power on earth be known abroad,
 And land to land thy wonders tell.
- 4 My heart is fix'd; my song shall raise
 Immortal honours to thy name;
 Awake, my tongue, to sound his praise,
 My tongue, the glory of my frame.
- 5 High o'er the earth his mercy reigns,
 And reaches to the utmost sky;
 His truth to endless years remains,
 When lower worlds dissolve and die.
- 6 Be thou exalted, O my God,
 Above the heavens, where angels dwell;
 Thy power on earth be known abroad,
 And land to land thy wonders tell.

P S A L M LVIII. As the 113th Psalm.

Warning to Magistrates.

- 1 **J**UDGES, who rule the world by laws,
 Will ye despise the righteous cause,
 When vile oppression wastes the land?
 Dare ye condemn the righteous poor,

And let rich sinners 'scape secure,
While gold and greatness bribe your hand ?

2 Have ye forgot, or never knew
That God will judge the judges too ?
High in the heavens his justice reigns ;
Yet you invade the rights of God ;
And send your bold decrees abroad
To bind the conscience in your chains.

3 A poison'd arrow is your tongue,
The arrow sharp, the poison strong,
And death attends where e'er it wounds ;
You hear no counsels, cries or tears ;
So the deaf adder stops her ears !
Against the power of charming sounds.

4 Break out their teeth, eternal God ;
Those teeth of lions dy'd in blood ;
And crush the serpents in the dust :
As empty chaff when whirlwinds rise,
Before the sweeping tempest flies,
So let their hopes and names be lost.

5 Th' Almighty thunders from the sky,
Their grandeur melts, their titles die,
As hills of snow dissolve and run,
Or snails that perish in their slime,
Or births that come before their time,
Vain births that never see the sun.

6 Thus shall the vengeance of the Lord
Safety and joy to saints afford ;
And all that hear shall join and say,
" Sure there's a God that rules on high,
" A God that hears his children cry,
" And will their suffering well repay."

P S A L M LIX. Short Metre.

Prayer for National Deliverance.

FROM foes, that round us rise,
O God of heaven, defend,
Who brave the vengeance of the skies,
And with thy saints contend.

- 2 Behold, from distant shores,
And desert wilds they come,
Combine for blood their barbarous force,
And through thy cities roam.
- 3 Beneath the silent shade,
Their secret plots they lay,
Our peaceful walls by night invade,
And waste the fields by day.
- 4 And will the God of grace,
Regardless of our pain,
Permit secure that impious race,
To riot in their reign ?
- 5 In vain their secret guile,
Or open force they prove,
His eye can pierce the deepest veil,
His hand their strength remove.
- 6 Yet save them, Lord, from death,
Lest we forget their doom ;
But drive them with thine angry breath,
Through distant lands to roam.
- 7 Then shall our grateful voice
Proclaim our guardian God ;
The nations round the earth rejoice,
And sound the praise abroad.

P S A L M LX. Common Metre.

Looking to God in the Distress of War.

- 1 **L**ORD, thou hast scourg'd our guilty land,
Behold thy people mourn ;
Shall vengeance ever guide thy hand ?
And mercy ne'er return ?
- 2 Beneath the terrors of thine eye,
Earth's haughty towers delay ;
Thy frowning mantle spreads thy sky,
And mortals melt away.
- 3 Our Sion trembles at thy stroke,
And dreads thy lifted hand !
Oh, heal the people thou hast broke,
And save the sinking land.

- 4 Exalt thy banner in the field,
For those that fear thy name ;
From barbarous hosts our nation shield,
And put our foes to shame.
- 5 Attend our armies to the fight,
And be their guardian God ;
In vain shall numerous powers unite,
Against thy lifted rod.
- 6 Our troops, beneath thy guiding hand,
Shall gain a glad renown :
'Tis God who makes the feeble stand,
And treads the mighty down.

P S A L M LXI. 1—6.

Safety in God.

- 1 **W**HEN overwhelm'd with grief,
My heart within me dies :
Helpless and far from all relief
To heaven I lift mine eyes.
- 2 O lead me to the rock
That's high above my head,
And make the covert of thy wings
My shelter and my shade.
- 3 Within thy presence, Lord,
Forever I'll abide ;
Thou art the tower of my defence,
The refuge where I hide.
- 4 Thou givest me the lot
Of those that fear thy name ;
If endless life be their reward,
I shall possess the same.

P S A L M LXII. 5—12.

No Trust in the Creatures ; or, Faith in divine Grace and Power.

- M**Y spirit looks to God alone ;
My rock and refuge is his throne ;
In all my fears, in all my straits,
My soul on his salvation waits.
- Trust him, ye saints, in all your ways,
Pour out your hearts before his face ;

When helpers fail, and foes invade,
God is our all-sufficient aid.

- 3 False are the men of high degree,
The baser sort are vanity ;
Laid in the balance both appear
Light as a puff of empty air.
- 4 Make not increasing gold your trust,
Nor set your hearts on glittering dust ;
Why will you grasp the fleeting smoke,
And not believe what God has spoke ?
- 5 Once has his awful voice declar'd,
Once and again my ears have heard,
" All power is his eternal due ;"
He must be fear'd and trusted too.
- 6 For sovereign power reigns not alone,
Grace is a partner of the throne :
Thy grace and justice, mighty Lord,
Shall well divide our last reward.

P S A L M LXIII. 1, 2, 5, 3, 4. *First Part.*

Common Metre.

The Morning of a Lord's Day.

- 1 **E**ARLY, my God, without delay,
I haste to seek thy face ;
My thirsty spirit faints away
Without thy cheering grace.
- 2 So pilgrims on the scorching sand
Beneath a burning sky,
Long for a cooling stream at hand,
And they must drink or die.
- 3 I've seen thy glory and thy power
Through all thy temple shine ;
My God, repeat that heavenly hour,
That vision so divine.
- 4 Not all the blessings of a feast
Can please my soul so well.
As when thy richer grace I taste,
And in thy presence dwell.

5 Not life itself, with all its joys,
Can my best passions move,
Or raise so high my cheerful voice,
As thy forgiving love.

6 Thus till my last expiring day
I'll bless my God and king ;
Thus will I lift my hands to pray,
And tune my lips to sing.

P S A L M LXIII. 6—10. *Second Part*
Common Metre.

Midnight Thoughts recollected.

1 **T**WAS in the watches of the night
I thought upon thy power,
I kept thy lovely face in sight
Amidst the darkest hour.

2 My flesh lay resting on my bed ;
My soul arose on high ;
My God, my Life, my Hope, I said,
Bring thy salvation nigh.

3 My spirit labours up thine hill,
And climbs the heavenly road :
But thy right hand upholds me still,
While I pursue my God.

Thy mercy stretches o'er my head
The shadow of thy wings,
My heart rejoices in thine aid,
My tongue awakes and sings.

But the destroyers of my peace
Shall fret and rage in vain ;
The tempter shall forever cease,
And all my sins be slain.

Thy sword shall give my foes to death,
And send them down to dwell
In the dark caverns of the earth,
Or in the deeps of hell.

P S A L M LXIII. Long Metre.

Longing after God ; or, The Love of God better than
Life.

GREAT God, indulge my humble claim,
Thou art my hope, my joy, my rest ;

The glories that compose thy name
Stand all engag'd to make me blest.

- 2 Thou great and good, thou just and wise,
Thou art my father and my God ;
And I am thine by sacred ties ;
Thy son, thy servant bought with blood.
- 3 With heart and eyes and lifted hands
For thee I long, to thee I look,
As travellers in thirsty lands
Pant for the cooling water brook.
- 4 With early feet I love t' appear
Among thy saints and seek thy face,
Oft have I seen thy glory there,
And left the power of sovereign grace.
- 5 Not fruits nor vines that tempt our taste,
No pleasures that to sense belong,
Could make me so divinely blest,
Or raise so high my cheerful song.
- 6 My life itself without thy love
No taste or pleasure could afford,
'Twould but a tiresome burden prove,
If I were banish'd from the Lord.
- 7 Amidst the wakeful hours of night,
When busy cares afflict my head,
One thought of thee gives new delight,
And adds refreshment to my bed.
- 8 I'll lift my hands, I'll raise my voice,
While I have breath to pray or praise ;
This work shall make my heart rejoice,
And bless the remnant of my days.

P S A L M LXIII. Short Metre.

Seeking God.

- 1 **M**Y God, permit my tongue
This joy, to call thee mine ;
And let thy early cries prevail
To taste thy love divine.
- 2 My thirsty fainting soul
Thy mercy does implore :

- Not travellers in desert lands
Can pant for water more.
- 3 Within thy churches, Lord,
I long to find my place,
Thy power and glory to behold,
And feel thy quickening grace.
- 4 For life without thy love
No relish can afford ;
No joy can be compar'd with this,
To serve and please the Lord.
- 5 To thee I'll lift my hands,
And praise thee while I live ;
Not the rich dainties of a feast
Such food or pleasure give.
- 6 In wakeful hours of night,
I call my God to mind :
I think how wise thy counsels are,
And all thy dealings kind.
- 7 Since thou hast been my help,
To thee my spirit flies,
And on thy watchful providence,
My cheerful hope relies.
- 8 The shadow of thy wings,
My soul in safety keeps ;
I follow where my father leads,
And he supports my steps.

P S A L M LXIV. Long Metre.

- 1 **G**REAT God attend to my complaint,
Nor let my drooping spirit faint ;
When foes in secret spread the snare,
Let my salvation be thy care.
- 2 Shield me without and guard within,
From treacherous foes and deadly sin ;
May envy, lust and pride depart,
And heavenly grace expand my heart.
- 3 Thy justice and thy power display,
And scatter far thy foes away ;

While listening nations learn thy word,
And saints triumphant bless the Lord.

- 4 Then shall thy church exalt her voice,
And all that love thy name rejoice ;
By faith approach thine awful throne,
And plead the merits of thy Son.

P S A L M LXV. 1--5 *First Part.* Long Metre.

Public Prayer and Praise.

- 1 **T**HE praise of Sion waits for thee,
My God; and praise becomes thy house ;
There shall thy saints thy glory see
And there perform their public vows.

- 2 O thou whose mercy bends the skies
To save when humble sinners pray ;
All lands to thee shall lift their eyes,
And every yielding heart obey.

- 3 Against my will my sins prevail,
But grace shall purge away the stain :
The blood of Christ will never fail
To wash my garments white again.

- 4 Blest is the man whom thou shalt chuse,
And give him kind access to thee ;
Give him a place within thy house,
To taste thy love divinely free.

P A U S E.

- 5 Let Babel fear when Sion prays ;
Babel, prepare for long distress,
When Sion's God himself arrays
In terror and in righteousness.

- 6 With dreadful glory God fulfils
What his afflicted saints request ;
And with Almighty wrath reveals
His love to give his churches rest.

- 7 Then shall the flocking nation run
To Sion's hill and own their Lord ;
The rising and the setting sun,
Shall see the Saviour's name adored.

PSALM LXV. 6—13. *Second Part. Long Metre.*
Divine Providence in Air, Earth, and Sea; or, the God
of Nature and Grace.

- 1 **T**HE God of our Salvation hears
The groans of Sion mix'd with tears ;
Yet when he comes with kind designs,
Through all the way his terror shines.
- 2 On him the race of man depends,
Far as the earth's remotest ends,
Where the Creator's name is known,
By nature's feeble light alone.
- 3 Sailors that travel o'er the flood,
Address their frighted souls to God,
When tempests rage and billows roar
At dreadful distance from the shore.
- 4 He bids the noisy tempest cease ;
He calms the raging crowd to peace,
When a tumultuous nation raves,
Wide as the winds, and loud as waves.
- 5 Whole kingdoms shaken by the storm,
He settles in a peaceful form,
Mountains establish'd by his hand
Firm on their old foundation stand.
- 6 Behold his ensigns sweep the sky,
New comets blaze, and lightnings fly ;
The Heathen lands with swift surprise,
From the bright horrors turn their eyes.
- 7 At his command the morning ray
Smiles in the East, and leads the day,
He guides the sun's declining wheels
Over the tops of western hills.
- 8 Seasons and times obey his voice ;
The evening and the morn rejoice
To see the earth made soft with showers,
Laden with fruit and drest with flowers.
- 9 'Tis from his watry stores on high,
He gives the thirsty ground supply ;
He walks upon the clouds, and thence
Doth his enriching drops dispense.

- 10 The desert grows a fruitful field,
Abundant fruit the vallies yield ;
The vallies shout with cheerful voice,
And neighbouring hills repeat their joys.
- 11 The pasture smile in green array,
There lambs and larger cattle play ;
The larger cattle and the lamb,
Each in his language speaks thy name.
- 12 Thy works pronounce thy power divine ;
O'er every field thy glories shine ;
Through every month thy gifts appear ;
Great God, thy goodness crowns the year.

P S A L M LXV. *First Part.* Common Metre.
A Prayer-hearing God, and the Gentiles called.

- 1 **P**RAISE waits in Sion, Lord, for thee ;
There shall our vows be paid ;
Thou hast an ear when sinners pray,
All flesh shall seek thine aid.
- 2 Lord, our iniquities prevail,
But pardoning grace is thine,
And thou wilt grant us power and skill
To conquer every sin.
- 3 Blest are the men whom thou wilt chuse
To bring them near thy face,
Give them a dwelling in thine house,
To feast upon thy grace.
- 4 In answering what thy church requests,
Thy truth and terror shine,
And works of dreadful righteousness,
Fulfil thy kind design.
- 5 Thus shall the wondering nations see
The Lord is good and just ;
And distant islands fly to thee,
And make thy name their trust.
- 6 They dread thy glittering tokens, Lord,
When signs in heaven appear ;
But they shall learn thy holy word,
And love as well as fear.

P s A M LXV. *Second Part.* Common Metre.
*The Providence of God in Air, Earth, and Sea ; or, the
 Blessings of Rain.*

- 1 **T**IS by thy strength the mountains stand,
 God of eternal power ;
 The sea grows calm at thy command,
 And tempests cease to roar.
- 2 Thy morning light and evening shade,
 Successive comforts bring :
 Thy plenteous fruits make harvest glad,
 Thy flowers adorn the spring.
- 3 Seasons and times, and moons and hours,
 Heaven, earth and air are thine :
 When clouds, distil in fruitful showers,
 The Author is divine :
- 4 Those wondering cisterns in the sky
 Borne by the winds around,
 Whose watery treasures well supply
 The furrows of the ground.
- 5 The thirsty ridges drink their fill,
 And ranks of corn appear ;
 Thy ways abound with blessings still,
 Thy goodness crowns the year.

P s A L M LXV. *Third Part.* Common Metre.
The Blessings of the Spring ; or God gives Rain.

A Psalm for the Husbandman.

- 1 **G**OOD is the Lord, the heavenly King,
 Who makes the earth his care ;
 Visits the pastures every spring,
 And bids the grass appear.
- 2 The clouds like rivers rais'd on high,
 Pour out at his command
 Their watry blessings from the sky,
 To cheer the thirsty land.
- 3 The soften'd ridges of the field
 Permit the corn to spring :

- The vallies rich proviſion yield,
And the poor laborers ſing.
- 4 The little hills on every ſide
Rejoice at falling ſhowers,
The meadows dreſs'd in buteouſ pride
Perfume the air with flowers.
- 5 The barren clouds reſreſh'd with rain
Promiſe a joyful crop ;
The parched grounds look green again,
And raiſe the reaper's hope.
- 6 The various months thy goodneſs crowns
How bounteous are thy ways !
The bleating flocks ſpread o'er the downs,
And ſhepherds ſhout thy praiſe.

P S A L M LXVI. *Fiſt Part.* Common Metre.

Governing Power and Goodneſs ; or, Our Grace tried by Afflictions.

- 1 **S**ING, all the nations to the Lord,
Sing with a joyful noiſe ;
With melody of ſound record
His honours and your joys.
- 2 Say to the Power that form'd the ſky,
“ How terrible art thou !
“ Sinners before thy preſence fly,
“ Or at thy feet they bow.”
- 3 [Come ſee the wonders of our God,
How glorious are his ways ?
In Moſes hand he put the rod,
And clave the frighted ſeas.
- 4 He made the ebbing channel dry,
While Iſrael paſs'd the flood ;
There did the church begin their joy,
And triumph in their God.]
- 5 He rules by his reſiſtleſs might :
Will rebel mortals dare
Provoke th' Eternal to the fight,
And tempt that dreadful war.

- 6 Oh bless our God, and never cease ;
 Ye saints, fulfil his praise ;
 He keeps our life, maintains our peace,
 And guides our doubtful ways.
- 7 Lord, thou hast prov'd our suffering souls,
 To make our graces shine ;
 So silver bears the burning coals,
 The metal to refine.
- 8 Through watery deeps and fiery ways
 We march at thy command,
 Led to possess the promis'd place
 By thine unerring hand.

P S A L M LXVI. 13—20. *Second Part.**Praise to God for hearing Prayer.*

- 1 **N**OW shall my solemn vows be paid
 To that Almighty power
 That heard the long requests I made
 In my distressful hour.
- 2 My lips and cheerful heart prepare
 To make his mercies known :
 Come ye that fear my God, and hear
 The wonders he has done.
- 3 When on my head huge sorrows fell,
 I sought the heavenly aid ;
 He sav'd my sinking soul from hell,
 And death's eternal shade.
- 4 If sin lay cover'd in my heart
 While prayer employ'd my tongue ;
 The Lord had shewn me no regard,
 Nor I his praises sung.
- 5 But God (his name be ever blest)
 Has set my spirit free ;
 Nor turn'd from him my poor request,
 Nor turn'd his heart from me.

P S A L M LXVII.

The Nation's Prosperity, and the Church's Increase.

- 1 **S**HINE, mighty God, on Sion, shine,
 With beams of heavenly grace ;

Reveal thy power through ail our coasts,
And shew thy smiling face.

2 [Amidst our realm exalted high
Do thou our glory stand,
And like a wall of guardian fire
Surround the favourite land.]

3 When shall thy name from shore to shore
Sound all the earth abroad ;
And distant nations know and love
Their Saviour and their God.

4 Sing to the Lord, ye distant lands,
Sing loud with solemn voice ;
Let every tongue exalt his praise,
And every heart rejoice.

5 He, the great Lord, the sovereign Judge,
That sits enthron'd above,
In wisdom rules the worlds he made
And bids them taste his love.

6 Earth shall obey his high command,
And yield a full increase ;
Our God will crown his chosen land
With fruitfulness and peace.

7 God the Redeemer scatters round
His choicest favours here,
While the creation's utmost bound
Shall see, adore, and fear.

PSALM LXVIII. *First Part. ver. 1—6, 32, 25.*
The Vengeance and Compassion of God.

1 **L**ET God arise in all his might,
And put the troops of hell to flight ;
As smোক that sought to cloud the skies
Before the rising tempest flies.

2 [He comes array'd in burning flames ;
Justice and judgment are his names :
Behold his fainting foes expire
Like melting wax before the fire.]

3 He rides and thunders through the sky ;
His name *Jehovah* sounds on high :

Sing to his name, ye sons of grace ;
Ye saints rejoice before his face.

- 4 The widow and the fatherless
Fly to his aid in sharp distress ;
In him the poor and helpless find
A judge that's just, a father kind.
- 5 He breaks the captive's heavy chain,
And prisoners see the light again ;
But rebels that dispute his will,
Shall dwell in chains and darkness still.

P A U S E.

- 6 Kingdoms and thrones to God belong ;
Crown him, ye nations, in your song ;
His wondrous names and powers rehearse,
His honours shall enrich your verse.
- 7 He shakes the heavens with loud alarms ;
How terrible is God in arms !
In Israel are his mercies known,
Israel is his peculiar throne.
- 8 Proclaim him king, pronounce him blest ;
He's your defence, your joy, your rest :
When terrors rise, and nations faint,
God is the strength of every saint.

P S A L M LXVIII. *Second Part. ver. 17, 18.*

Christ's Ascension, and the Gift of the Spirit.

- 1 **L**ORD, when thou didst ascend on high,
Ten thousand angels fill'd the sky ;
Those heavenly guards around thee wait,
Like chariots that attend thy state.
- 2 Not Sinai's mountain could appear
More glorious when the Lord was there ;
While he pronounc'd his dreadful law,
And struck the chosen tribes with awe.
- 3 How bright the triumph none can tell,
When the rebellious powers of hell,
That thousand souls had captives made,
Were all in chains like captives led.
- 4 Rais'd by his father to the throne,
He sent his promis'd spirit down,

With gifts and grace for rebel-men
That God might dwell on earth again.

PSALM LXVIII. 3d Part. ver. 19, 9, 20, 21, 22.
Praise for Temporal Blessings ; or, common and special Mercies.

- 1 **W**E blest the Lord, the just, the good,
Who fills our hearts with heavenly food ;
Who pours his blessings from the skies,
And loads our days with rich supplies.
- 2 He sends his sun his circuit round,
To cheer the fruits, to warm the ground ;
He bids the clouds with plenteous rain
Refresh the thirsty earth again.
- 3 'Tis to his care we owe our breath,
And all our near escape from death :
Safety and health to God belong ;
He heals the weak, and guards the strong,
- 4 He makes the faint and sinner prove
The common blessings of his love ;
But the wide difference that remains
Is endless joy or endless pains.
- 5 The Lord that bruis'd the serpent's head,
On all the serpent's seed shall tread,
The stubborn sinner's hope confound,
And smite him with a lasting wound.
- 6 But his right hand his saints shall raise,
From the deep earth, or deeper seas,
And bring them to his court above ;
There shall they taste his special love.

PSALM LXIX. 1,—14. *First Part. Com. Metre.*
The Sufferings of CHRIST for our Salvation.

- 1 **S**AVE me, O God, the swelling floods
" Break in upon my soul ;
" I sink and sorrows o'er my head
" Like mighty waters roll.
- 2 " I cry till all my voice be gone,
" In tears I waste the day ;
" My God, behold my longing eyes,
" And shorten thy delay.

- 3 " They hate my soul without a cause,
" And still their number grows
" More than the hairs around my head,
" And mighty are my foes.
- 4 " 'Twas then I paid that dreadful debt
" That men could never pay,
" And gave those honours to thy law
" Which finners took away.
- 5 " Thus in the great Messiah's name,
" The royal prophet mourns ;
" Thus he awakes our hearts to grief,
" And gives us joy by turns.
- 6 " Now shall the saints rejoice and find
" Salvation in thy name,
" For I have borne their heavy load
" Of sorrow, pain, and shame.
- 7 " Grief like a garment cloth'd me round,
" And sackcloth was my dress,
" While I procured for naked souls
" A robe of righteousness.
- 8 " Among my brethren and the Jews
" I like a stranger stood,
" And bore their vile reproach to bring
" The Gentiles near to God.
- 9 " I came in sinful mortals stead
" To do my father's will ;
" Yet when I cleans'd my father's house,
" They scandaliz'd my zeal.
- 10 " My fastings and my holy groans
" Were made the drunkard's song ;
" But God from his celestial throne
" Heard my complaining tongue.
- 11 " He sav'd me from the dreadful deep,
" Where fears beset me round ;
" He rais'd and fix'd my sinking feet
" On well-establish'd ground.
- 12 " 'Twas in a most accepted hour,
" My prayer arose on high,

“ And for my sake my God shall hear
 “ The dying sinner’s cry.”

PSALM LXIX. 14, 21, 26, 29, 32. *Second Part.*
 Common Metre.

The Passion and Exaltation of Christ.

- 1 **N**OW let our lips with holy fear
 And mournful pleasure sing
 The sufferings of our great High-Priest,
 The sorrows of our King.
- 2 He sinks in floods of deep distress ;
 How high the waters rise !
 While to his heavenly Father’s ear
 He sends perpetual cries.
- 3 “ Hear me, O Lord, and save thy Son,
 “ Nor hide thy shining face ;
 “ Why should thy favourite look like one
 “ Forfaken of thy grace ?
- 4 “ With rage they persecute the man
 “ That groans beneath thy wound,
 “ While for a sacrifice I pour
 “ My life upon the ground.
- 5 “ They tread my honour to the dust,
 “ And laugh when I complain ;
 “ Their sharp insulting slanders add
 “ Fresh anguish to my pain.
- 6 “ All my reproach is known to thee,
 “ The scandal and the shame ;
 “ Reproach has broke my bleeding heart,
 “ And lies defil’d my name.
- 7 “ I look’d for pity, but in vain ;
 “ My kindred are my grief ;
 “ I ask my friends for comfort round,
 “ But meet with no relief.
- 8 “ With vinegar they mock my thirst,
 “ They give me gall for food ;
 “ And sporting with my dying groans,
 “ They triumph in my blood.
- 9 “ Shine into my distressed soul,
 “ Let thy compassion save ;

“ And though my flesh sink down to death,
 “ Redeem it from the grave.

10 “ I shall arise to praise thy name,
 “ Shall reign in worlds unknown ;
 “ And thy salvation, O my God,
 “ Shall seat me on thy throne.

P S A L M LXIX. *Third Part.* Common Metre.
Christ's Obedience and Death ; or, God glorified and Sin-
ners saved.

1 **F**ATHER, I sing thy wondrous grace,
 I bless my Saviour's name,
 He brought salvation for the poor,
 And bore the sinner's shame.

2 His deep distress has rais'd us high,
 His duty and his zeal
 Fulfill'd the law which mortals broke,
 And finish'd all thy will.

3 His dying groans, his living songs
 Shall better please my God,
 Than harp or trumpet's solemn sound,
 Than goat's or bullock's blood.

4 This shall his humble followers see,
 And set their hearts at rest ;
 They by his death draw near to thee,
 And live forever blest.

5 Let heaven and all that dwell on high
 To God their voices raise,
 While lands and seas assist the sky,
 And join t' advance his praise.

6 Zion is thine, most holy God,
 Thy Son shall bless her gates ;
 And glory purchas'd by his blood
 For thine own Israel waits.

P S A L M LXIX. *First Part.* Long Metre.
Christ's Passion and Sinner's Salvation.

1 **D**EEP in our hearts let us record
 The deeper sorrows of the Lord ;
 L

- Behold the rising billows roll
To overwhelm his holy soul.
- 2 In long complaints he spends his breath,
While hosts of hell and powers of death,
And all the sons of malice join
To execute their curst design.
- 3 Yet gracious God, thy power and love
Have made the curse a blessing prove ;
Those dreadful sufferings of thy Son
Aton'd for crimes which we had done.
- 4 The pangs of our expiring Lord
The honours of thy law restor'd :
His sorrows made thy justice known
And paid for follies not his own.
- 5 Oh for his sake our guilt forgive,
And let the mourning sinner live :
The Lord will hear us in his name,
Nor shall our hope be turn'd to shame.

P S A L M LXIX. *ver. 7, &c. Second Part.*

Long Metre.

Christ's Sufferings and Zeal.

- 1 'T WAS for our sake eternal God,
Thy Son sustain'd, that heavy load
Of base reproach and sore disgrace,
While shame defil'd his sacred face.
- 2 The *Jews* his brethren and his kin,
Abus'd the man that check'd their sin ;
While he fulfill'd thy holy laws,
They hate him, but without a cause,
- 3 [*My Father's house, said he, was made
A place for worship, not for trade.*
Then scattering all their gold and brass,
He scourg'd the merchants from the place.]
- 4 [*Zeal for the temple of his God
Consum'd his life, expos'd his blood :
Reproaches at thy glory thrown
He felt and mourn'd them as his own.*]
- 5 [*His friends forsook, his followers fled,
While foes and arms surround his head ;*

They curse him with a slandering tongue,
And the false judge maintains the wrong.]

- 6 His life they load with hateful lies,
And charge his lips with blasphemies ;
They nail him to the shameful tree ;
There hung the man that dy'd for me.
- 7 But God beheld, and from his throne
Marks out the men that hate his son ;
The hand that rais'd him from the dead,
Shall pour the vengeance on their head.

P S A L M LXX. Common Metre.

Protection against Personal Enemies.

- 1 **I**N haste, O God, attend my call,
Nor hear my cries in vain ;
Oh let thy speed prevent may fall,
And still my hope sustain.
- 2 When foes insidious wound my name,
And tempt my soul astray,
Then let them fall with lasting shame,
To their own plots a prey.
- 3 While all that love thy name rejoice,
And glory in thy word,
In thy salvation raise their voice,
And magnify the Lord.
- 4 O thou my help in time of need,
Behold my fore dismay ;
In pity hasten to my aid,
Nor let thy grace delay,

P S A L M LXXI. 5—9. *First Part.*

The aged Saint's Reflection and Hope.

- 1 **M**Y God, my everlasting hope,
I live upon thy truth ;
Thine hands have held my childhood up,
And strengthen'd all my youth.
- 2 My flesh was fashion'd by thy power
With all these limbs of mine :
And from my mother's painful hour
I've been entirely thine.

- 3 Still has my life new wonders seen
Repeated every year ;
Behold my days that yet remain,
I trust them to thy care.
- 4 Cast me not off when strength declines,
When hoary hairs arise ;
And round me let thy glory shine,
When e'er thy servant dies.
- 5 Then in the history of my age,
When men review my days,
They'll read thy love in every page.
In every line thy praise.

PSALM LXXI. 15, 14, 16, 23, 22, 24. *Sec. Part.*

Christ our Strength and Righteousness.

- 1 **M**Y Saviour, my almighty Friend,
When I begin thy praise,
Where will the growing numbers end,
The numbers of thy grace ?
- 2 Thou art my everlasting trust,
Thy goodness I adore
And since I knew thy graces first
I speak thy glories more.
- 3 My feet shall travel all the length
Of the celestial road,
And march with courage in thy strength
To see my father God.
- 4 When I am fill'd with sore distress
For some surprising sin,
I'll plead thy perfect righteousness,
And mention none but thine.
- 5 How will my lips rejoice to tell
The victories of my king !
My soul, redeem'd from sin and hell,
Shall thy salvation sing.
- 6 [My tongue shall all the day proclaim
My Saviour and my God,
His death has brought my foes to shame,
And sav'd me by his blood.

- 7 Awake, awake, my tuneful powers ;
 With this delightful song
 I'll entertain the darkeſt hours
 Nor think the ſeaſon long.]

P S A L M LXXI. 17—21. *Third Part.*
The aged Chriſtian's Prayer and Song ; or, old
Age, Death and the Reſurrection.

- 1 **G**OD of my childhood, and my youth,
 The guide of all my days,
 I have declar'd thy heavenly truth,
 And told thy wondrous ways.
- 2 Wilt thou forſake my hoary hairs,
 And leave my fainting heart ;
 Who ſhall ſuſtain my ſinking years
 If God my ſtrength depart ?
- 3 Let me thy power and truth proclaim
 Before the riſing age,
 And leave a favour of thy name
 When I ſhall quit the ſtage.
- 4 The land of ſilence and of death
 Attends my next remove ;
 Oh may theſe poor remains of breath
 Teach the wide world thy love !

P A U S E.

- 5 Thy righteouſneſs is deep and high,
 Unſearchable thy deeds ;
 Thy glory ſpreads beyond the ſky,
 And all my praiſe exceeds.
- 6 Oft have I heard thy threatenings roar,
 And oft endur'd the grief :
 But when thy hand has preſt me fore,
 Thy grace was my relief.
- 7 By long experience have I known
 Thy ſovereign power to ſave ;
 At thy command I venture down
 Securely to the grave.
- 8 When I lie buried deep in duſt,
 My ſheſh ſhall be thy care ;

These wither'd limbs with thee I trust
To raise them strong and fair.

P S A L M LXXII. *First Part.*

The Kingdom of Christ.

- 1 **G**REAT God, whose universal sway
The known and unknown worlds obey,
Now give the kingdom to thy Son,
Extend his power, exalt his throne.
- 2 Thy sceptre well becomes his hands,
All heaven submits to his commands;
His justice shall avenge the poor,
And pride and rage prevail no more.
- 3 With power he vindicates the just,
And treads th' oppressor in the dust;
His worship and his fear shall last,
Till hours, and years, and time be past.
- 4 As rain on meadows newly mown,
So shall he send his influence down:
His grace on fainting souls distils,
Like heavenly dew on thirsty hills.
- 5 The *heathen* lands that lie beneath
The shades of overspreading death,
Revive at his first dawning light,
And deserts blossom at the sight.
- 6 The saints shall flourish in his days,
Drest in the robes of joy and praise;
Peace, like a river from his throne
Shall flow to nations yet unknown.

P S A L M LXXII. *Second Part.*

Christ's Kingdom among the Gentiles.

- 1 **J**ESUS shall reign where e'er the sun
Does his successive journies run:
His kingdom stretch from shore to shore,
Till moons shall wax and wane no more.
- 2 [Behold the nations with their kings;
There *Europe* her best tribute brings;
From north to south the princes meet,
To pay their homage at his feet.

- 3 There *Persia*, glorious to behold;
And *India* shines in eastern gold ;
While western empires own their Lord,
And savage tribes attend his word.]
- 4 For him shall endless prayer be made,
And endless praises crown his head ;
His name like sweet perfume shall rise
With every morning sacrifice.
- 5 People and realms of every tongue
Dwell on his love with sweetest song
And infant voices shall proclaim
Their early blessings on his name.
- 6 Blessings a bound where e'er he reigns,
The joyful prisoner bursts his chains :
The weary find eternal rest,
And all the sons of want are blest.
- 7 [Where he displays his healing power,
Death and the curse are known no more ;
In him the tribes of Adam boast
More blessings than their father lost.
- 8 Let every creature rise and bring,
Peculiar honors to our king :
Angels descend with songs again,
And earth repeat the loud amen.]

P S A L M LXXIII. *First Part.* Com. Metre.
Afflicted Saints happy, and prosperous Sinners cursed.

- 1 **N**OW I'm convinc'd the Lord is kind
To men of heart sincere,
Yet once my foolish thoughts repin'd,
And border'd on despair.
- 2 I griev'd to see the wicked thrive,
And spoke with angry breath,
" How pleasant and profane they live !
" How peaceful is their death !
- 3 " With well fed flesh and haughty eyes
" They lay there fears to sleep ;
" Against the heavens their slanders rise,
" While saints in silence weep.

- 4 " In vain I lift my hands to pray,
 " And cleanse my heart in vain ;
 " For I am chastened all the day,
 " The night renews my pain."
- 5 Yet while my tongue indulg'd complaints,
 I felt my heart reprove ;
 " Sure I shall thus offend thy saints,
 " And grieve the men I love."
- 6 But still I found my doubts too hard,
 The conflict too severe,
 'Till I retir'd to search thy word,
 And learn thy secrets there.
- 7 There, as in some prophetic glass,
 I saw the sinner's feet
 High mounted on a slippery place
 Beside a fiery pit.
- 8 I heard the wretch profanely boast,
 'Till at thy frown he fell ;
 His honors in a dream were lost,
 And he awakes in hell.
- 9 Lord, what an envious fool I was !
 How like a thoughtless beast ;
 Thus to suspect thy promis'd grace,
 And think the wicked blest.
- 10 Yet I was kept from full despair,
 Upheld by power unknown :
 That blessed hand that broke the snare
 Shall guide me to thy throne.

P S A L M LXXIII. 23—28. *Second Part,*
 Common Metre.

God our Portion here and hereafter.

- 1 **G**OD, my supporter and my hope
 My help forever near,
 Thine arm of mercy held me up
 When sinking in despair.
- 2 Thy counsels, Lord, shall guide my feet
 Through life's bewildered race ;
 Thine hand conduct me near thy seat,
 To dwell before thy face.

- 3 Were I in heaven without my God,
 'Twould be no joy to me ;
 And whilst this earth is my abode,
 I long for none but thee.
- 4 What if the springs of life were broke,
 And flesh and heart should faint,
 God is my soul's eternal rock,
 The strength of every saint.
- 5 Behold the sinners that remove
 Far from thy presence die ;
 Not all the idol gods they love
 Can save them when they cry.
- 6 But to draw near to thee, my God,
 Shall be my sweet employ ;
 My tongue shall sound thy works abroad,
 And tell the world my joy.

PSALM LXXIII. 22, 3, 6, 17—20. Long Metre.

The Prosperity of Sinners cursed.

- 1 **L**ORD, what a thoughtless wretch was I,
 To mourn, and murmur and repine.
 To see the wicked plac'd on high,
 In pride and robes of honour shine.
- 2 But, oh their end, their dreadful end !
 Thy sanctuary taught me so :
 On slippery rocks I see them stand,
 And fiery billows roll below.
- 3 Now let them boast how tall they rise,
 I'll never envy them again,
 There they may stand with haughty eyes,
 Till they plunge deep in endless pain.
- 4 Their fancy'd joys how fast they flee !
 Like dreams, as fleeting and as vain ;
 Their songs of softest harmony,
 Are but a preface to their pain.
- 5 Now I esteem their mirth and wine,
 Too dear to purchase with my blood ;
 Lord, 'tis enough that thou art mine,
 My life, my portion and my God.

- 1 **S**URE there's a righteous God,
Nor is religion vain ;
Though men of vice may boast aloud,
And men of grace complain.
- 2 I saw the wicked rise,
And felt my heart repine,
While haughty fools with scornful eyes,
In robes of honour shine.
- 3 [Pamper'd with wonton ease,
Their flesh looks full and fair,
Their wealth rolls in like flowing seas,
And grows without their care.
- 4 Free from the plagues and pains
That pious souls endure,
Through all their life oppression reigns;
And racks the humble poor.
- 5 Their impious tongues blaspheme
The everlasting God ;
Their malice blasts the good man's name,
And spreads their lies abroad.
- 6 But I with flowing tears
Indulg'd my doubts to rise ;
" Is there a God that sees or hears
" The things below the skies ?
- 7 The tumult of my thought
Held me in hard suspense,
Till to thy house my feet were brought
To learn thy justice thence.
- 8 Thy word with light and power,
Did my mistake amend :
I view'd the sinners's life before,
But here I learnt their end.
- 9 On what a slippery steep
The thoughtless wretches go ;
And oh that dreadful firey deep
That waits their fall below !

- 10 Lord, at thy feet I bow,
 My thoughts no more repine :
 I call my God my portion now,
 And all my powers are thine.

P S A L M LXXIV.

The Church pleading with God under sore Persecution.

- 1 **W**ILL God forever cast us off !
 His wrath forever smoke
 Against the people of his love,
 His little chosen flock ?
- 2 Think of the tribes so dearly bought
 With their Redeemer's blood ;
 Nor let thy Sion be forgot,
 Where once thy glory stood.
- 3 Lift up thy feet, and march in haste,
 Aloud our ruin calls ;
 See what a wide and fearful waste
 Is made within thy walls.
- 4 Where once thy churches pray'd and sang
 Thy foes profanely rage ;
 Amid thy gates their ensigns hang,
 And there their hosts engage.
- 5 How are the seats of worship broke ?
 They tear the buildings down,
 And he that deals the heaviest stroke,
 Procures the chief renown.
- 6 With flames they threaten to destroy
 Thy children in their rest ;
Come let us burn at once, they cry,
The temple and the priest.
- 7 And still to heighten our distress,
 Thy presence is withdrawn ;
 Thy wanted signs of power and grace,
 Thy power and grace are gone.
- 8 No prophet speaks to calm our grief,
 But all in silence mourn ;
 Nor know the times of our relief
 The hour of thy return.

P A U S E.

- 9 How long, eternal God, how long,
Shall men of pride blaspheme ;
Shall saints be made their endless song,
And bear immortal shame ?
- 10 Canst thou forever sit and hear
Thine holy name profan'd ?
And still thy jealousy forbear,
And still with-hold thine hand ?
- 11 What strange deliverance hast thou shown
In ages long before !
And now no other God we own,
No other God adore.
- 12 Thou didst divide the raging sea
By thy resistless might,
To make thy tribes a wondrous way,
And then secure their flight.
- 13 Is not the world of nature thine,
The darkness and the day ?
Didst thou not bid the morning shine,
And mark the sun his way ?
- 14 Hath not thy power formed every coast,
And set the earth its bounds,
With summer's heat, and winter's frost,
In their perpetual rounds ?
- 15 And shall the sons of earth and dust
That sacred power blaspheme ?
Will not thy hand that form'd them first
Avenge thine injur'd name ?
- 16 Think on the covenant thou hast made,
And all thy words of love ;
Nor let the birds of prey invade
And vex thy trembling dove.
- 17 Our foes would triumph in our blood,
And make our hope their jest ;
Plead thine own cause, almighty God,
And give thy children rest.

P S A L M LXXV. Long Metre.

Praise to God for the return of Peace.

- 1 **T**O thee, most high and holy God,
To thee our thankful hearts we raise ;
Thy works declare thy name abroad,
Thy wondrous works demand our praise.
- 2 To slavery doom'd, thy chosen sons
Behold their foes triumphant rise :
And sore oppress'd by earthly thrones,
They sought the sovereign of the skies.
- 3 'Twas then, great God, with equal power,
Arose thy vengeance and thy grace,
To scourge their legions from the shore,
And save the remnant of thy race.
- 4 Thy hand, that form'd the restless main,
And rear'd the mountain's awful head,
Bade raging seas their course restrain,
And desert wilds receive their dead.
- 5 Such wonders never come by chance,
Nor can the winds such blessings blow ;
'Tis God the Judge doth one advance,
'Tis God that lays another low.
- 6 Let haughty tyrants sink their pride,
Nor lift so high their scornful head ;
But lay their impious thoughts aside,
And own the empire God hath made.

P S A L M LXXVI.

Israel saved, and the Assyrians destroyed ; or, God's Vengeance against his Enemies proceeds from his Church.

- 1 **I**N Judah God of old was known ;
His name in Israel great ;
In Salem stood his holy throne,
And Zion was his seat.
- 2 Among the praises of his saints,
His dwelling there he chose ;
There he receiv'd their just complaints,
Against their haughty foes.

- 3 From Zion went his dreadful word,
And broke that threatening spear ;
The bow, the arrows, and the sword,
And crush'd the Assyrian war.
- 4 What are the earth's wide kingdoms else
But mighty hills of prey ?
The hill on which Jehovah dwells
Is glorious more than they.
- 5 'Twas Zion's king that stop'd the breath
Of captains and their bands :
The men of might sleep fast in death,
That quells their warlike hands.
- 6 At thy rebuke, O Jacob's God,
Both horse and chariot fell :
Who knows the terrors of thy rod ?
Thy vengeance who can tell ?
- 7 What power can stand before thy sight
When once thy wrath appears ?
When heaven shines round with dreadful light,
The earth adores and fears.
- 8 When God in his own sovereign ways
Comes down to save th' oppress'd,
The wrath of man shall work his praise,
And he'll restrain the rest.
- 9 [Vows to the Lord, and tribute bring,
Ye princes, fear his frown :
His terrors shake the proudest king,
And smite his armies down.
- 10 The thunder of his sharp rebuke
Our haughty foes shall feel ;
For Jacob's God hath not forsook,
But dwells in Zion still.]

P S A L M LXXVII. *First Part.*

Melancholy assaulting, and Hope prevailing.

- 1 **T**O God I cry'd with mournful voice,
I sought his gracious ear,
In the sad hour, when troubles rose,
And fill'd my heart with fear.

- 2 Sad were my days, and dark my nights,
My soul refus'd relief ;
I thought on God, the just and wise,
But thoughts increas'd my grief.
- 3 Still I complain'd and still oppress'd,
My heart began to break ;
My God, thy wrath forbade my rest,
And kept my eyes awake.
- 4 My overwhelming sorrows grew,
'Till I could speak no more ;
Then I within myself withdrew,
And call'd thy judgments o'er.
- 5 I call'd back years and ancient times-
When I beheld thy face ;
My spirit search'd for secret crimes
That might with-hold thy grace.
- 6 I call'd thy mercies to my mind,
Which I enjoy'd before ;
And will the Lord no more be kind ;
His face appear no more ?
- 7 Will he forever cast me off ?
His promise ever fail ?
Has he forgot his tender love ?
Shall anger still prevail ?
- 8 But I forbid this hopeless thought,
This dark despairing frame :
Rememb'ring what thy hand hath wrought ;
Thy hand is still the same.
- 9 I'll think again of all thy ways,
And talk thy wonders o'er,
Thy wonders of recovering grace,
When flesh could hope no more.
- 10 Grace dwelt with justice on the throne ;
And men that love thy word,
Have in thy sanctuary known
The counsels of the Lord.

P S A L M LXXVII. *Second Part.*

Comfort derived from ancient Providence ; or Israel derived from Egypt, and brought to Canaan.

- 1 “ **H**OW awful is thy chastening rod !
 “ (May thy own children say)
 “ The great, the wise, the dreadful God !
 “ How holy is his way !
- 2 I'll meditate his works of old,
 Who reigns in heaven above,
 I'll hear his ancient wonders told,
 And learn to trust his love.
- 3 He saw the house of Joseph lie
 With Egypt's yoke oppress'd ;
 Long he delay'd to hear their cry,
 Nor gave his people rest.
- 4 The sons of pious Jacob seem'd
 Abandon'd to their foes ;
 But his Almighty arm redeem'd
 The nation whom he chose.
- 5 From slavish chains he set them free,
 They follow where he calls ;
 He bade them venture through the sea,
 And made the waves their walls.
- 6 The waters saw thee, mighty God,
 The waters saw thee come ;
 Backward they fled, and frighted stood,
 To make thine armies room.
- 7 Strange was thy journey through the sea,
 Thy footsteps, Lord, unknown ;
 Terrors attend the wondrous way
 That brings thy mercies down.
- 8 [Thy voice with terror in the sound
 Through clouds and darkness broke ;
 All heaven in lightening shone around,
 And earth with thunder shook.
- 9 Thine arrows through the skies were hurl'd,
 How glorious is the Lord !
 Surprise and trembling seiz'd the word,
 And all his saints ador'd.

- 10 He gave them water from the rock ;
 And safe by Moses' hand,
 Through a dry desert led his flock
 To Canaan's promis'd land,

P S A L M LXXVIII. *First Part.*

*Providence of God recorded ; or, pious Education and
 Instruction of Children.*

- 1 **L**ET children hear the mighty deeds
 Which God perform'd of old ;
 Which in your younger years we saw,
 And which our fathers told.
- 2 He bids us make his glories known ;
 His works of power and grace ;
 And we'll convey his wonders down
 Through every rising race.
- 3 Our lips shall tell them to our sons,
 And they again to theirs,
 That generations yet unborn
 May teach them to their heirs.
- 4 Thus shall they learn, in God alone
 Their hope securely stands,
 That they may ne'er forget his works,
 But practise his commands.

P S A L M LXXVIII. *Second Part.*

*Israel's Rebellion and Punishment ; or, the Sins and
 Chastisements of Gods People.*

- 1 **O**H what a stiff rebellious house
 Was Jacob's ancient race !
 False to their own most solemn vows,
 And to their Maker's grace.
- 2 They broke the covenant of his love,
 And did his laws despise,
 Forgot the works he wrought to prove
 His power before their eyes.
- 3 They saw the plagues on Egypt light
 From his avenging hand ;
 What dreadful tokens of his might,
 Spread o'er the stubborn land.

- 4 They saw him cleave the mighty sea,
And march'd with safety through,
With watery walls to guard their way,
'Till they had 'scap'd the foe.
- 5 A wondrous pillar mark'd the road,
Compos'd of shade and light ;
By day it prov'd a sheltering cloud,
A leading fire by night.
- 6 He from the rock their thirst supply'd ;
The gushing waters flow'd,
And ran in rivers by their side,
Along the desert road.
- 7 Yet they provok'd the Lord most high,
And dar'd distrust his hand ;
“ *Can he with bread our host supply*
“ *Amidst this barren land ?*”
- 8 The Lord with indignation heard,
And caus'd his wrath to flame :
His terrors ever stand prepar'd
To vindicate his name.

P S A L M LXXVIII. *Third Part.*

The Punishment of Luxury and Intemperance ; or, Chastisement and Salvation.

- 1 **W**HEN Israel sinn'd the Lord reprov'd,
And fill'd their heart with dread ;
Yet he forgave the men he lov'd,
And sent them heavenly bread.
- 2 He fed them with a liberal hand,
And made his treasures known ;
He gave the midnight clouds command
To pour provision down.
- 3 The manna like a morning shower
Lay thick around their feet ;
The food of heaven, so light so pure ;
As though 'twere angels meat.
- 4 But they in murmuring language said,
“ Is manna all our feast ?
“ We loath this light, this airy bread ;
“ We must have flesh to taste.”

- 5 " *Ye shall have flesh to please your lust,*"
The Lord in wrath reply'd,
And sent them quails like sand or dust,
Heap'd up on every side.
- 6 He gave them all their own desire ;
And greedy as they fed,
His vengeance burnt with secret fire,
And smote the rebels dead.
- 7 When some were slain the rest return'd,
And fought the Lord with tears ;
Under the rod they fear'd and mourn'd,
But soon forgot their fears.
- 8 Oft he chastis'd, and still forgave,
'Till by his gracious hand
The nations he resolv'd to save
Possess'd the promis'd land.

P S A L M LXXVIII. *ver. 32, &c. Fourth Part.*
Backsliding and Forgiveness ; or, Sin punished and Saints
saved.

- 1 **G**REAT God, how oft did Israel prove
By turns thine anger, and thy love ;
There is a glass our hearts may see
How fickle and how false they be
- 2 How soon the faithless Jews forgot
The dreadful wonders God had wrought !
Then they provoke him to his face,
Nor fear his power, nor trust his grace.
- 3 Then Lord consum'd their years in pain,
And made their travels long and vain ;
A tedious march through unknown ways
Wore out their strength, and spent their days.
- 4 Oft when they saw their brethren slain,
They mourn'd, and fought the Lord again ;
Call'd him the rock of their abode,
Their high Redeemer, and their God.
- 5 Their prayers and vows before him rise
As flattering words or solemn lies,
While their rebellious tempers prove
False to his covenant and his love.

6 Yet could his sovereign grace forgive
The men who ne'er deserv'd to live ;
His anger oft away he turn'd,
Or else with gentle flame it burn'd.

7 He saw their flesh was weak and frail,
He saw temptations still prevail ;
The God of Abraham lov'd them still,
And led them to his holy hill.

P S A L M LXXIX. Long Metres.

For the Distress of War.

1 **B**EHOLD, O God, what cruel foes,
Thy peaceful heritage invade ;
Thy holy temple stands defil'd,
In dust thy sacred walls are laid.

2 Wide o'er the vallies drench'd in blood,
Thy people fall'n in death remain ;
The fowls of heaven their flesh devour,
And savage beasts divide the slain.

3 Th' insulting foes, with impious rage,
Reproach thy children to their face ;
" Where is your God of boasted power,
" And where the promise of his grace ?"

4 Deep from the prison's horrid glooms,
Oh hear the mournful captives sigh,
And let thy sovereign power relieve,
The trembling souls condemn'd to die.

5 Let those, who dar'd insult thy reign,
Return dismay'd with endless shame,
While heathens, who thy grace despise,
Shall from thy vengeance learn thy name.

6 So shall thy children, freed from death,
Eternal songs of honour raise,
And every future age shall tell,
Thy sovereign power and pardoning grace.

P S A L M LXXX.

*The Church's Prayer under Affliction ; or, the Vineyard
of God wasted.*

1 **G**REAT Shepherd of thine Israel,
Who didst between the cherubs dwell

And lead the tribes, thy chosen sheep,
Safe through the desert and the deep.

- 2 Thy church is in the desert now,
Shine from on high, and guide us through ;
Turn us to thee, thy love restore,
We shall be sav'd and sigh no more.

- 3 Great God, whom heavenly hosts obey,
How long shall we lament and pray,
And wait in vain thy kind return ?
How long shall thy fierce anger burn ?

- 4 Instead of wine and cheerful bread,
Thy saints with their own tears are fed ;
Turn us to thee, thy love restore,
We shall be sav'd and sigh no more.

P A U S E I.

- 5 Hast thou not planted with thy hands
A lovely vine in heathen lands ?
Did not thy power defend it round,
And heavenly dews enrich the ground ?

- 6 How did the spreading branches shoot,
And bless the nations with the fruit ;
But now, dear Lord, look down and see
Thy mourning vine, that lovely tree.

- 7 Why is her beauty thus defac'd ?
Why hast thou laid her fences waste ?
Strangers and foes against her join,
And every beast devours the vine.

- 8 Return, almighty God, return ;
Nor let thy bleeding vineyard mourn ;
Turn us to thee, thy love restore,
We shall be sav'd and sigh no more.

P A U S E II.

- 9 Lord, when this vine in Canaan grew,
Thou wast its strength and glory too ;
Attack'd in vain by all its foes,
Till the fair branch of promise rose.

- 10 Fair branch, ordain'd of old to shoot
From David's stock, from Jacob's root ;
Himself a noble vine, and we
The lesser branches of the tree ;

11 'Tis thy own Son ; and he shall stand
Girt with thy strength at thy right hand ;
Thy first-born Son, adorn'd and blest
With power and grace above the rest.

12 Oh ! for his sake attend our cry,
Shine on thy churches lest they die ;
Turn us to thee, thy love restore,
We shall be sav'd and sigh no more.

P S A L M LXXXI. 1, 8—16.

The Warning of God to his People ; or, Spiritual Blessings and Punishments.

1 **S**ING to the Lord aloud,
And make a joyful noise ;
God is our strength, our Saviour God ;
Let Israel hear his voice.

2 " From idols false and vain,
" Preserve my rites divine ;
" I am the Lord who broke thy chain
" Of slavery and of sin.

3 " Stretch thy desires abroad,
" And I'll supply them well ;
" But if ye will refuse your God,
" If Israel will rebel :

4 I'll leave them, saith the Lord,
" To their own lusts a prey,
" And let them run the dangerous road,
" 'Tis their own chosen way.

5 " Yet oh ! that all my saints,
" Would hearken to my voice !
" Soon I would ease their fore complaints,
" And bid their hearts rejoice.

6 " While I destroy their foes,
" I'll richly feed my flock,
" And they shall taste the stream that flows
" From their eternal rock."

P S A L M LXXXII.

God the supreme Governor ; or, Magistrates warned.

1 **A**MONG th' assemblies of the great
A greater ruler takes his seat ;

The God of heaven as judge surveys
Those gods on earth and all their ways.

- 2 Why will ye frame oppressive laws ?
Or why support th' unrighteous cause ?
When will ye once defend the poor,
That foes may vex the saints no more ?
- 3 They know not, Lord, nor will they know ;
Dark are the ways in which they go ;
Their name of earthly gods is vain,
For they shall fall and die like men.
- 4 Arise, O Lord, and let thy Son
Possess his universal throne,
And rule the nations with his rod ;
He is our Judge, and he our God.

P S A L M LXXXIII.

A Complaint against Presecutors.

- 1 **A**ND will the God of grace
Perpetual silence keep ;
The God of justice hold his peace,
And let his vengeance sleep ?
- 2 Behold what cursed snares
The men of mischief spread ;
The men that hate thy saints and thee,
Lift up their threatening head.
- 3 Against thy hidden ones,
Their counsels they employ,
And malice with her watchful eye
Pursues them to destroy.
- 4 " Come, let us join, they cry,
" To root them from the ground,
" Till not the name of saints remain,
" Nor memory shall be found,"
- 5 Awake, almighty God,
And call thy wrath to mind :
Give them like forests to the fire,
Or stubble to the wind
- 6 Convince their madness, Lord,
And make them seek thy name ;

Or else their stubborn rage confound,
That they may die in shame.

- 7 Then shall the nations know
Thy glorious, dreadful word,
Jehovah is thy name alone,
And thou the sovereign Lord.

P S A L M LXXXIV. *First Part.* Long Metre.

The Pleasure of Public Worship.

- 1 **H**OW pleasant, how divinely fair,
O Lord of hosts, thy dwellings are !
With long desire my spirit faints
To meet th' assemblies of thy saints.

- 2 My flesh would rest in thine abode,
My panting heart cries out for God ;
My God ! my King ! why should I be
So far from all my joys and thee.

- 3 The sparrow chuses where to rest,
And for her young provides a nest ;
But will my God to sparrows grant
That pleasure which his children want ?

- 4 Blest are the saints who sit on high,
Around thy throne above the sky ;
Thy brightest glories shine above,
And all their work is praise and love.

- 5 Blest are the souls who find a place
Within the temple of thy grace ;
There they behold thy gentler rays,
And seek thy face and learn thy praise.

- 6 Blest are the men whose hearts are set
To find the way to *Zion's* gate ;
God is their strength, and through the road
They lean upon their helper God.

- 7 Cheerful they walk with growing strength,
Till all shall meet in heaven at length,
Till all before thy face appear,
And join in nobler worship there.

P S A L M LXXXIV. *Second Part. Long Metre.*
God and his Church; or, Grace and Glory.

- 1 **G**REAT God attend, while *Zion* sings
 The joy that from thy presence springs;
 To spend one day with thee on earth
 Exceeds a thousand days of mirth.
- 2 Might I enjoy the meanest place
 Within thy house, O God of grace,
 Not tents of ease, nor thrones of power
 Should tempt my feet to leave thy door.
- 3 God is our sun, he makes our day;
 God is our shield, he guards our way
 From all th' assaults of hell and sin,
 From foes without and foes within.
- 4 All needful grace will God bestow,
 And crown that grace with glory too:
 He gives us all things, and with-holds
 No real good from upright souls.
- 5 Oh God, our King, whose sovereign sway
 The glorious hosts of heaven obey,
 And devils at thy presence flee,
 Blest is the man that trusts in thee.

P S A L M LXXXIV. *ver. 1, 2, 3, 10.*

Paraphrased in Common Metre.

*Delight on Ordinances of Worship; or, God present in
 his Churches.*

- 1 **M**Y soul, how lovely is the place
 To which thy God resorts!
 'Tis heaven to see his smiling face,
 Though in his earthly courts.
- 2 There the great Monarch of the skies
 His saving power displays,
 And light breaks in upon our eyes,
 With kind and quickening rays.
- 3 With his rich gifts the heavenly Dove
 Descends, and fills the place,
 While *Christ* reveals his wondrous love,
 And sheds abroad his grace.

- 4 There, mighty God, thy words declare
The secrets of thy will :
And still we seek thy mercies there,
And sing thy praises still.

P A U S E.

- 5 My heart and flesh cry out for thee,
While far from thine abode ;
When shall I tread thy courts and see
My Saviour and my God !
- 6 The sparrow builds her self a nest,
And suffers no remove ;
Oh make me like the sparrows, blest.
To dwell but where I love.
- 7 To set one day beneath thine eye,
And hear thy gracious voice,
Exceeds a whole eternity
Employ'd in carnal joys.
- 8 Lord, at thy threshold I would wait,
While Jesus is within.
Rather than fill a throne of state,
Among the tents of sin.
- 9 Could I command the spacious land,
And the more boundless sea,
For one blest hour at thy right hand
I'd give them both away.

P S A L M LXXXIV. As the 148th Psalm.

Longing for the house of God.

- 1 **L**ORD of the worlds above,
How pleasant and how fair
The dwellings of thy love,
Thy earthly temples are ;
To thine abode
My heart aspires
With warm desires
To see my God.
- 2 The sparrow for her young
With pleasure seeks a nest,
And wandering swallows long
And find their wonted rest ;

My spirit faints
 With equal zeal
 To rise and dwell
 Among thy saints.

- 3 O happy souls that pray,
 Where God appoints to hear ;
 O happy men that pay
 Their constant service there !
 They praise thee still ;
 And happy they
 That love the way
 To Zion's hill.
- 4 They go from strength to strength,
 Thro' this dark vale of tears,
 Till each arrives at length,
 Till each in heaven appears ;
 O glorious feat
 When God our King
 Shall thither bring
 Our willing feet !

P A U S E.

- 5 To spend one sacred day,
 Where God and saints abide,
 Affords diviner joy
 Than thousand days beside :
 Where God resorts,
 I love it more
 To keep the door
 Than shine in courts.
- 6 God is our sun and shield,
 Our light and our defence ;
 With gifts our hands are fill'd
 We draw our blessings thence ;
 He shall bestow
 On Jacob's race
 Peculiar grace
 And glory too.
- 7 The Lord his people loves ;
 His hand no good with-holds
 From those his heart approves,
 From pure and pious souls :

Thrice happy he,
O God of hosts,
Whose spirit trusts
Alone in thee.

P S A L M LXXXV. *Ver. 1—3. First Part.*

Waiting for an Answer to Prayer; or, Deliverance begun and completed.

- 1 **L**ORD, thou hast call'd thy grace to mind;
Thou hast revers'd our heavy doom:
So God forgave when *Israel* sinn'd,
And brought his wandering captives home.
2. Thou hast begun to set us free,
And made thy fiercest wrath abate:
Now let our hearts be turn'd to thee,
And thy salvation be complete.
- 3 Revive our dying graces, Lord,
And let thy saints in thee rejoice;
Make known thy truth, fulfil thy word:
We wait for praise to tune our voice.
- 4 We wait to hear what God will say:
He'll speak, and give his people peace:
But let them run no more astray,
Lest his returning wrath increase.

P S A L M LXXXV. *Ver. 9. &c. Second Part.*
Salvation by Christ.

- 1 **S**ALVATION is forever nigh
The souls that fear and trust the Lord;
And grace descending from on high
Fresh hopes of glory shall afford.
- 2 Mercy and truth on earth are met,
Since Christ the Lord came down from heaven;
By his obedience so complete
Justice is pleas'd, and peace is given.
- 3 Now truth and honour shall abound,
Religion dwell on earth again,
And heavenly influence bless the ground
In our Redeemer's gentler reign.
- 4 His righteousness is gone before.
To give us free access to God;

Our wandering feet shall stray no more,
But mark his steps, and keep the road.

P S A L M LXXXVI. Ver. 8—13.

A General Song of Praise to GOD.

1 **A**MONG the princes, earthly gods,
There's none hath power divine ;
Nor is their nature, mighty Lord,
Nor are their works like thine.

2 The nations, thou hast made shall bring
Their offerings round thy throne ;
For thou alone dost wondrous things,
For thou art God alone.

3 Lord, I would walk with holy feet.
Teach me thine heavenly ways,
And all my wandering thoughts unite
In God my father's praise.

4 Great is thy mercy, and my tongue
Shall those sweet wonders tell,
How by thy grace my sinking soul
Rose from the deeps of hell.

P S A L M LXXXVII.

*The Church the Birth Place of the Saints ; or Jews and
Gentiles united in the Christian Church.*

1 **G**OD in his earthly temple lays
Foundation for his heavenly praise ;
He lik'd the tents of *Jacob* well,
But still in *Sion* loves to dwell.

2 His mercy visits every house,
That pay their night and morning vows ;
But makes a more delightful stay,
Where churches meet to praise and pray,

3 What glories were describ'd of old !
What wonders are in *Sion* told !
Thou city of our God below,
Thy fame shall *Tyre* and *Egypt* know.

4 *Egypt* and *Tyre*, and *Greek* and *Jew*,
Shall there begin their lives anew ;

Angels and men shall join to sing.
The hill where living waters spring.

- 5 When God makes up his last account
Or natives in his holy mount,
Twill be an honour to appear
As one new-born and nourish'd there.

P S A L M LXXXVIII. As the 113th.

Loss of Friends, and absence of Divine Grace,

1. **O** GOD of my salvation, hear
My nightly groan, my daily prayer,
That still employ my waisting breath;
My soul, declining to the grave,
Implores thy sovereign power to save
From dark despair and lasting death.
- 2 Thy wrath lies heavy on my soul,
And waves of sorrows o'er me roll,
While dust and silence spread the gloom;
My friends, belov'd in happier days,
The dear companions of my ways,
Descend around me to the tomb.
- 3 As, lost in lonely grief, I tread
The mournful mansions of the dead,
Or to some throng'd assembly go;
Through all alike I rove alone,
While, here forgot and there unknown,
The change renews my piercing woe.
- 4 And why will God neglect my call?
Or who shall profit by my fall,
When life departs and love expires!
Can dust and darkness praise the Lord?
Or wake, or brighten at his word,
And tune the harp with heavenly quires?
- 5 Yet through each melancholy day,
I've pray'd to thee, and still will pray,
Imploring still thy kind return—
But oh! my friends, my comforts, fled,
And all my kindred of the dead
Recall my wandering thoughts to mourn.

P S A L M LXXXIX. *First Part.* Long Metre.*The Covenant made with Christ; or, the true David.*

- 1 **F**OREVER shall my song record
The truth and mercy of the Lord;
Mercy and truth forever stand
Like heaven establish'd by his hand.
- 2 Thus to his Son he sware and said,
"With thee my covenant first is made;
"In thee shall dying sinners live;
"Glory and grace are thine to give.
- 3 "Be thou my prophet; thou my priest,
"Thy children shall be ever blest;
"Thou art my chosen king, thy throne
"Shall stand eternal like my own.
- 4 "There's none of all my sons above
"So much my image or my love;
"Celestial powers thy subjects are,
"Then what can earth to thee compare?
- 5 "David, my servant; whom I chose
"To guard my flock, to crush my foes;
"And rais'd him to the Jewish throne,
"Was but a shadow of my Son."
- 6 Now let the church rejoice and sing,
Jesus her saviour and her king:
Angels his heavenly wonders show,
And saints declare his worke below.

P S A L M LXXXIX. *First Part.* Com. Metre.*The Faithfulness of God.*

- 1 **M**Y never-ceasing song shall show
The mercies of the Lord;
And make succeeding ages know
How faithful is his word.
- 2 The sacred truths his lips pronounce
Shall firm as heaven endure;
And if he speak a promise once,
Th' eternal grace is sure.
- 3 How long the race of David held
The promis'd Jewish throne

But there's a nobler covenant seal'd
To *David's* greater son.

- 4 His seed forever shall possess
A throne above the skies ;
The meanest subjects of his grace
Shall to that glory rise.
- 5 Lord God of hosts, thy wondrous ways
Are sung by saints above ;
And saints on earth their honours raise
To thy unchanging love.

P S A L M LXXXIX. 7, &c. *Second Part.*
The Power and Majesty of God ; or Reverential
Worship.

- 1 **W**ITH reverence let the saints appear,
And bow before the Lord ;
His high commands with reverence hear,
And tremble at his word.
- 2 How terrible thy glories rise !
How bright thine armies shine !
Where is the power with thee that vies,
Or truth compar'd with thine ?
- 3 The *Northern* pole and *Southern* rest
On thy supporting hand ;
Darkness and day from *East to West*
Move round at thy command.
- 4 Thy word the raging winds controul,
And rule the boisterous deep ;
Thou mak'st the sleeping billows roll,
The rolling billows sleep.
- 5 Heaven, earth, and air, and sea are thine,
And the dark world of hell ;
They saw thine arm in vengeance shine
When *Egypt* durst rebel.
- 6 Justice and judgment are thy throne,
Yet wondrous is thy grace !
While truth and mercy join'd in one,
Invite us near thy face.

P S A L M LXXXIX. 15, &c. *Third Part.*
A blessed Gospel.

- 1 **B**LEST are the souls who hear and know
 The gospel's joyful sound !
 Peace shall attend the path the go,
 And light their steps surround.
- 2 Their joy shall bear their spirits up,
 Through their Redeemer's name ;
 His righteousness exalts their hope,
 And fills their foes with shame.
- 3 The Lord our glory and defence
 Strength and salvation gives ;
Israel, thy king forever reigns.
 Thy God forever lives.

P S A L M LXXXIX. 19, &c. *Fourth Part.*
Christ's meditorial Kingdom ; or, his divine and humane Nature.

- 1 **H**EAR what the Lord in vision said,
 And made his mercy known :
 " Sinners, behold, your help is laid
 " On my almighty Son.
2. Behold the man my wisdom chose
 Among your mortal race :
 His head my holy oil o'erflows,
 With full supplies of grace.
- 3 High shall he reign on *David's* throne,
 My people's better king ;
 My arm shall beat his rivals down,
 And still new subjects bring.
- 4 My truth shall guard him in his way
 With mercy by his side ;
 While in my name o'er earth and sea
 He shall in triumph ride.
- 5 Me for his father and his God,
 He shall forever own,
 Call me his rock, his high abode,
 And I'll support my son.

- 6 My first-born son array'd in grace,
At my right hand shalt sit,
Beneath him angels know their place,
And monarchs at his feet.
- 7 My covenant stands forever fast,
My promises are strong :
Firm as the heavens his throne shall last,
His seed endure as long.

P S A L M LXXXIX. 30, &c. *Fifth Part.*
The Covenant of Grace unchangeable; or, Affliction
without Rejection.

- 1 **Y**ET (saith the Lord) if *David's* race,
The children of my son,
Should break my laws, abuse my grace
And tempt mine anger down.
- 2 Their sins I'll visit with the rod,
And make their folly smart ;
But I'll not cease to be their God,
Nor from my truth depart.
- 3 My covenant I will ne'er revoke,
But keep my grace in mind ;
And what eternal love hath spoke,
Eternal truth shall bind.
- 4 Once have I sworn, (I need no more)
And pledg'd my holiness.
To seal the sacred promise sure
To *David* and his race.
- 5 The sun shall see his offspring rise:
And spread from sea to sea,
Long as he travels round the skies.
To give the nations day.
- 6 Sure as the moon that rules the night
His kingdom shall endure,
Till the fix'd laws of shade and light
Shall be observ'd no more.

P S A L M LXXXIX. 47, &c. *Sixth Part.*

Long Metre

Mortality and Hope.

A Funeral Psalm.

- 1 **R**EMEMBER Lord, our mortal state,
How frail our life, how short our date !

Where is the man that draws his breath
Safe from disease, secure from death.

- 2 Lord, while we see whole nations die,
Our flesh and strength repine and cry,
“Must death forever rage and reign!
“Or hast thou made mankind in vain?”

- 3 Where is thy promise to the just?
Are not thy servants turn'd to dust?
But faith forbids these mournful sighs,
And sees the sleeping dust arise.

- 4 That glorious hour, that dreadful day
Wipes the reproach of saints away,
And clears the honour of thy word:
Awake, our souls, and bless the Lord.

P S A L M LXXXIX. 47, &c. *Last Part.*
As the 113th Psalm.

Life, Death, and the Resurrection.

- 1 **T**HINK, mighty God, on feeble man,
How few his hours, how short his span!
Short from the cradle to the grave:
Who can secure his vital breath
Against the bold demands of death
With skill to fly, or power to save?

- 2 Lord, shall it be forever said,
“The race of man was only made
“For sickness, sorrow and the dust?”
Are not thy servants day by day
Sent to their graves, and turn'd to clay?
Lord, where's thy kindness to the just?

- 3 Hast thou not promis'd to thy son,
And all his seed a heavenly crown?
But flesh and sense indulge despair;
Forever blessed be the Lord,
That faith can read his holy word,
And find a resurrection there.

- 4 Forever blessed be the Lord,
Who gives his saints a long reward,
For all their toil, reproach and pain;
Let all below, and all above,

Join to proclaim thy wondrous love,
And each repeat their loud *Amen*.

P S A L M XC. 1—5 *First Part.*
Man Mortal, and GOD Eternal.

A mournful Song at a Funeral.

1 **T**HRO' every age, eternal God,
Thou art our rest, our safe abode :
High was thy throne ere heaven was made,
Or earth thy humble foot-stool laid.

2 Long had'st thou reign'd ere time began,
Or dust was fashion'd to a man ;
And long thy kingdom shall endure
When earth and time shall be no more.

3 But man, weak man, is born to die,
Made up of guilt and vanity :
Thy dreadful sentence, Lord, was just,
“ *Return ye sinners, to your dust.*

4 [A thousand of our years amount
Scarce to a day in thine account,
Like yesterday's departed light ;
Or the last watch of ending night.

P A U S E.

5 Death, like an overflowing stream,
Sweeps us away ; our life's a dream ;
An empty tale ; a morning flower,
Cut down and wither'd in an hour.]

6 [Our age to seventy years is set ;
How short the time ! how frail the state !
And if to eighty we arrive,
We rather sigh, and groan than live.

7 But oh how oft thy wrath appears,
And cuts off our expected years !
Thy wrath awakes our humble dread . !
We fear the power that strikes us dead.]

8 Teach us O Lord, how frail is man ;
And kindly lengthen out the span,
'Till a wise care of piety
Fit us to die, and dwell with thee.

P S A L M XC, 1—5 *First Part.*

Common Metre.

Man Frail and God Eternal.

- 1 **O**UR God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Our shelter from the stormy blast,
And our eternal home.
- 2 Beneath the shadow of thy throne
Thy saints have dwelt secure ;
Sufficient is thine arm alone,
And my defence is sure.
- 3 Before the hills in order stood,
Or earth receiv'd her frame,
From everlasting thou art God,
To endless years the same.
- 4 Thy word commands our flesh to dust,
Return ye sons of men ;
All nations rose from earth at first,
And turn to earth again.
- 5 A thousand ages in thy sight.
Are like an evening gone ;
Short as the watch that ends the night
Before the rising dawn.
- 6 [The busy tribes of flesh and blood,
With all their lives and cares,
Are carried downwards by the flood,
And lost in following years.
- 7 Time, like an ever-rolling stream,
Bears all its sons away ;
They fly, forgotten, as a dream
Dies at the opening day.
- 8 Like flowery fields the nations stand
Pleas'd with the morning light ;
The flowers beneath the mower's hand
Lie withering ere 'tis night.
- 9 Our God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,

Be thou our guard while troubles last,
And our eternal home.

P S A L M XC. 8, 11, 2, 10, 12. *Second Part.*

Common Metre.

Infirmities and Mortality the effect of sin ; or, Life, old Age, and Preparation for Death.

1 **L**ORD, if thine eyes survey our faults,
And justice grow severe,
Thy dreadful wrath exceeds our thoughts,
And burns beyond our fear.

2 Thine angers turns our frame to dust ;
By one offence to thee,
Adam, with all his sons, have lost
Their immortality.

3 Life, like a vain amusement flies,
A fable or a song ;
By swift degrees our nature dies,
Nor can our joys be long.

4 'Tis but a few whose days amount
To three score years and ten ;
And all beyond that short account
Is sorrow, toil, and pain.

5 [Our vitals with laborious strife
Bear up the crazy load,
And drag these poor remains of life
Along the tiresome road.

6 Almighty God, reveal thy love,
And not thy wrath alone ;
Oh let our sweet experience prove
The mercies of thy throne.

7 Our souls would learn the heavenly art
T' improve the hours we have,
That we may act the wiser part,
And live beyond the grave.

P S A L M XC. Ver. 13, &c. *Third Part.*

Common Metre.

Breathing after Heaven.

1 **R**ETURN, O God of love, return ;
Earth is a tiresome place :

How long shall we thy children mourn
Our absence from thy face ?

2 Let heaven succeed our painful years,
Let sin and sorrow cease,
And in proportion to our tears
So make our joys increase.

3 Thy wonders to thy servants show,
Make thy own work complete ;
Then shall our souls thy glory know,
And own thy love was great.

4 Then shall we shine before thy throne
In all thy beauty, Lord ;
And the poor service we had done
Meet a divine reward.

P S A L M XC. Ver. 5, 10, 12, Short Metre.
The Frailty and Shortness of Life.

1 **L**ORD, what a feeble piece
Is this our mortal frame !
Our life how poor a trifle 'tis,
That scarce deserves the name !

2 Alas, the brittle clay
That built our body first !
And every month and every day,
'Tis mouldering back to dust.

3 Our moments fly apace.
Our feeble powers decay,
Swift as a flood our hasty days
Are sweeping us away.

4 Yet, if our days must fly,
We'll keep their end in sight,
We'll spend them all in wisdom's way,
And let them speed their flight.

5 They'll waft us sooner o'er
This life's tempestuous sea ;
Soon we shall reach the peaceful shore
Of blest eternity.

P S A L M XCI. 1—7 *First Part.*
Safety and public Diseases and Dangers.

1 **H**E that hath made his refuge God,
Shall find a most secure abode ;

- Shall walk all day beneath his shade,
And there at night shall rest his head.
- 2 Then will I say, " my God, thy power
" Shall be my fortress and my tower :
" I that am form'd of feeble dust
" Make thine Almighty arm my trust."
- 3 Thrice happy man ! thy Maker's care
Shall keep thee from the fowler's snare ;
From Satan's wiles, who still betrays
Unguarded souls a thousand ways.
- 4 Just as a hen protects her brood,
From birds of prey that seek their blood,
The Lord his faithful saints shall guard,
And endless life be their reward.
- 5 If burning beams of noon conspire
To dart a pestilential fire ;
God is their life, his wings are spread
To shield them with a healthful shade.
- 6 If vapours with malignant breath
Rise thick, and scatter midnight death,
Israel is safe : the poisoned air
Grows pure, if *Israel's* God be there.

P A U S E.

- 7 What though a thousand at thy side,
Around thy path ten thousand dy'd,
Thy God his chosen people saves
Amongst the dead, amidst the graves.
- 8 So when he sent his angel down
To make his wrath in *Egypt* known,
And slew their sons, his careful eye
Past all the doors of *Jacob* by.
- 9 But if the fire, or plague, or sword,
Receive commission from the Lord,
To strike his saints among the rest,
Their very pains and deaths are blest.
- 10 The sword, the pestilence, or fire
Shall but fulfil their best desire ;
From sins and sorrows set them free,
And bring thy children, Lord, to thee.

P S A L M XCI. 9—16. *Second Part.*

*Protection from Death, Guard of Angels, Victory and
Deliverance.*

- 1 **Y**E sons of men, a feeble race,
Expos'd to every snare,
Come make the Lord your dwelling place,
And try, and trust his care.
- 2 No ill shall enter where you dwell ;
Or if the plague come nigh,
And sweep the wicked down to hell,
'Twill raise the saints on high.
- 3 He'll give his angels charge to keep
Your feet in all their ways ;
To watch your pillow while you sleep,
And guard your happy days.
- 4 Their hands shall bear you, lest you fall
And dash against the stones ;
Are they not servants at his call,
And sent t' attend his sons ?
- 5 Adders and lions ye shall tread ;
The tempter's wiles defeat :
He that hath broke the serpent's head
Puts him beneath your feet.
- 6 " Because on me they set their love,
" I'll save them (saith the Lord ;)
" I'll bear their joyful souls above
" Destruction and the sword.
- 7 " My grace shall answer when they call,
" In trouble I'll be nigh :
" My power shall help them when they fall,
" And raise them when they die.
- 8 " Those that on earth my name have known,
" I'll honour them in heaven ;
" There my salvation shall be shown,
" And endless life be given."

P S A L M XCII. *First Part.**A Psalm for the Lord's Day*

- 1 **S**WEET is the work, my God, my King,
To praise thy name, give thanks and sing,
To shew thy love by morning light,
And talk of all thy truth at night.
- 2 Sweet is the day of sacred rest,
No mortal care shall seize my breast,
Oh may my heart in tune be found,
Like David's harp of solemn sound.
- 3 My heart shall triumph in my Lord,
And bless his works, and bless his word ;
Thy works of grace how bright they shine !
How deep thy counsels ! how divine !
- 4 Fools never raise their thoughts so high ;
Like brutes they live, like brutes they die ;
Like grass they flourish, 'till thy breath
Blast them in everlasting death.
- 5 But I shall share a glorious part
When grace hath well refin'd my heart,
And fresh supplies of joy are shed
Like holy oil to cheer my head.
- 6 Sin (my worst enemy before)
Shall vex my eyes and ears no more :
My inward foes shall all be slain,
Nor satan break my peace again.
- 7 Then shall I see and hear and know
All I desir'd, or wish'd below ;
And every power find sweet employ
In that eternal world of joy.

P S A L M XCII. *ver. 12, &c. Second Part.**The Church is the Garden of God.*

- 1 **L**ORD, 'tis a pleasant thing to stand
In gardens planted by thine hand ;
Let me within thy courts be seen
Like a young cedar, fresh and green.
- 2 There grow thy saints in faith and love,
Blest with thine influence from above ;

Not *Lebanon* with all its trees
Yields such a comely sight as these.

- 3 The plants of grace shall ever live ;
(Nature decays, but grace must thrive)
Time, that doth all things else impair,
Still makes them flourish strong and fair.
- 4 Laden with fruits of age they shew,
The Lord is holy just and true ;
None that attend his gates shall find
A God unfaithful or unkind.

PSALM XCIII. 1st Metre. As the 100th Psalm.

The Eternal and the Sovereign God.

- 1 **J**EHOVAH reigns : he dwells in light,
Girded with majesty and might :
The world created by his hands
Still on its first foundation stands.

- 2 But ere this spacious world was made
Or had its first foundation laid,
Thy throne eternal ages stood,
Thyself the ever-living God.
- 3 Like floods the angry nations rise,
And aim their rage against the skies,
Vain floods, that aim their rage so high !
At thy rebuke the billows die.
- 4 Forever shall thy throne endure ;
Thy promise stand forever sure ;
And everlasting holiness
Becomes the dwellings of thy grace.

PSALM XCIII. 2d Metre. As the old 50th Psalm.

- 1 **T**HE God of glory reigns, he reigns on high ;
His robes of state are strength and majesty :
This wide creation rose at his command,
Built by his word and 'stablish'd by his hand.
Long stood his throne ere he began creation,
And his own godhead is the firm foundation.
- 2 God is th' eternal King : Thy foes in vain
Raise their rebellions to oppose thy reign ;

In vain the storms, in vain the floods arise,
 And roar, and toss their waves against the skies;
 Foaming at heaven they rage with wild commotion,
 But heaven's high arches scorn the swelling ocean.

- 3 Ye tempests rage no more; ye floods be still,
 And the mad world submissive to his will:
 Built on his truth his church must ever stand;
 Firm are his promises, and strong his hand;
 See his own sons, when they appear before him,
 Bow at his foot-stool, and with fear adore him.

P S A L M XCIII. 3d Metre.

As the old 122d Psalm.

- 1 **T**HE Lord *Jehovah* reigns,
 And royal state maintains,
 His head with awful glories crown'd;
 Array'd in robes of light,
 Begirt with sovereign might,
 And rays of majesty around.
- 2 Upheld by thy commands
 The world securely stands,
 And skies and stars obey thy word;
 Thy throne was fixt on high
 Ere stars adorn'd the sky:
 Eternal is thy kingdom, Lord.
- 3 In vain the noisy croud,
 Like billows fierce and loud,
 Against thine empire rage and roar;
 In vain with angry spite
 The surly nations fight,
 And dash like waves against the shore.
- 4 Let floods and nations rage,
 And all their power engage,
 Let swelling tides assault the sky;
 The terrors of thy frown
 Shall bear their madness down;
 Thy throne forever stands on high.
- 5 Thy promises are true,
 Thy grace is ever new,

There fix'd thy church shall ne'er remove ;
 Thy saints with holy fear
 Shall in thy courts appear,
 And sing thine everlasting love.

Repeat the fourth Stanza to complete the Tune.

P S A L M XCIV. 1, 2, 7—14. *First Part.*

Saints chastised, and Sinners destroyed ; or, Instructive Afflictions.

- 1 **O** God ! to whom revenge belongs,
 Proclaim thy wrath aloud ;
 Let sovereign power redress our wrongs,
 Let justice smite the proud.
- 2 They say, “ *The Lord nor sees nor hears ;*”
 When will the vain be wise ?
 Can he be deaf, who form'd their ears ?
 Or blind, who made their eyes ?
- 3 He knows their impious thoughts are vain,
 And they shall feel his power ;
 His wrath shall pierce their souls with pain
 In some surprising hour.
- 4 But if thy saints deserve rebuke,
 Thou hast a gentler road ;
 Thy providence, thy sacred book
 Shall make them know their God.
- 5 Blest is the man thy hands chastise,
 And to his duty draw ;
 Thy scourges make thy children wise
 When they forget thy law.
- 6 But God will ne'er cast off his saints,
 Nor his own promise break ;
 He pardons his inheritance
 For their Redeemer's sake.

P S A L M XCIV. ver. 16—23. *Second Part.*

God our Support and Comfort ; or Deliverance from Temptation and Persecution.

- 1 **W**HO will arise and plead my right
 Against my numerous foes ?

- While earth and hell their force unite,
And all my hopes oppose.
- 2 Had not the Lord, my rock, my help,
Sustain'd my fainting head ;
My life had now in silence dwelt,
My soul amongst the dead.
- 3 *Alas my sliding feet !* I cry'd,
Thy promise bore me up,
Thy grace stood constant by my side,
And rais'd my sinking hope.
- 4 While multitudes of mournful thoughts,
Within my bosom roll,
Thy boundless love forgives my faults,
Thy comforts cheer my soul.
- 5 Powers of iniquity may rise,
And frame pernicious laws ;
But God my refuge rules the skies,
He will defend my cause.
- 6 Let malice vent her rage aloud,
Let bold blasphemers scoff ;
The Lord our God shall judge the proud,
And cut the sinners off.

P S A L M XCV. Common Metre.

A Psalm before Prayer.

- 1 **S**ING to the Lord, *Jehovah's* name,
And in his strength rejoice ;
When his salvation is our theme,
Exalted be our voice.
- 2 With thanks approach his awful sight,
And psalms of honour sing ;
The Lord's a God of boundless might,
The whole creation's King.
- 3 Let princes hear, let angels know,
How mean their natures seem,
Those gods on high, and gods below,
When once compar'd with him.
- 4 Earth, with its caverns dark and deep,
Lies in his spacious hand ;

He fix'd the seas what bounds to keep,
And where the hills must stand.

- 5 Come, and with humble souls adore,
Come, kneel before his face ;
Oh may the creatures of his power
Be children of his grace !
- 6 Now is the time, he bends his ear,
And waits for your request ;
Come, lest he rouse his wrath, and swear.
“ *Ye shall not see my rest.*”

P S A L M XCV. Short Metre.

A Psalm before Sermon.

- 1 COME, sound his praise abroad,
And hymns of glory sing :
Jehovah is the sovereign God,
The universal King.
- 2 He form'd the deeps unknown ;
He gave the seas their bound ;
The watery worlds are all his own,
And all the solid ground.
- 3 Come, worship, at his throne,
Come, bow before the Lord ;
We are his works, and not our own ;
He form'd us by his word.
- 4 To day attend his voice,
Nor dare provoke his rod ;
Come, like the people of his choice,
And own your gracious God.
- 5 But if your ears refuse
The language of his grace,
And hearts grow hard like stubborn *Jews*
That unbelieving race.
- 6 The Lord, in vengeance drest
Will lift his hand and swear,
“ *You that despise my promis'd rest,
Shall have no portion there.*”

P S A L M XCV. 1, 2, 3, 6—11. Long Metre.
Canaan lost through Unbelief ; or, a Warning to delaying Sinners.

- 1 **C**OME let our voices join to raise
 A sacred song of solemn praise ;
 God is a sovereign King ; rehearse
 His honour in exalted verse.
- 2 Come, let our souls address the Lord,
 Who fram'd our natures with his word,
 He is our shepherd ; we the sheep
 His mercy chose, his pastures keep.
- 3 Come, let us hear his voice to-day,
 The counsels of his love obey,
 Nor let our harden'd hearts renew
 The sins and plagues that *Israel* knew.
- 4 *Israel*, that saw his works of grace
 Yet tempt their Maker to his face ;
 A faithless unbelieving brood,
 That tir'd the patience of their God.
- 5 Thus saith the Lord, "*How false they prove !*
Forget my power, abuse my love ;
Since they despise my rest, I swear,
Their feet shall never enter there."
- 6 [Look back, my soul, with holy dread,
 And view those ancient rebels dead ;
 Attend the offer'd grace to day,
 Nor lose the blessings by delay.
- 7 Seize the kind promise while it waits,
 And march to *Zion's* heavenly gates ;
 Believe, and take the promis'd rest,
 Obey, and be forever blest.]

P S A L M XCVI. 2, 10, &c. Common Metre.
Christ's first and second Coming.

- 1 **S**ING to the Lord, ye distant lands,
 Ye tribes of every tongue ;
 His new discover'd grace demands
 A new and nobler song.
- 2 Say to the nations, *Jesus* reigns,
 God's own almighty Son ;

- His power the sinking world sustains,
And grace surrounds his throne.
- 3 Let heaven proclaim the joyful day,
Joy through the earth be seen;
Let cities shine in bright array,
And fields in cheerful green.
- 4 The joyous earth, the bending skies
His glorious train display;
Ye mountains sink, ye vallies rise,
Prepare the Lord his way.
- 5 Behold he comes; he come to bless
The nations as their God;
To shew the world his righteousness
And send his truth abroad.
- 6 His voice shall raise the slumbering dead,
And bid the world draw near;
But how will guilty nations dread,
To see their Judge appear!

P S A L M XCVII. As the 113th Psalm.
The God of the Gentiles.

- 1 **L**ET all the earth their voices raise,
To sing the choicest psalm of praise,
To sing and bless *Jehovah's* name:
His glory let the heathens know,
His wonders to the nations show,
And all his saving works proclaim.
- 2 The heathens know thy glory, Lord,
The wondering nations read thy word,
But here *Jehovah's* name is known;
Nor shall our worship e'er be paid
To gods which mortal hands have made;
Our maker is our God alone.
- 3 He fram'd the globe, he built the sky,
He made the shining worlds on high,
And reigns complete in glory there;
His beams are majesty and light;
His beauties how divinely bright!
His temple how divinely fair!

- 4 Come the great day, the glorious hour,
When earth shall feel his saving power,
And barbarous nations fear his name ;
Then shall the race of men confess
The beauty of his holiness,
And in his courts his grace proclaim.

P S A L M XCVII. 1—5. *First Part.*

Christ reigning in Heaven, and coming to Judgment.

- 1 **H**E reigns ; the Lord, the Saviour reigns !
Praise him in evangelic strains :
Let the whole earth in songs rejoice,
And distant islands join their voice.
- 2 Deep are his counsels and unknown ;
But grace and truth support his throne ;
Though gloomy clouds his ways surround :
Justice is their eternal ground.
- 3 In robes of judgment, lo, he comes,
Shakes the wide earth and cleaves the tombs,
Before him burns devouring fire,
The mountains melt, the seas retire.
- 4 His enemies with fore dismay,
Fly from the sight, and shun the day ;
Then lift your heads, ye saints, on high,
And sing, for your redemption's nigh.

P S A L M XCVII. 6—9. *Second Part.*

Christ's Incarnation.

- 1 **T**HE Lord is come ; the heavens proclaim
His birth ; the nations learn his name ;
An unknown star directs the road
Of *Eastern* sages to their God.
- 2 All ye bright armies of the skies,
Go, worship where the Saviour lies :
Angels and kings before him bow,
Those gods on high, and gods below.
- 3 Let idols totter to the ground,
And their own worshippers confound :
But Zion shall his glories sing,
And earth confess her sovereign King.

P S A L M XCVII. *Third Part.**Grace and Glory.*

- 1 **T**H' Almighty reigns exalted high
O'er all the earth, o'er all the sky;
Though clouds and darkness veil his feet,
His dwelling is the mercy seat.
- 2 O ye that love his holy name,
Hate every work of sin and shame:
He guards the souls of all his friends,
And from the snares of hell defends.
- 3 Immortal light, and joys unknown,
Are for the saints in darkness sown:
Those glorious seeds shall spring and rise,
And the bright harvest bless our eyes.
- 4 Rejoice, ye righteous, and record
The sacred honours of the Lord;
None but the soul that feels his grace
Can triumph in his holiness.

P S A L M XCVII. 3, 5—7, II. *Com. Mette.**Christ's Incarnation and the last Judgment.*

- 1 **L**ET earth, with every isle and sea
Rejoice, the Saviour reigns:
His word like fire prepares his way,
And mountains melt to plains.
- 2 His presence sinks the proudest hills,
And makes the vallies rise;
The humble soul enjoys his smiles,
The haughty sinner dies.
- 3 The heavens his rightful power proclaim;
The idol gods around
Fill their own worshippers with shame,
And totter to the ground.
- 4 Adoring angels at his birth
Make the Redeemer known;
Thus shall he come to judge the earth,
And angels guard his throne.
- 5 His foes shall tremble at his sight,
And hills and seas retire:

His children take their unknown flight,
And leave the world in fire.

- 6 The seeds of joy and glory sown
For saints in darkness here,
Shall rise and spring in worlds unknown,
And a rich harvest bear.

P S A L M CXVIII. *First Part.*
Praise for the Gospel.

- 1 **T**O our almighty Maker, God,
New honours be address'd ;
His great salvation shines abroad,
And makes the nations blest.
- 2 To Abraham first he spoke the word,
And taught his numerous race ;
The Gentiles own him sovereign Lord,
And learn to trust his grace.
- 3 Let the whole earth his love proclaim
With all their different tongues ;
And spread the honour of his name
In melody and songs.

P S A L M XCVIII. *Second Part.*
The Messiah's Coming and Kingdom.

- 1 **J**OY to the world ; the Lord is come ;
Let earth receive her King :
Let every heart prepare him room,
And heaven and nature sing.
- 2 Joy to the earth, the Saviour reigns ;
Let men their songs employ ;
While fields and floods, rocks, hills and plains,
Repeat the sounding joy.
- 3 No more let sins and sorrows grow,
Nor thorns infect the ground ;
He comes to make his blessings flow,
Far as the curse is found.
- 4 He rules the world with truth and grace,
And makes the nations prove
The glories of his righteousness,
And wonders of his love.

P S A L M XCIX. *First Part.*
Christ's Kingdom and Majesty.

- 1 **T**HE God *Jehovah* reigns,
 Let all the nations fear ;
 Let sinners tremble at his throne,
 And saints be humble there.
- 2 *Jesus* the Saviour reigns,
 Let earth adore its Lord ;
 Bright cherubs his attendants stand,
 Swift to fulfil his word.
- 3 In *Zion* stands his throne,
 His honours are divine,
 His church shall make his wonders known,
 For there his glories shine.
- 4 How holy is his name ?
 How terrible his praise !
 Justice and truth, and judgment join
 In all his works of grace.

P S A L M XCIX. *Second Part.*
A holy God worshipped with Reverence.

- 1 **E**XALT the Lord our God,
 And worship at his feet ;
 His nature is all holiness,
 And mercy is his seat.
- 2 When *Israel* was his church,
 When *Aaron* was his priest,
 When *Moses* cry'd, when *Samuel* pray'd,
 He gave his people rest.
- 3 Oft he forgave their sins ;
 Nor would destroy their race ;
 And oft he made his vengeance known,
 When they abus'd his grace.
- 4 Exalt the Lord our God,
 Whose grace is still the same ;
 Still he's a God of holiness,
 And jealous for his name.

P S A L M C. First Metre. *A plain Translation*
Praise to our Creator.

- 1 **Y**E nations round the earth rejoice.
 Before the Lord, your sovereign King ;
 Serve him with cheerful heart and voice,
 With all your tongues his glory sing.
- 2 The Lord is God ; 'tis he alone
 Doth life and breath, and being give :
 We are his work, and not our own ;
 The sheep that in his pastures live.
- 3 Enter his gates with songs of joy,
 With praises to his courts repair ;
 And make it your divine employ
 To pay your thanks and honours there.
- 4 The Lord is good, the Lord is kind,
 Great is his grace, his mercy sure :
 And the whole race of man shall find
 His truth from age to age endure.

P S A L M C. Second Metre. *A Paraphrase.*

- 1 **B**EFORE Jehovah's awful throne,
 Ye nations, bow with sacred joy :
 Know that the Lord is God alone ;
 He can create, and he destroy.
- 2 His sovereign power without our aid
 Made us of clay, and form'd us men :
 And when like wandering sheep we stray'd,
 He brought us to his fold again.
- 3 We are his people, we his care,
 Our souls, and all our mortal frame :
 What lasting honours shall we rear,
 Almighty Maker, to thy name ?
- 4 We'll croud thy gates with thankful songs,
 High as the heaven, our voices raise
 And earth with her ten thousand tongues,
 Shall fill thy courts with sounding praise.
- 5 Wide as the world is thy command
 Vast as eternity thy love !
 Firm as a rock thy truth must stand,
 When rolling years shall cease to move.

P S A L M CI. Long Metre.

The Magistrate's Psalm.

- 1 **M**ERCY and judgment are my song,
And since they both to thee belong,
My gracious God, my righteous King,
To thee my songs and vows I bring.
- 2 If I am rais'd to bear the sword,
I'll take my counsel from thy word,
Thy justice and thy heavenly grace,
Shall be the pattern of my ways.
- 3 Let wisdom all my actions guide,
And let my God with me reside ;
No wicked thing shall dwell with me,
Which may provoke thy jealousy.
- 4 No sons of slander, rage and strife
Shall be companions of my life ;
The haughty look, the heart of pride
Within my doors shall ne'er abide.
- 5 [I'll search the land and raise the just
To posts of honour, wealth and trust ;
The men that work thy holy will
Shall be my friends and favourite still.]
- 6 In vain shall sinners hope to rise
By flattering or malicious lies :
Nor, while the innocent I guard,
Shall bold offenders e'er be spar'd.
- 7 The impious crew (that factious band)
Shall hide their heads, or quit the land ;
And all that break the public rest,
Where I have power shall be suppress'd.

P S A L M CI. Common Metre.

A Psalm for a Master of a Family.

- 1 **O**F justice and of grace I sing,
And pay my God my vows,
Thy grace and justice, heavenly King,
Teach me to rule my house.
- 2 Now to my tent, O God, repair,
And make thy servant wise :

I'll suffer nothing near me there
That shall offend thine eyes.

3 The man that doth his neighbour wrong
By falsehood or by force,
The scornful eye, the slanderous tongue,
I'll thrust him from my doors.

4 I'll seek the faithful and the just,
And will their help enjoy ;
These are the friends that I shall trust,
The servants I'll employ.

5 The wretch that deals in sly deceit
I'll not endure a night ;
The liar's tongue I ever hate,
And banish from my sight.

6 I'll purge my family around,
And make the wicked flee ;
So shall my house be ever found
A dwelling fit for thee.

P S A L M CII. 1—13, 20, 21. *First Part.*
A Prayer of the afflicted.

1 **H**EAR me, O God, nor hide thy face.
But answer, lest I die :
Hast thou not built a throne of grace,
To hear when sinners cry ?

2 My days are wasted like the smoke
Dissolving in the air ;
My strength is dry'd, my heart is broke,
And sinking in despair.

3 My spirits flag like withering grass
Burnt with excessive heat :
In secret groans my minutes pass,
And I forgot to eat.

4 As on some lonely building's top,
The sparrow tells her moan,
Far from the tents of joy and hope
I sit and grieve alone.

5 My soul is like a wilderness,
Where beasts of midnight howl ;

Where the sad raven finds her place,
And where the screaming owl.

6 Dark dismal thoughts and boding fears
Dwell in my troubled breast ;
While sharp reproaches wound my ears,
Nor give my spirit rest.

7 My cup is mingled with my woes,
And tears are my repast :
My daily bread like ashes grows
Unpleasant to my taste.

8 Sense can afford no real joy
To souls that feel thy frown ;
Lord 'twas thy hand advanc'd me high,
Thy hand hath cast me down.

9 My looks like wither'd leaves appear ;
And life's declining light
Grows faint as evening-shadows are,
That vanish into night.

10 But thou forever art the same,
O my eternal God ;
Ages to come shall know thy name,
And spread thy works abroad.

11 Thou wilt arise, and show thy face,
Nor will my Lord delay,
Beyond th' appointed hour of grace,
That long expected day.

12 He hears his saints, he knows their cry,
And by misterious ways,
Redeems the prisoners, doom'd to die,
And fills their tongues with praise.

P S A L M CII. 13—21. *Second Part.*

Prayer heard, and Zion restored

1 **L**ET Zion, and her sons rejoice,
Behold the promis'd hour :
Her God hath heard her mourning voice,
And comes t' exalt his power.

2 Her dust and ruins that remain,
Are precious in our eyes ;

Those ruins shall be built again,
And all that dust shall rise.

- 3 The Lord will raise Jerusalem,
And stand in glory there ;
Nations shall bow before his name,
And kings attend with fear.
- 4 He sits a sovereign on his throne,
With pity in his eyes :
He hears the dying prisoners groan,
And sees their sighs arise.
- 5 He frees the souls condemn'd to death,
And when his saints complain,
It shan't be said, " That praying breath
" Was ever spent in vain."
- 6 This shall be known when we are dead,
And left on long record ;
That ages yet unborn may read,
And trust, and praise the Lord.

P S A L M CII. 23.—28. *Third Part.*

*Man's mortality, and Christ's eternity ; or, Saints die,
but Christ and the Church live.*

- 1 **I**T is the Lord our Saviour's hand,
Weakens our strength amidst the race ;
Disease and death at his command
Arrest us, and cut short our days.
- 2 Spare us, O Lord, aloud we pray,
Nor let our sun go down at noon ;
Thy years are one eternal day,
And must thy children die so soon ?
- 3 Yet in the midst of death and grief
This thought our sorrow shall assuage ;
" Our Father and our Saviour live ;
" Christ is the same through every age."
- 4 'Twas he this earth's foundation laid ;
Heaven is the building of his hand ;
This earth grows old, these heavens shall fade :
And all be chang'd at his command.
- 5 The starry curtains of the sky
Like garments shall be laid aside :

But still thy throne stands firm and high,
Thy church forever must abide.

- 6 Before thy face thy church shall live ;
And on thy throne thy children reign ;
This dying world shall they survive,
And the dead saints be rais'd again.

P : A L M CIII. 1—7. *First Part.* Long Metre.
Blessing God for his Goodness to Soul and Body,

1 **B**LESS, O my soul, the living God,
Call home thy thoughts that rove abroad,
Let all the powers within me join
In work and worship so divine.

2 Bless, O my soul, the God of grace ;
His favours claim thy highest praise :
Why should the wonders he hath wrought
Be lost in silence, and forgot ?

3 'Tis he, my soul, that sent his Son
To die for crimes which thou hast done :
He owns the ransom, and forgives
The hourly follies of our lives.

4 The vices of the mind he heals,
And cures the pains that nature feels,
Redeems the soul from hell, and saves
Our waiting life from threatening graves.

5 Our youth decay'd his power repairs,
His mercy crowns our growing years :
He fills our store with every good.
And feeds our souls with heavenly food,

6 He sees th' oppressor and th' oppressed,
And often gives the sufferers rest :
But will his justice more display
In the last great rewarding day.

7 [His power he shew'd by Moses' hands,
And gave to Israel his commands ;
But sent his truth and mercy down
To all the nations by his Son.]

8 Let the whole earth his power confess,
Let the whole earth adore his grace ;

The Gentile with the Jew shall join
In work and worship so divine.

P S A L M CIII. *Second Part.* Long Metre.

God's gentle Chastisement; or his tender Mercy, to his People.

- 1 **T**HE Lord, how wondrous are his ways !
How firm his truth ! how large his grace
He takes his mercy for his throne,
And thence he makes his glories known.
- 2 Not half so high his power hath spread
The starry heavens above our head,
As his rich love exceeds our praise,
Exceeds the highest hopes we raise.
- 3 Not half so far hath nature plac'd
The rising morning from the west
As his forgiving grace removes :
The daily guilt of those he loves.
- 4 How slow his awful wrath to rise !
On swifter wings salvation flies ;
And if he lets his anger burn,
How soon his frowns to pity turn !
- 5 Amidst his wrath compassion shines ;
His strokes are lighter than our sins :
And while his rod corrects his saints,
His ear indulges their complaints.
- 6 So fathers their young sons chastise,
With gentle hands and melting eyes :
The children weep beneath the smart,
And move the pity of their heart.

P A U S E.

- 7 The mighty God, the wise and just,
Knows that our frame is feeble dust ;
And will no heavy loads impose
Beyond the strength that he bestows.
- 8 He knows how soon our nature dies,
Blasted by every wind that flies ;
Like grass we spring, and die as soon,
Or morning flowers that fade at noon.

- 9 But his eternal love is sure
To all the saints, and shall endure :
From age to age his truth shall reign,
Nor children's children hope in vain.

P S A L M CIII. *First Part.* Short Metre.
Praise for Spiritual and Temporal Mercies.

- 1 **O**H blefs the Lord, my foul !
Let all within me join,
And aid my tongue to blefs his name,
Whose favours are divine.
- 2 Oh blefs the Lord, my foul ;
Nor let his mercies lie,
Forgotten in unthankfulness ;
And without praises die.
- 3 'Tis he forgives thy sins,
'Tis he relieves thy pain,
'Tis he that heals thy sicknesses,
And makes the young again.
- 4 He crowns thy life with love,
When ransom'd from the grave ;
He that redeem'd my soul from hell
Hath sovereign power to save.
- 5 He fills the poor with good ;
He gives the sufferers rest ;
The Lord hath judgments for the proud,
And justice for th' oppress'd.
- 6 His wondrous works and ways
He made by Moses known ;
But sent the world his truth and grace
By his beloved Son.

P S A L M CIII. 1—18. *Second Part.*
Short Metre.

*Abounding Compassion of God ; or, Mercy in the midst of
Judgment.*

- 1 **M**Y soul, repeat his praise,
Whose mercies are so great ;
Whole anger is so slow to rise,
So ready to abate.

- 2 God will not always chide ;
And when his strokes are felt,
His strokes are fewer than our crimes,
And lighter than our guilt.
- 3 High as the heavens are rais'd
Above the ground we tread,
So far the riches of his grace
Our highest thoughts exceed.
- 4 His power subdues our sins,]
And his forgiving love
Far as the east is from the west,
Doth all our guilt remove.
- 5 The pity of the Lord
To those that fear his name,
Is such as tender parents feel ;
He knows our feeble frame.
- 6 He knows we are but dust,
Scatter'd with every breath :
His anger like a rising wind
Can send us swift to death.
- 7 Our days are as the grass,
Or like the morning flower !
If one sharp blast sweep o'er the field,
It withers in an hour,
- 8 But thy compassions, Lord,
To endless years endure ;
And children's children ever find
Thy words of promise sure.

PSALM CIII. 15—22. *Third Part.* Short Metre.

God's universal Dominion ; or, Angels praise the Lord.

- 1 **T**HE Lord, the sovereign King,
Hath fix'd his throne on high,
O'er all the heavenly world he rules,
And all beneath the sky.
- 2 Ye angels great in might,
And swift to do his will,
Bless ye the Lord, whose voice ye hear,
Whose pleasure ye fulfil.

- 3 Let the bright hosts, who wait
The orders of their King,
And guard his churches when they pray,
Join in the praise they sing,
- 4 While all his wondrous works,
Through his vast kingdom, shew,
Their maker's glory, thou my soul,
Shall sing his graces too.

P S A L M CIV.

The Glory of God in Creation and Providence

- 1 **M**Y soul, thy great Creator praise ;
When cloth'd in his celestial rays,
He in full majesty appears,
And like a robe his glory wears.

*Note, This Psalm may be sung to the Tune of the Old
112th or 127th Psalm, by adding these two Lines to
every Stanza viz.*

- Great is the Lord ; what tongue can frame
An equal honour to his name ?
[Otherwise it must be sung as the 100th Psalm.]
- 2 The heavens are for his curtains spread ;
Th' unfathom'd deep he makes his bed ;
Clouds are his chariot when he flies
On winged storms a-cross the skies.
- 3 Angels, whom his own breath inspires,
His ministers, are flaming fires ;
And swift as thought their armies move
To bear his vengeance or his love.
- 4 The world's foundations by his hand
Are pois'd and shall forever stand :
He binds the ocean in his chain,
Lest it should drown the earth again.
- 5 When earth was cover'd with the flood
Which high above the mountains stood,
He thunder'd and the ocean fled,
Confin'd to its appointed bed.
- 6 The swelling billows know their bound,
And in their channels walk their round ;
Yet thence convey'd by secret veins,
They spring on hills and drench the plains.

- 7 He bids the chryſtal fountains flow,
 And cheer the vallies as they go ;
 There gentle herds their thirſt allay,
 And for the ſtream wild aſſes bray.
- 8 From pleaſant trees which ſhades the brink,
 The lark and linnet light to drink ;
 Their ſongs the lark and linnet raiſe,
 And chide our ſilence in his praiſe.

P A U S E I.

- 9 God from his cloudy ciſtern pours
 On the parch'd earth enriching ſhowers ;
 The grove, the garden, and the field,
 A thouſand joyful bleſſings yield.
- 10 He makes the graſſy food ariſe,
 And gives the cattle large ſupplies ;
 With herbs for man of various power,
 To nourish nature, or to cure.
- 11 What noble fruits the vines produce !
 The olive yields a pleaſing juice ;
 Our hearts are cheer'd with generous wine,
 His gifts proclaim his love divine.
- 12 His bounteous hands our table ſpread,
 He fills our cheerful ſtores with bread ;
 While food our vital ſtrength imparts,
 Let daily praiſe inſpire our hearts.

P A U S E II.

- 13 Behold the ſtately cedar ſtands
 Raiſ'd in the foreſt by his hands ;
 Birds to the boughs for ſhelter fly,
 And build their neſts ſecure on high.
- 14 To craggy hills aſcends the goat ;
 And at the airy mountain's foot ;
 The feeble creatures make their cell ;
 He gives them wiſdom where to dwell.
- 15 He ſets the ſun his circling race,
 Appoints the moon to change her face ;
 And when thick darkneſs veils the day,
 Calls out wild beaſts to hunt their prey.
- 16 Fierce lions lead their young abroad,
 And roaring aſk their meat from God ;

But when the morning beams arise,
The savage beast to covert flies.

1 Then man to daily labour goes ;
The night was made for his repose :
Sleep is thy gift, that sweet relief
From tiresome toil, and wasting grief.

18 How strange thy works ! how great thy skill !
While every land thy riches fill :
Thy wisdom round the world we see,
This spacious earth is full of thee.

19 Nor less thy glories in the deep,
Where fish in millions swim and creep,
With wondrous motions, swift or slow,
Still wandering in the paths below.

20 There ships divide their watery way,
And flocks of scaly monsters play ;
The huge Leviathan resides,
And fearless sports amid the tides.

P A U S E III.

21 Vast are thy works, almighty Lord,
All nature rests upon thy word,
And the whole race of creatures stands,
Waiting their portion from thy hands.

22 While each receives his different food,
Their cheerful looks pronounce it good :
Eagles and bears, and whales and worms
Rejoice and praise in different forms.

23 But when thy face is hid they mourn,
And dying to their dust return ;
Both man and beast their souls resign :
Life, breath and spirit, all are thine.

24 Yet thou canst breathe on dust again,
And fill the world with beasts and men ;
A word of thy creating breath
Repairs the wastes of time and death.

25 His works the wonders of his might,
Are honour'd with his own delight :
How awful are his glorious ways !
The Lord is dreadful in his praise.

- 26 The earth stands trembling at thy stroke,
 And at thy touch the mountains smoke ;
 Yet humble souls may see thy face,
 And tell their wants to sovereign grace.
- 27 In thee my hopes and wishes meet,
 And make my meditations sweet ;
 Thy praises shall my breath employ
 Till it expire in endless joy.
- 28 While haughty sinners die accurs'd,
 Their glory bury'd with their dust,
 I to my God, my heavenly King
 Immortal Hallelujahs sing.

P S A L M CV. Abridged.

God's conduct of Israel, and the Plagues of Egypt.

- 1 **G**IVE thanks to God, invoke his name,
 And tell the world his grace ;
 Sound through the earth his deeds of fame,
 That all may seek his face.
- 2 His covenant which he kept in mind
 For numerous ages past,
 To numerous ages yet behind
 In equal force shall last.
- 3 He sware to Abraham and his seed,
 And made the blessing sure :
 Gentiles the ancient promise read,
 And find his truth endure.
- 4 “ Thy seed shall make all nations blest,
 (Said the Almighty voice)
 “ And Canaan's land shall be their rest,
 “ The type of heavenly joys.
- 5 (How large the grant ! how rich the grace !
 To give them Canaan's land,
 When they were strangers in the place,
 A small and feeble band !
- 6 Like pilgrims through the countries round
 Securely they remov'd :
 And haughty kings that on them frown'd
 Severely he reprov'd.

- 7 " Touch mine anointed, and mine arm
 " Shall soon avenge the wrong :
 " The man that does my prophets harm
 " Shall know their God is strong."

- 8 *Then let the world forbear its rage,
 Nor put the church in fear :
 Israel must live through every age,
 And be th' Almighty's care.*

P A U S E I.

- 9 When Pharaoh dar'd to vex the sains,
 And thus provok'd their God,
 Moses was sent at their complaints,
 Arm'd with his dreadful rod.
- 10 He call'd for darkness : darkness came
 Like an o'erwhelming flood ;
 He turn'd each lake and every stream
 To lakes and streams of blood.
- 11 He gave the sign, and noisome flies
 Through the whole country spread ;
 And frogs in baleful armies rise
 About the monarch's bed.
- 12 Through fields and towns and palaces
 The tenfold vengeance drew ;
 Locusts in swarms devour'd their trees,
 And hail their cattle flew.
- 13 Then by an Angel's midnight stroke
 The flower of *Egypt* dy'd ;
 The strength of every house was broke,
 Their glory and their pride.

- 24 *Now let the world forbear its rage,
 Nor put the church in fear ;
 Israel must live through every age,
 And be th' Almighty's care.*

P A U S E II.

- 15 Thus were the tribes from bondage freed,
 And left the hated ground ;
 Rich with *Egyptian* spoils they fled,
 Nor was one feeble found.
- 16 The Lord himself chose out their way,
 And mark'd their journies right,
 Give them a leading cloud by day,
 A firey guide by night.

17 They thirst ; and waters from the rock
In rich abundance flow,
And following still the course they took
Ran all the desert through.

18 O wondrous stream ! O blessed type
Of ever-flowing grace !
So Christ our rock maintains our life
And aids our wandering race.

19 Thus guarded by th' Almighty hand,
The chosen tribes possess
Canaan the rich, the promis'd land,
And there enjoy'd their rest.

20 *Then let the world forbear its rage,
The church renounce her fear ;
Israel must live through every age,
And be th' Almighty's care.*

P S A L M CVI. 1—5. *First Part.*
Praise to God ; or, Communion with Saints.

1 **T**O God, the great, the ever blest,
Let songs of honour be address'd ;
His mercy firm forever stands ;
Give him the thanks his love demands.

2 Who knows the wonders of thy ways ?
Who shall fulfil thy boundless praise ?
Blest are the souls that fear thee still,
And pay their duty to thy will.

3 Remember what thy mercy did
For *Jacob's* race, thy chosen seed ;
And with the same salvation bless
The meanest suppliant of thy grace.

4 Oh may I see thy tribes rejoice.
And aid their triumphs with my voice !
This is my glory, Lord, to be
Join'd to thy saints, and near to thee.

P S A L M CVI. *Second Part. ver. 7, 8, 12, 14, 43, 48.*

Israel punished and pardoned ; or, God's unchangeable Love.

1 **G**OD of eternal love,
How fickle are our ways !

- And yet how oft did *Israel* prove
Thy constancy of grace !
- 2 They saw thy wonders wrought,
And then thy praise they sung ;
But soon thy works of power forgot,
And murmur'd with their tongue.
- 3 Now they believe his word,
While rocks with rivers flow ;
Now with their lusts provoke the Lord,
And he reduc'd them low.
- 4 Yet when they mourn'd their faults,
He hearken'd to their groans ;
Brought his own covenant to his thoughts,
And call'd them still his sons.
- 5 There names were in his book,
He sav'd them from their foes ;
Oft he chastis'd, but ne'er forsook
The people that he chose.
- 6 Let *Israel* bless the Lord,
Who lov'd their ancient race ;
And christians join the solemn word,
Amen to all the praise.

P S A L M CVII. *First Part.**Israel led to Canaan, and Christians to Heaven.*

- 1 **G**IVE thanks to God, he reigns above,
Kind are his thoughts, his name is love,
His mercy ages past have know,
And ages long to come shall own.
- 2 Let the redeemed of the Lord
The wonders of his grace record ;
Israel, the nation whom he chose,
And rescued from their mighty foes.
- 3 [When God's almighty arm had broke
Their fetters and th' Egyptian yoke,
They trac'd the desert, wandering round
A wild and solitary ground.
- 4 There they could find no leading road,
Nor city for their fix'd abode ;

Nor food, nor fountain to assuage
Their burning thirst, or hunger's rage.]

- 5 In their distress to God they cry'd,
God was their saviour and their guide ;
He led their wandering march around,
And brought their tribes to Canaan's ground.
- 6 Thus when our first release we gain
From sin's old yoke, and satan's chain,
We have this desert world to pass,
A dangerous and a tiresome place.
- 7 He feeds and clothes us all the way,
He guides our footsteps lest we stray,
He guards us with a powerful hand,
And brings us to the heavenly land.
- 8 Oh let the saints with joy record
The truth and goodness of the Lord !
How great his works ! how kind his ways !
Let every tongue pronounce his praise.

P S A L M CVII. *Second Part.*

Corrections for Sin, and release by Prayer.

- 1 **F**ROM age to age exalt his name,
God and his grace are still the same ;
He fills the hungry soul with food,
And feeds the poor with every good.
- 2 But if their hearts rebel and rise
Against the God that rules the skies ;
If they reject his heavenly word,
And slight the counsels of the Lord :
- 3 He'll bring their spirits to the ground,
And no deliverance shall be found ;
Laden with grief they waste their breath
In darkness and the shades of death.
- 4 Then to the Lord they raise their cries,
He makes the dawning light arise,
And scatters all that dismal shade
That hung so heavy round their head.
- 5 He cuts the bars of brass in two,
And lets the smiling prisoners through,
Takes off the load of guilt and grief,
And gives the labouring soul relief.

- 6 Oh may the sons of men record
 The wondrous goodness of the Lord !
 How great his works ! how kind his ways !
 Let every tongue pronounce his praise.

P S A L M CVII. *Third Part.*

*Intemperance punished and pardoned ; or, a Psalm for
 the Glutton and the Drunkard.*

- 1 **V**AIN man on foolish pleasures bent,
 Prepares for his own punishment ;
 What pains, what loathsome maladies
 From luxury and lust arise !
- 2 The drunkard feels his vitals waste ;
 Yet drowns his health to please his taste ;
 'Till all his active powers are lost,
 And fainting life draws near the dust.
- 3 The glutton groans, and loaths to eat,
 His soul abhors delicious meet ;
 Nature with heavy loads oppress'd
 Would yield to death to be releas'd.
- 4 Then how the frighten'd sinners fly
 To God for help with earnest cry !
 He hears their groans, prolongs their breath,
 And saves them from approaching death.
- 5 No med'cines could effect the cure
 So quick, so easy, or so secure :
 The deadly sentence God repeals,
 He sends his sovereign word, and heals.
- 6 Oh may the sons of men record
 The wondrous goodness of the Lord !
 And let their thankful offering prove
 How they adore their Maker's love.

P S A L M CVII. *Fourth Part. Long Metre.*

*Deliverance from Storms and Shipwreck ; or, the Sea-
 men's Song.*

- 1 **W**OULD you behold the works of God,
 His wonders in the world abroad,
 With the bold mariner, survey
 The unknown regions of the sea.

- 2 They leave their native shores behind,
And seize the favour of the wind !
'Till God commands, and tempests rise
That heave the ocean to the skies.
- 3 Now to the heavens they mount amain,
Now sink to dreadful deeps again ;
What strange affrights young sailors feel,
And like a staggering drunkard reel.
- 4 When land is far, and death is nigh,
Lost to all hope, to God they cry :
His mercy hears the loud address,
And sends salvation in distress.
- 5 He bids the winds their wrath assuage,
And stormy tempests cease to rage ;
The gladsome train their fears give o'er,
And hail with joy their native shore.
- 6 Oh may the sons of men record
The wondrous goodness of the Lord !
Let them their private offerings bring,
And in the church his glory sing.

P S A L M CVII. *Fourth Part.* Common Metre.

The Mariner's Psalm.

- 1 **T**HY works of glory, mighty Lord,
That rule the boisterous sea,
The sons of courage shall record,
Who tempt that dangerous way.
- 2 At thy commands the winds arise,
And swell the towering waves !
The men astonish'd mount the skies,
And sink in gaping graves.
- 3 [Again they climb the watery hills,
And plunge in deeps again ;
Each like a tottering drunkard reels,
And finds his courage vain.
- 4 Frighted to hear the tempest roar,
They pant with fluttering breath ;
And hopelest of the distant shore
Expect immediate death.]

- 5 Then to the Lord they raise their cries;
 He hears the loud request,
 And orders silence through the skies,
 And lays the floods to rest.
- 6 Sailors rejoice to lose their fears,
 And see the storms allay'd;
 Now to their eyes the port appears;
 There let their vows be paid.
- 7 'Tis God that brings them safe to land;
 Let stupid mortals know,
 That waves are under his command,
 And all the winds that blow.
- 8 Oh that the sons of men would praise
 The goodness of the Lord!
 And those that see thy wondrous ways
 Thy wondrous love record:

P S A L M CVII. *Last Part.**Colonies planted; or, Nations blest and punished.*

- 1 **W**HEN God, provok'd with daring crimes,
 Scourges the madness of the times,
 He turns their fields to barren sand,
 And dries the rivers from the land.
- 2 His word can raise the springs again,
 And make the wither'd mountains green,
 Send showery blessings from the skies;
 And harvests in the desert rise.
- 3 [Where nothing dwelt but beasts of prey,
 Or men as fierce and wild as they,
 He bids th' oppress'd and poor repair,
 And builds them towns and cities there.
- 4 They sow the fields, and trees they plant,
 Whose yearly fruit supplies their want;
 Their race grows up from fruitful stocks,
 Their wealth increases with their flocks.
- 5 Thus they are blest; but if they sin,
 He lets the heathen nations in,
 A savage crew invades their lands,
 Their princes die by barbarous hands.

- 6 Their captive sons, expos'd to scorn,
Wander unpity'd and forlorn ;
The country lies unfenc'd, untill'd,
And desolation spreads the field.
- 7 Yet if the humbled nations mourns,
Again his dreadful hand he turns :
Again he makes their cities thrive,
And bids the dying churches live.
- 8 The righteous with a joyful sense
Admire the works of providence ;
And tongues of atheists shall no more,
BlaspHEME the God that saints adore.
- 9 How few with pious care record
These wondrous dealings of the Lord !
But wise observers still shall find
The Lord is holy, just and kind.

P S A L M CVIII. Common Metre.

A Song of Praise.

- 1 **A**WAKE, my soul, to sound his praise,
Awake my harp to sing ;
Join all my powers the song to raise,
And morning incense bring.
- 2 Among the people of his care,
And through the nations round ;
Glad songs of praise will I prepare,
And there his name resound.
- 3 Be thou exalted, O my God,
Above the starry train ;
Diffuse thy heavenly grace abroad,
And teach the world thy reign.
- 4 So shall thy chosen sons rejoice,
And throng thy courts above ;
While sinners hear thy pardoning voice,
And taste redeeming love,

P S A L M CIX. ver. 1—5, 31.

Love to Enemies from the Example of Christ.

- 1 **G**OD of my mercy and my praise,
Thy glory is my song ;
Though sinners speak against thy grace
With a blaspheming tongue.

- 2 When in the form of mortal man
Thy Son on earth was found;
With cruel slanders false and vain
They compass'd him round.
- 3 Their mis'ries his compassion move,
Their peace he still pursu'd;
They render hatred for his love,
And evil for his good.
- 4 Their malice rag'd without a cause,
Yet with his dying breath
He pray'd for murderers on his cross,
And blest'd his foes in death.
- 5 Lord, shall thy bright example shine
In vain before my eyes;
Give me a soul a-kin to thine,
To love mine enemies.
- 6 The Lord shall on my side engage,
And in my Saviour's name
I shall defeat their pride and rage,
Who slander and condemn.

P S A L M CX. *First Part* Long Metre.

*Christ exalted, and Multitudes converted; or the Success
of the Gospel.*

- 1 **T**HUS God th' eternal Father spake
To Christ the Son; "Ascend and sit
"At my right hand, 'till I shall make
"Thy foes submissive at thy feet.
- 2 "From Zion shall thy word proceed,
"Thy word, the sceptre in thy hand,
"Shall make the hearts of rebels bleed,
"And bow their wills to thy command.
- 3 "That day shall shew thy power is great,
"When saints shall flock with willing minds,
And sinners croud thy temple-gate,
"Where holiness in beauty shines."
- 4 O blessed power! O glorious day!
What a large vict'ry shall ensue!
And converts, who thy grace obey,
Exceed the drops of morning dew.

P S A L M CX. *Second Part. Long Metre.*
The Kingdom and Priesthood of Christ.

- 1 **T**HUS the great Lord of earth and sea
 Spake to his Son, and thus he swore ;
 " Eternal shall thy priesthood be,
 " And change from hand to hand no more.
- 2 " Aaron, and all his sons must die :
 " But everlasting life is thine,
 " To save forever those that fly
 " For refuge from the wrath divine.
- 3 " By me Melchisedec was made
 " On earth a king and priest at once ;
 " And thou, my heavenly priest shalt plead,
 " And thou my king shalt rule my sons."
- 4 Jesus the priest ascends his throne,
 While counsels of eternal peace,
 Between the father and the son,
 Proceed with honour and success.
- 5 Through the whole earth his reign shall spread,
 And crush the powers that dare rebel :
 Then shall he judge the rising dead,
 And send the guilty world to hell.
- 6 Though while he treads his glorious way,
 He drinks the cup of threats and blood,
 The sufferings of that dreadful day
 Shall but advance him near to God.

P S A L M CX. *Common Metre.*

Christ's Kingdom and Priesthood.

- 1 **J**ESUS, our Lord, ascend thy throne,
 And near thy Father sit ;
 In Zion shall thy power be known,
 And make thy foes submit.
- 2 What wonders shall thy gospel do ?
 Thy converts shall surpass
 The numerous drops of morning dew,
 And own thy sovereign grace.
- 3 God hath pronounc'd a firm decree,
 Nor changes what he swore ;

- “ Eternal shall thy priesthood be,
 “ When Aaron is no more,
 4 “ Melchisedec, that wondrous priest,
 “ That king of high degree,
 “ That holy man who Abraham blest
 “ Was but a type of thee.”
 5 Jesus our priest forever lives
 To plead for us above ;
 Jesus our King forever gives
 The blessings of his love.
 6 God shall exalt his glorious head,
 And his high throne maintain,
 Shall strike the powers and princes dead,
 Who dare oppose his reign.

P S A L M CXI. *First Part.*
The Wisdom of God in his Works.

- 2 **S**ONGS of immortal praise belong
 To my almighty God ;
 He has my heart and he my tongue
 To spread his name abroad.
 2 How great the works his hand has wrought !
 How glorious in our sight !
 And men in every age have sought
 His wonders with delight.
 3 How fair and beauteous nature's frame !
 How wise th' eternal mind !
 His counsels never change the scheme
 That his first thoughts design'd.
 4 When he redeem'd his chosen sons,
 He fix'd his covenant sure :
 The orders that his lips pronounce
 To endless years endure.
 5 Nature and time, and earth and skies,
 Thy heavenly skill proclaim ;
 What shall we do to make us wise,
 But learn to read thy name ?
 6 To fear thy power, to trust thy grace,
 Is our divinest skill !

And he's the wisest of our race
That best obeys thy will.

P S A L M CXI. *Second Part.*

The Perfections of God.

- 1 **G**REAT is the Lord ; his works of might
Demand our noblest songs ;
Let his assembled saints unite
Their harmony of tongues.
- 2 Great is the mercy of the Lord,
He gives his children food ;
And ever mindful of his word,
He makes his promise good.
- 3 His Son, the great Redeemer, came
To seal his covenant sure :
Holy and reverend is his name,
His ways are just and pure.
- 4 They that would grow divinely wise,
Must with his fear begin ;
Our fairest proof of knowledge lies
In hating every sin.

P S A L M CXII. *As the 113th Psalm.*

The Blessings of the liberal Man.

- 1 **T**HAT man is blest who stands in awe
Of God, and loves his sacred law :
His seed on earth shall be renown'd ;
His house the seat of wealth shall be,
An unexhausted treasury,
And with successive honours crown'd.
- 2 His liberal favours he extends,
To some he gives, to others lends :
A geuerous pity fills his mind :
Yet what his charity impairs,
He saves by prudence in affairs,
And thus he's just to all mankind.
- 3 His hands, while they his alms bestow'd,
His glory's future harvest sow'd,
The sweet remembrance of the just,
Like a green root revives and bears.

A train of blessings for his heirs,
When dying nature sleep in dust.

- 4 Beset with threatening dangers round,
Unmov'd shall he maintain his ground ;
His conscience holds his courage up ;
The soul that's fill'd with virtue's light,
Shines brightest in affliction's night :
And sees in darkness beams of grace.

P A U S E.

- 5 [Ill tidings never can surprise
His heart that fix'd on God relies,
Though waves and tempests roar around :
Safe on a rock he sits, and sees
The shipwreck of his enemies,
And all their hope and glory drown'd.
- 6 The wicked shall his triumph see,
And gnash their teeth in agony,
To find their expectations cross'd :
They and their envy, pride and spite,
Sink down to everlasting night,
And all their names in darkness lost.

P S A L M CXII. Long Metre.

The Blessings of the Pious and Charitable.

- 1 **T**HREE happy man who fears the Lord,
Loves his command, and trusts his word ;
Honour and peace his days attend,
And blessings to his seed descend.
- 2 Compassion dwells upon his mind,
To works of mercy still inclin'd :
He lends the poor some present aid,
Or gives them, not to be repaid.
- 3 When times grow dark, and tidings spread
That fill his neighbours round with dread,
His heart is armed against the fear,
For God with all his power is there.
- 4 His spirit fix'd upon the Lord
Draws heavenly courage from his word ;
Amidst the darkness light shall rise,
To cheer his heart and bless his eyes,

- 5 He hath dispers'd his alms abroad,
His works are still before his God;
His name on earth shall long remain,
While envious sinners rage in vain.

P S A L M CXII. Common Metre.
Liberality rewarded.

- 3 **H**APPY is he that fears the Lord,
And follows his commands,
Who lends the poor without reward.
Or gives with liberal hands
- 2 As pity dwells within his breast
To all the sons of need;
So God shall answer his request
With blessings on his seed.
- 3 No evil tidings shall surprise
His well-establish'd mind!
His soul to God, his refuge flies,
And leaves his fears behind.
- 4 In times of danger and distress
Some beams of light shall shine,
To shew the world his righteousness,
And give him peace divine.
- 5 His works of piety and love
Remain before the Lord;
Honour on earth and joys above,
Shall be his sure reward.

P S A L M CXIII. Proper Tune;
The Majesty and Condescension of God.

- 3 **Y**E that delight to serve the Lord,
The honours of his name record;
His sacred name forever bless:
Where'er the circling sun displays
His rising beams or setting rays,
Let lands and seas his power confess.
- 2 Not time, nor nature's narrow rounds,
Can give his vast dominion bounds;
The heavens are far below his height;
Let no created greatness dare
With our eternal God compare,
Arm'd with his uncreated might..

- 3 He bows his glorious head to view
 What the bright hosts of angels do,
 And bends his care to mortal things ;
 His sovereign hand exalts the poor,
 He takes the needy from the door,
 And seats them on the throne of kings ;
- 4 When childless families despair,
 He sends the blessings of an heir,
 To rescue their expiring name ;
 The mother with a thankful voice
 Proclaims his praises and her joys ;
 Let every age advance his praise.

P S A L M CXIII. Long Metre.

God sovereign and gracious

- 1 **Y**E servants of th' almighty King,
 In every age his praises sing ;
 Where e'er the sun shall rise or set,
 The nations shall his praise repeat.
- 2 Above the earth, beyond the sky
 His throne of glory stands on high ;
 Nor time nor place his power restrain,
 Nor bound his universal reign.
- 3 Which of the sons of Adam dare,
 Or angels with their God compare ?
 His glories how divinely bright !
 Who dwells in uncreated light.
- 4 Behold his love, he stoops to view
 What saints above the angels do ;
 And condescends yet more to know
 The mean affairs of men below.
- 5 From dust and cottages obscure
 His grace exalts the humble poor !
 Gives them the honour of his sons,
 And fits them for their heavenly thrones.
- 6 [A word of his creating voice
 Can make the barren house rejoice ;
 Tho' Sarah's ninety years were past,
 The promis'd seed is born at last.
- 7 With joy the mother views her son,
 And tells the wonders God has done ;

Faith may grow strong when sense despaire :
If nature fails the promise bears.

P S A L M CXIV.

Miracles attending Israel's Journey.

- 1 **W**HEN Israel, freed from Pharaoh's hand,
Left the proud tyrant and his land,
The tribes with cheerful homage own
Their king, and Judah was his throne.
- 2 A-cross the deep their journey lay ;
The deep divides to make them way ;
Jordan beheld their march, and fled
With backward current to his head.
- 3 The mountains shook like frightened sheep,
Like lambs the little hillocks leap :
Not Sinai on her base could stand,
Conscious of sovereign power at hand.
- 4 What power could make the deep divide ?
Make Jordan backward roll his tide ?
Why did ye leap, ye little hills ?
And whence the dread that Sinai feels ?
- 5 Let every mountain, every flood
Retire and know th' approaching God,
The King of Israel : see him here ;
Tremble thou earth, adore and fear.
- 6 He thunders, and all nature mourns,
The rock to standing pools he turns ;
Flints spring with fountains at his word,
And fires and seas confess the Lord.

P S A L M CXV. First Metre.

The true God our Refuge ; or, Idolatry reprov'd.

- 1 **N**OT to ourselves, who are but dust,
Not to ourselves is glory due,
Eternal God, thou only just,
Thou only gracious, wise and true.
- 2 Display to earth thy dreadful name ;
Why should a heathen's haughty tongue
Insult us, and to raise our shame,
Say, *Where's the God you've serv'd so long ?*
- 3 The God we serve maintains his throne,
Above the clouds, beyond the skies ;

Through all the earth his will is done,
He knows our groans, he hears our cries.

- 4 But the vain idols they adore
Are senseless shapes of stone and wood :
At best a mass of glittering ore,
A silver faint, and golden god.
- 5 [With eyes and ears, they carve the head
Deaf are their ears, their eyes are blind ;
In vain are costly offerings made,
And vows are scatter'd in the wind.
- 6 Their feet were never made to move,
Nor hands to save when mortals pray ;
Mortals that pay them fear or love,
Seem to be blind and deaf as they.]
- 7 Oh Israel, make the Lord thy hope,
Thy help, thy refuge, and thy rest ;
The Lord shall build thy ruins up,
And bless the people and the priest.
- 8 The dead no more can speak thy praise,
They dwell in silence in the grave ;
But we shall live to sing thy grace,
And tell the world thy power to save.

P S A L M CXV. Second Metre.

As the new Tune of the 50th Psalm.

Idolatry reprov'd.

- 1 **N**OT to our names, thou only just and true
Not to our worthy names is glory due :
Thy power and grace, thy truth and justice claim
Immortal honours to thy sovereign name ;
Shine thro' the earth from heaven thy blest abode,
Nor let the heathen say, *And where's your God.*
- 2 Heaven is thine higher court there stands thy throne
And through the lower worlds thy will is done :
God fram'd this earth, the starry heavens he spread,
But fools adore the gods their hands have made ;
The kneeling croud, with looks devout behold
Their silver saviours, and their saints of gold.
- 3 [Vain are those artful shapes of eyes and ears
The molten image neither sees nor hears ;

- Their hands are helpless, nor their feet can move,
 They have no speech, nor thought, nor power, nor love
 Yet sottish mortals make their long complaints
 To their deaf idols, and their moveless saints.
- 4 The rich have statutes well adorn'd with gold ;
 The poor content with gods of coarser mould,
 With tools of iron carve the senseless stock
 Lopt from a tree, or broken from a rock :
 People and priests drive on the solemn trade,
 And trust the gods that saws and hammers made.
- 5 Be heaven and earth amaz'd ! 'Tis hard to say
 Which are more stupid, or their gods, or they :
 O Israel trust the Lord : He hears and sees,
 He knows thy sorrows and restores thy peace :
 His worship does a thousand comforts yield,
 He is thy help, and he thine heavenly shield.
- 6 In God we trust ; our impious foes in vain
 Attempt our ruin and oppose his reign ;
 Had they prevail'd darkness had clos'd our days,
 And death and silence had forbid his praise :
 But we are sav'd, and live : Let songs arise,
 And Zion bless the God that built the skies.

P S A L M CXVI. *First Part.**Recovery from Sickness.*

- 1 **I** Love the Lord : He heard my cries,
 And pity'd every groan,
 Long as I live, when troubles rise.
 I'll hasten to his throne.
- 2 I love the Lord : He bow'd his ear,
 And chas'd my griefs away :
 Oh let my heart no more despair,
 When I have breath to pray !
- 3 My flesh declin'd my spirits fell,
 And I drew near the dead,
 While inward pangs and fears of hell
 Perplex'd my wakeful head.
- 4 " My God, I cry'd, thy servant save.
 " Thou ever good and just :
 " Thy power can rescue from the grave,
 " Thy power is all my trust."

- 5 The Lord beheld me sore distressed,
He bade my pains remove :
Return, my soul, to God my rest,
For thou hast known his love.
- 6 My God hath sav'd my soul from death,
And dry'd my falling tears :
Now to his praise I'll spend my breath,
And my remaining years.

P S A L M CXVI. 12. &c. *Second Part.*

Thanks for private Deliverance.

- 1 **W**HAT shall I render to my God
For all his kindness shown ?
My feet shall visit thine abode,
My songs address thy throne.
- 2 Among the saints that fill thine house
My offerings shall be paid ;
There shall my zeal perform my vows,
My soul in anguish made.
- 3 How much is mercy thy delight,
Thou ever-blessed God !
How dear thy servants in thy sight ?
How precious is their blood ?
- 4 How happy all thy servants are !
How great thy grace to me !
My life which thou hast made thy care,
Lord, I devote to thee.
- 5 Now I am thine, forever thine,
Nor shall my purpose move ;
Thy hand has loos'd my bonds of pain,
And bound me with thy love.
- 6 Here in thy courts I leave my vow,
And thy rich grace record :
Witness, ye saints, who hear me now,
If I forsake the Lord.

P S A L M CXVII. Common Metre.

Praise to God from all Nations.

- 1 **O** All ye nations, praise the Lord,
Each with a different tongue ;

In every language learn his word,
And let his name be sung,

- 2 His mercy reigns thro' every land :
Proclaim his grace abroad ;
Forever firm his truth shall stand ;
Praise ye the faithful God.

P S A L M CXVII. Long Metre.

- 1 **F**ROM all that dwell below the skies
Let the Creator's praise arise :
Let the Redeemer's name be sung
Thro' every land, by every tongue.

- 2 Eternal are thy mercies, Lord ;
Eternal, truth attends thy word ;
Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore,
Till suns shall rise and set no more.

P S A L M CXVII. Short Metre.

- 1 **T**HY name, almighty Lord,
Shall sound through distant lands :
Great is thy grace, and sure thy word :
Thy truth forever stands.

- 2 Far be thine honor spread,
And long thy praise endure,
Till morning light and evening shade
Shall be exchang'd no more.

P S A L M CXVIII. *First Part.* Ver. 6—15.

Deliverance from a Tumult.

- 1 **T**HE Lord appears my helper now,
Nor is my faith afraid
What all the sons of earth can do,
Since heaven affords its aid.

- 2 'Tis safer, Lord, to hope in thee,
And have my God my friend,
Than trust in men of high degree,
And on their truth depend.

- 3 'Tis thro' the Lord my heart is strong,
In him my lips rejoice ;
While his salvation is my song,
How cheerful is my voice !

- 4 Like angry bees they girt me round ;
 When God appears they fly ;
 So burning thorns with crackling sound
 Make a fierce blaze, and die.
- 5 Joy to the saints and peace belongs ;
 The Lord protects their days :
 Let Israel tune immortal songs
 To his Almighty grace.

P S A L M CXVIII. *Second Part. Ver. 17—23.*
Public Praise for Deliverance from Death.

- 1 **L**ORD, thou hast heard thy servant cry.
 And rescu'd from the grave ;
 Now shall he live : (and none can die,
 If God resolve to save.)
- 2 Thy praise more constant than before,
 Shall fill his daily breath ;
 Thy hand that hath chastis'd him sore
 Defends him still from death.
- 3 Open the gate of Zion now,
 For we shall worship there,
 The house where all the righteous go
 Thy mercy to declare.
- 4 Among th' assemblies of thy saints
 Our thankful voice we raise ;
 There we have told thee our complaints,
 And there we speak thy praise.

P S A L M CXVIII. *Third Part. Ver. 21, 23.*
Christ the foundation of the Church.

- 1 **B**EHOLD the sure foundation stone
 Which God in Zion lays,
 To build our heavenly hopes upon,
 And his eternal praise.
- 2 Chosen of God, to sinners dear,
 And saints adore the name,
 They trust their whole salvation here,
 Nor shall they suffer shame.
- 3 The foolish builders scribe and priest,
 Reject it with disdain ;

Firm on this rock the church shall rest,
And envy rage in vain.

- 4 What tho' the gates of hell withstood ?
Yet must this building rise :
'Tis thy own work, Almighty God,
And wondrous in our eyes.

P S A L M CXVIII. *Fourth Part.* Ver. 24, 25, 26.

*Hosannah ; the Lord's day ; or, Christ's Resurrection,
and our Salvation.*

- 1 **T**HIS is the day the Lord hath made,
He calls the hours his own ;
Let heaven rejoice, let earth be glad,
And praise surround the throne.

- 2 To day he rose and left the dead ;
And Satan's empire fell ;
To day the saints his triumph spread,
And all his wonders tell.

- 3 *Hosannah* to th' anointed king,
To David's holy son,
Help us, O Lord ; descend and bring
Salvation from thy throne.

- 4 Blest is the Lord, who comes to men
With messages of grace :
Who comes in God his father's name,
To save our sinful race.

- 5 *Hosannah* in the highest strains
The church on earth can raise ;
The highest heavens, in which he reigns,
Shall give him nobler praise.

P S A L M CXVIII Ver. 12—27. Short Metre.

*An Hosannah for the Lord's-Day ; or, a new song of
Salvation by Christ.*

- 1 **S**EE what a living stone
The builders did refuse ;
Yet God hath built his church thereon
In spite of envious Jews.
- 2 The scribe and angry priest
Reject thine only Son ;

Yet on this rock shall Zion rest,
As the chief corner-stone.

- 3 The work, O Lord, is thine,
And wondrous in our eyes :
This day declares it all divine,
This day did Jesus rise.
- 4 This is the glorious day
That our Redeemer made ;
Let us rejoice and sing, and pray,
Let all the church be glad.
- 5 *Hosannah* to the king
Of David's royal blood :
Bless him, ye saints, he comes to bring
Salvation from your God.
- 6 We bless thine holy word
Which all this grace displays ;
And offer on thine altar, Lord,
Our sacrifice of praise.

P S A L M CXVIII. 22—27. Long Metre.

*An Hosannah for the Lord's-Day ; or, a new song of
Salvation by Christ.*

- 1 **L**O ! what a glorious corner-stone
The Jewish builders did refuse :
But God hath built his church thereon,
In spite of envy and the Jews.
- 2 Great God, the work is all divine,
The joy and wonder of our eyes ;
This is the day that proves it thine,
The day that saw our Saviour rise.
- 3 Sinners rejoice, and saints be glad ;
Hosannah, let his name be blest ;
A thousand honours on his head,
With peace and light and glory rest !
- 4 In God's own name he comes to bring
Salvation to our dying race ;
Let the whole church address thier king
With hearts of joy, and songs of praise.

P S A L M CXIX.

*[I have collected and disposed the most useful Verses of
this Psalm under eighteen different Heads and formed a*

Divine Song upon each of them. But the Verses are much transposed to attain some Degree of Connection.

In some places, among the words Law, Commands, Judgments, Testimonies, I have used Gospel, Word, Grace, Truth, Promise, &c. as more agreeable to the New Testament, and the common Language of Christians, and it equally answers the Design of the Psalmist, which was to recommend the holy Scriptures.

P S A L M CXIX. First Part.

The blessedness of Saints, and misery of Sinners.

V. 1, 2, 3.

- 1 **B**LEST are the undefil'd in heart.
Whose ways are right and clean ;
Who never from thy law depart,
But fly from every sin.
- 2 Blest are the men that keep thy word,
And practise thy commands ;
With their whole heart they seek the Lord
And serve thee with their hands.

Ver. 165.

- 3 Great is their peace who love thy law ;
How firm their souls abide ;
Nor can a bold temptation draw
Their steady feet aside.

Ver. 21, 118.

- 4 Then shall my heart have inward joy,
And keep my face from shame,
When all thy statutes I obey
And honour all thy name.
- 5 But haughty sinners God will hate,
The proud shall die accurst ;
The sons of falshood and deceit
Are troden to the dust.

Ver 119, 153.

- 6 Vile as the dross the wicked are ;
And those that leave thy ways
Shall see salvation from afar,
But never taste thy grace.

P S A L M CXIX. *Second Part.*

*Secret Devotion and Spiritual Mindedness ; or Constant
Converse with God.*

Ver. 147, 55.

- 1 **T**O thee, before the dawning light,
My gracious God, I pray ;
I meditate thy name by night,
And keep thy law by day.

Ver. 81.

- 2 My spirit faints to see thy grace,
Thy promise bears me up ;
And while salvation long delays,
Thy word supports my hope.

Ver. 164.

- 3 Seven times a day I lift my hands,
And pay my thanks to thee,
Thy righteous providence demands
Repeated praise from me.

Ver. 62.

- 4 When midnight darkness veils the skies
I call thy works to mind ;
My thoughts in warm devotion rise,
And sweet acceptance find.

P S A L M CXIX. *Third Part.*
Profession of Sincerity, Repentance, and Obedience.

Ver. 57, 50.

- 1 **T**HOU art my portion, O my God :
Soon as I know thy way.
My heart makes haste t' obey thy word,
And suffers no delay.

Ver. 27, 90.

- 2 I chose the path of heavenly truth,
And glory in my choice :
Not all the riches of the earth
Could make me so rejoice.

- 3 The testimonies of thy grace
I set before my eyes :
Thence I derive my daily strength,
And there my comfort lies.

Ver. 59.

- 4 If once I wander from the path,
I think upon my ways,

Then turn my feet to thy commands,
And trust thy pardoning grace.

Ver. 94, 112.

- 5 Now I am thine, forever thine,
Oh save thy servant Lord,
Thou art my shield, my hiding-place,
My hope is in thy word.

Ver. 112.

- 6 Thou hast inclin'd this heart of mine
Thy statutes to fulfil ;
And thus till mortal life shall end
Would I perform thy will.

P S A L M CXIX. *Fourth Part.*

Instruction from Scripture.

- 1 **H**OW shall the young secure their hearts,
And guard their lives from sin ?
Thy word the choicest rules imparts
To keep the conscience clean.

Ver. 130.

- 2 When once it enters to the mind,
It spreads such light abroad,
The meanest souls instruction find,
And raise their thoughts to God.

Ver. 105.

- 3 'Tis like the sun, a heavenly light,
That guides us all the day ;
And through the dangers of the night,
A lamp to lead our way.

Ver. 99, 100.

- 4 The men that keep thy law with care,
And meditate thy word,
Grow wiser than their teachers are,
And better know the Lord.

Ver. 104, 113.

- 5 Thy precepts make me truly wise ;
I hate the sinner's road :
I hate my own vain thoughts that rise,
But love thy law, my God.

Ver. 19, 90, 91.

- 6 [The starry heavens thy rule obey,
The earth maintains her place ;

And these thy servants night and day
Thy skill and power express.

- 7 But still thy law, and gospel, Lord,
Have lessons more divine :
Not earth stands firmer than thy word,
Nor stars so nobly shine.]

Ver. 190, 140, 9, 119.

- 8 Thy word is everlasting truth,
How pure is every page !
That holy book shall guide our youth,
And well support our age.

P S A L M CXIX. *Fifth Part.*

*Delight in Scripture ; or, the Word of God dwelling
in us.*

Ver. 97.

- 1 **O**H how I love thy holy law
'Tis daily my delight ;
And thence my meditations draw
Divine advice by night..

Ver. 148.

- 2 My waking eyes prevent the day
To meditate thy word :
My soul with longing melts away
To hear thy gospel, Lord.

Ver. 3, 13, 44.

- 3 Thy heavenly words my heart engage,
And well employ my tongue,
And in my tiresome pilgrimage
Yield me a heavenly song.

Ver. 19, 103.

- 4 Am I a stranger, or at home,
'Tis my perpetual feast ;
Not honey dropping from the comb
So much allures the take.

Ver. 72, 127.

- 5 No treasures so enrich the mind ;
Nor shall thy word be sold
For loads of silver well refin'd,
Nor heaps of choicest gold.

Ver. 28, 49, 175.

- 6 When nature sinks, and spirits droop,
Thy promises of grace

Are pillars to support my hope,
And there I write thy praise.

P S A L M CXIX. *Sixth Part.*
Holiness and Comfort from the Word.

Ver. 128.

- 1 **L**ORD, I esteem thy judgments right
And all thy statutes just ;
Thence I maintain a constant fight
With every flattering lust.

Ver. 97, 9.

- 2 Thy precepts often I survey ;
I keep thy law in sight
Through all the business of the day,
To form my actions right.

Ver. 61.

- 3 My heart in midnight silence cries,
“ How sweet thy comforts be ;”
My thoughts in holy wonder rise,
And bring their thanks to thee.

Ver. 162.

- 4 And when my spirit drinks her fill,
At some good word of thine,
Not mighty men that share the spoil,
Have joys compar'd to mine.

P S A L M CXIX. *Seventh Part.*

Imperfection of Nature, and Perfection of Scripture.

Ver. 96. Paraphrased.

- 1 **L**ET all the heathen writers join
To form one perfect book,
Great God, if once compar'd with thine,
How mean their writings look.

- 2 Not the most perfect rules they gave
Could shew one sin forgiven ;
Nor lead a step beyond the grave,
But thine conduct to heaven.

- 3 I've seen an end to what we call
Perfection here below ;
How short the powers of nature fall,
And can no father go.

- 4 Yet man would fain be just with God,
By works their hands have wrought :

But thy commands, exceeding broad,
Extend to every thought.

- 5 In vain we boast perfection here,
While sin defiles our frame ;
And sinks our virtues down so far,
They scarce deserve the name.
- 6 Our faith, and love, and every grace
Fall far below thy word ;
But perfect truth and righteousness
Dwell only with the Lord.

P S A L M CXIX. *Eighth Part.*

Excellency and Variety of Scripture,

Ver. 111 Paraphrased.

- 1 **L**ORD I have made thy word my choice,
My lasting heritage ;
There shall my noblest powers rejoice,
My warmest thoughts engage.

- 2 I'll read the histories of thy love,
And keep thy laws in sight,
While through the promises I rove,
With ever-fresh delight.

- 3 'Tis a broad land of wealth unknown,
Where springs of life arise ;
Seeds of immortal bliss are sown,
And hidden glory lies.

- 4 The best relief that mourners have,
It makes our sorrows blest ;
Our fairest hope beyond the grave,
And our eternal rest.

P S A L M CXIX. *Ninth Part.*

Desire of Knowledge.

Ver. 64, 68, 18.

- 1 **T**HY mercies fill the earth, O Lord,
How good thy works appear !
Open my eyes to read thy word,
And see thy wonders there.

Ver. 73, 125.

- 2 My heart was fashion'd by thy hand,
My service is thy due,

Oh make thy servant understand
The duties I must do.

- 3 Since I'm a stranger here below,
Let not thy path be hid,
But mark the road my feet should go,
And be my constant guide.

Ver. 26.

- 4 When I confess'd my wandering ways,
Thou heardst my soul complain ;
Grant me the teachings of thy grace,
Or I shall stray again.

Ver. 33, 34.

- 5 If God to me his statutes shew,
And heavenly truth impart,
His work forever I'll pursue,
His law shall rule my heart.

Ver. 50, 71.

- 6 This was my comfort when I bore
Variety of grief ;
It made me learn thy word the more,
And fly to that relief.

Ver. 51.

- 7 [In vain the proud deride me now ;
I'll ne'er forget thy law,
Nor let that blessed gospel go
Whence all my hopes I draw.

Ver. 27, 171.

- 8 When I have learn'd my Father's will,
I'll teach the world his ways ;
My thankful lips inspir'd with zeal,
Shall sing aloud his praise.]

P S A L M CXIX. *Tenth Part.*

Pleading the Promises.

Ver. 38, 49.

- 1 **B**EHOLD thy waiting servant, Lord,
Devoted to thy fear ;
Remember and confirm thy word,
For all my hopes are there.

Ver. 41, 58, 107.

- 2 Hast thou not sent salvation down,
And promis'd quickening grace ?
Doth not my heart address thy throne ?
And yet thy love delays.

Ver. 123, 42.

- 3 Mine eyes for thy salvation fail ;
 Oh bear thy servant up ;
 Nor let the scoffing lips prevail,
 Who dare reprove my hope.

Ver. 49, 74.

- 4 Didst thou not raise my faith, O Lord ?
 Then let thy truth appear :
 Saints shall rejoice in my reward,
 And trust as well as fear.

P S A L M CXIX. *Eleventh Part.*
Breathing after Holiness.

- 1 **O**H that the Lord would guide my ways
 To keep his statutes still !
 Oh that my God would grant me grace
 To know and do his will !

Ver. 29.

- 2 Oh send thy Spirit down to write
 Thy law upon my heart,
 Nor let my tongue indulge deceit,
 Nor act the liar's part.

Ver. 37, 36.

- 3 From vanity turn off my eyes ;
 Let no corrupt design
 Nor covetous desires arise
 Within this soul of mine.

Ver. 233.

- 4 Order my footsteps by thy word,
 And make my heart sincere ;
 Let sin have no dominion, Lord,
 But keep my conscience clear.

Ver. 176.

- 5 My soul hath gone too far astray,
 My feet too often slip ;
 Yet since I've not forgot thy way,
 Restore thy wandering sheep.

- 6 Make me to walk in thy commands,
 'Tis a delightful road ;
 Nor let my head, or heart, or hands,
 Offend against my God.

P S A L M CXIX. *Twelfth Part.*
Breathing after Comfort and Deliverance.

Ver. 153.

- 1 **M**Y God, consider my distress,
 Let mercy plead my cause ;
 Though I have sinn'd against thy grace,
 I ne'er forget thy laws.

Ver. 89, 116.

- 2 Forbid, forbid the sharp reproach,
 Which I so justly fear ;
 Uphold my life, uphold my hopes,
 Nor let my shame appear.

Ver. 122, 135.

- 3 Be thou a surety, Lord, for me,
 Nor let the proud oppress ;
 But make thy waiting servant see
 The shinings of thy face.

Ver. 81.

- 4 My eyes with expectation fail ;
 My heart within me cries,
 " When will the Lord his truth fulfil,
 " And bid my comforts rise ?"

Ver. 132.

- 5 Look down upon my sorrows, Lord,
 And show thy grace the same ;
 Thy tender mercies will afford
 To those that love thy name.

P S A L M CXIX. *Thirteenth Part.*
Holy Fear and Tenderness of Conscience.

Ver. 10.

- 1 **W**ITH my whole heart I've sought thy face,
 Oh let me never stray
 From thy commands. O God of grace,
 Nor read the sinner's way.

Ver. 71.

- 2 Thy word I've hid within my heart,
 To keep my conscience clean,
 And be an everlasting guard
 From every sinning sin.

Ver. 63, 83, 158.

- 3 I'm a companion of the saints,
 Who fear and love the Lord ;

My sorrows rise, my nature faints,
When men transgress thy word.

Ver. 161, 163.

- 4 While sinners do thy gospel wrong,
My spirit stands in awe ;
My soul abhors a lying tongue,
But loves thy righteous law.

Ver. 161, 120.

- 5 My heart with sacred reverence hears
The threatenings of thy word ;
My flesh with holy trembling fears
The Judgments of the Lord.

Ver. 166, 174.

- 6 My God, I long, I hope, I wait
For thy salvation still ;
While thy whole law is my delight,
And I obey thy will.

P S A L M CXIX. *Fourteenth Part.*

Benefit of Afflictions, and Support under them.

Ver. 253, 81, 82.

- 1 **C**ONSIDER all my sorrows, Lord,
And thy deliverance send ;
My soul for thy salvation faints,
When will my troubles end !

Ver. 71.

- 2 Yet I have found 'tis good for me
To bear my Father's rod ;
Afflictions make me learn the law,
And live upon my God.

Ver. 50.

- 3 This is the comfort I enjoy
When new distress begins :
I read thy word, I run thy way,
And hate my former sins.

Ver. 92.

- 4 Had not thy word been my delight
When earthly joys were fled,
My soul, oppress'd with sorrows weight,
Had sunk amongst the dead.

Ver. 75.

- 5 I know thy judgments, Lord, are right,
Though they may seem severe ;

The sharpest sufferings I endure,
Flow from thy faithful care.

Ver. 67.

- 6 Before I knew thy chafening rod,
My feet were apt to stray;
But now I learn to keep thy word,
Nor wander from thy way.

P S A L M CXIX. *Fifteenth Part.*

Holy Resolutions.

Ver. 93.

- 1 **O**H that thy statutes every hour
Might dwell upon my mind!
Thence I derive a quickening power
And daily peace I find.

Ver. 15, 16.

- 2 To meditate thy precepts, Lord,
Shall be my sweet employ;
My soul shall ne'er forget thy word,
Thy word is all my joy.

Ver. 32.

- 3 How would I run in thy commands,
If thou my heart discharge
From sin and satan's hateful chains,
And set my feet at large!

Ver. 12, 46.

- 4 My lips with courage shall declare
Thy statutes and thy name;
I'll speak thy word tho' kings should hear,
Nor yield to sinful shame.

Ver. 61, 69. 70.

- 5 Let bands of persecutors rise
To rob me of my right;
Let pride and malice forge their lies,
Thy law is my delight.

Ver. 115.

- 6 Depart from me, ye wicked race,
Whose hands and hearts are ill:
I love my God, I love his ways,
And must obey his will.

P S A L M CXIX. *Sixteenth Part.**Prayer for quickening Grace.*

Ver. 25, 37.

1 **M**Y soul lies cleaving to the dust ;
 Lord, give me life divine ;
 From vain desires and every lust
 Turn off these eyes of mine.

2 I need the influence of thy grace
 To speed me in thy way,
 Lest I should loiter in my race,
 Or turn my feet astray.

Ver. 107.

3 When sore afflictions press me down,
 I need thy quickening powers ;
 Thy word that I have rested on
 Shall help my heaviest hours.

Ver. 156, 40.

4 Are not thy mercies sovereign still,
 And thou a faithful God ?
 Wilt thou not grant me warmer zeal
 To run the heavenly road ?

Ver. 159, 40.

5 Does not my heart thy precepts love,
 And long to see thy face ?
 And yet how slow my spirits move
 Without enlivening grace !

Ver. 93.

6 Then shall I love thy gospel more,
 And ne'er forget thy word,
 When I have felt its quickening power
 To draw me near the Lord.

P S A L M CXIX. *Seventeenth Part.**Grace shining in Difficulties and Trials.*

Ver. 143, 28.

2 **W**HEN pain and anguish seize me, Lord,
 All my support is from thy word :
 My soul dissolves for heaviness ;
 Uphold me with thy strengthening grace.

Ver. 51, 69, 110.

2 The proud have fram'd their scoffs and lies,
 They watch my feet with envious eyes,

They tempt my soul to snares and sin,
Yet thy commands I ne'er decline.

Ver. 161, 78.

- 3 They hate me, Lord, without a cause,
They hate to see me love thy laws;
But I will trust and fear thy name,
Till pride and malice die with shame.

P S A L M CXIX. *Last Part.*

Sanctified Afflictions; or, Delight in the Word of God.

Ver. 67, 59.

- 1 **F**ATHER, I bless thy gentle hand;
How kind was thy chastising rod,
That forc'd my conscience to a stand,
And brought my wandering soul to God!

- 2 Foolish and vain, I went astray,
Ere I had felt thy scourges, Lord,
I left my guide, and lost my way,
But now I love and keep thy word.

Ver. 71.

- 3 'Tis good for me to wear the yoke,
For pride is apt to rise and swell;
'Tis good to bear my father's stroke,
That I might learn his statutes well.

Ver. 72.

- 4 The law that issues from thy mouth
Shall raise my cheerful passions more
Than all the treasures of the south,
Or richest hills of golden ore.

Ver. 73.

- 5 Thy hands have made my mortal frame,
Thy spirit form'd my soul within:
Teach me to know thy wondrous name,
And guard me safe from death and sin.

Ver. 74.

- 6 Then all that love and fear the Lord
At my salvation shall rejoice;
For I have trusted in thy word,
And made thy grace my only choice.

P S A L M CXX.

*Complaint of quarrellsome Neighbours; or, a devote Wish
for Peace.*

- 1 **T**HOU God of love, thou ever-blest,
Pity my suffering state;

When wilt thou set my soul at rest,
From lips that love deceit ?

- 2 Hard lot of mine ! My days are cast
Among the sons of strife,
Whose never-ceasing quarrels waste
My golden hours of life.
- 3 Oh might I fly to change my place,
How would I choose to dwell
In some wild lonesome wilderness,
And leave these gates of hell !
- 4 Peace is the blessing that I seek,
How lovely are its charms !
I am for peace ; but when I speak,
They all declare for arms.
- 5 New passions still their souls engage,
And keep their malice strong :
What shall be done to curb thy rage,
O though devouring tongue !
- 6 Should burning arrows smite thee through,
Strict justice would approve ;
But I would rather spare my foe,
And melt his heart with love.

P S A L M CXXI. Long Metre.

Divine Protection.

- 1 **U**P to the hills I lift mine eyes,
Th' eternal hill beyond the skies ;
Thence all her help my soul derives ;
There my almighty refuge lives.
- 2 He lives ; the everlasting God,
That built the world, that spread the flood ;
The heavens, with all their host he made,
And the dark regions of the dead.
- 3 He guides our feet, he guards our way ;
His morning smiles adorn the day :
He spreads the evening vail, and keeps
The silent hours while Israel sleeps.
- 4 Israel, a name divinely blest,
May rise secure, securely rest ;

- Thy holy guardian's wakeful eyes
Admit no slumber, nor surprise.
- 5 No sun shall smite thy head by day,
Nor the pale moon with sickly ray
Shall blast thy couch ; nor baleful star
Dart his malignant fire so far.
- 6 Should earth and hell with malice burn,
Still thou shalt go, and still return
Safe in the Lord ! his heavenly care
Defends thy-life from every snare.
- 7 On thee foul spirits have no power ;
And in thy last departing hour
Angels that trace the airy road,
Shall bear thee home ward to thy God.

P S A L M CXXI. Common Metre,
Preservation by Day and Night.

- 1 **T**O heaven I lift my waiting eyes.
There all my hopes are laid :
The Lord that built the earth and skies
Is my perpetual aid.
- 2 Their steadfast feet shall never fall,
Whom he designs to keep ;
His ear attends the softest call ;
His eyes can never sleep.
- 3 He will sustain our weakest powers
With his almighty arm,
And watch our most unguarded hours
Against surprising harm.
- 4 Israel rejoice, and rest secure,
Thy keeper is the Lord ;
His watchful eyes employ his power
For thine eternal guard.
- 5 Nor scorching sun, nor sickly moon
Shall have his leave to smite :
He shields thy head from burning noon,
From blasting damps at night.
- 6 He guards thy soul, he keeps thy breath,
Where thickest dangers come ;
Go and return, secure from death,
Till God commands thee home.

P S A L M CXXI. As the 148th Psalm,

God our Preserver.

1 **U**PWARDS I lift mine eyes,
 From God is all my aid ;
 The God that built the skies,
 And earth and nature made ;
 God is the tower
 To which I fly ;
 His grace is high
 In every hour.

2 My feet shall never slide,
 And fall in fatal snares,
 Since God my guard and guide,
 Defends me from my fears.
 Those wakeful eyes
 That never sleep,
 Shall Israel keep
 When dangers rise.

3 No burning heats by day,
 Nor blasts of evening air,
 Shall take my health away,
 If God be with me there :
 Thou art my sun,
 And thou my shade,
 To guard my head
 By night or noon.

4 Hast thou not given thy word
 To save my soul from death ?
 And I can trust my Lord
 To keep my mortal breath ;
 I'll go and come,
 Nor fear to die,
 Till from on high
 Thou call me home.

P S A L M CXXII. Common Metre.

Going to Church.

1 **H**OW did my heart rejoice to hear
 My friends devoutly say,
 " In Zion let us all appear,
 " And keep the solemn day."

- 2 I love the gates, I love the road ;
The church adorn'd with grace,
Stands like a palace built for God
To shew his milder face.
- 3 Up to her courts with joy unknown
The holy tribes repair ;
The son of David holds his throne,
And sits in judgment there.
- 4 He hears our praises and complaints ;
And while his awful voice
Divides the sinners from the saints,
We tremble and rejoice.
- 5 Peace be within this sacred place,
And joy a constant guest !
With holy gifts and heavenly grace
Be her attendants blest !
- 6 My soul shall pray for Zion still,
While life or breath remains ;
There my best friends, my kindred dwell,
There God my Saviour reigns.

P S A L M CXXII. Proper Tune.
Going to Church.

- 1 **H**OW pleas'd and blest was I,
To hear the people cry,
Come, let us seek our God to day !
Yes with a cheerful zeal
We haste to Zion's hill,
And there our vows and honours pay,
- 2 Zion, thrice happy place,
Adorn'd with wondrous grace,
And walls of strength embrace thee round ;
In thee our tribes appear
To pray, and praise, and hear
The sacred gospel's joyful sound.
- 3 There David's greater sun
Has fix'd his royal throne.
He sits for grace and judgment there ;
He bids the saints be glad,
He makes the sinner sad ;
And humble souls rejoice with fear.

- 4 May peace attend thy gate,
And joy within thee wait
To bless the soul of every guest ;
The man that seeks thy peace,
And wishes thine increase,
A thousand blessings on him rest !
- 5 My tongue repeats her vows,
Peace to this sacred house !
For here my friends and kindred dwell ;
And since my glorious God
Makes thee his best abode,
My soul shall ever love thee well.

Repeat the 4th Stanza to complete the Tune.

P S A L M CXXIII.

Pleading with Submission.

- 2  Thou whose grace and justice reign
Enthron'd above the skies,
To thee our hearts would tell their pain,
To thee we lift our eyes.
- 3 As servants watch their master's hand,
And fear the angry stroke !
Or maids before their mistress stand,
And wait a peaceful look :
- 3 So for our sins we justly feel
Thy discipline, O God ;
Yet wait the gracious moment still,
Till thou remove the rod.
- 4 Those that in wealth and pleasure live.
Our daily groans deride,
And thy delays of mercy give
Fresh courage to their pride.
- 5 Our foes insult us, but our hope
In thy compassion lies ;
This thought shall bear our spirits up,
That God will not despise.

P S A L M CXXIV. Common Metre.

God gives Victory.

- 1 **H**AD not the God of truth and love,
When hosts against us rose,

Display'd his vengeance from above,
And crush'd the conquering foes :

- 2 Their armies like a raging flood
Had swept the guardless land,
Destroy'd on earth his blest abode,
And overwhelm'd our feeble band.
- 3 But safe beneath his spreading shield
His sons securely rest,
Defy the dangers of the field,
And bare the fearless breast.
- 4 And now our souls shall bless the Lord,
Who broke the deadly snare ;
Who sav'd us from the murdering sword,
And made our lives his care.
- 5 Our help is in Jehovah's name,
Who form'd the heavens above ;
He that supports their wondrous frame
Can guard his church by love.

P S A L M CXXV. Common Metre.

The Saint's Trial and Safety.

- 1 **U**NSHAKEN as the sacred hill,
And firm as mountains stand,
Firm as a rock the soul shall rest
That trusts th' almighty hand.
- 2 Not walls nor hills could guard so well
Old Salem's happy ground, -
As those eternal arms of love
That every saint surround.
- 3 While tyrants are a smarting scourge
To drive them near to God.
Divine compassion will assuage
The fury of the rod.
- 4 Deal gently, Lord, with souls sincere,
And lead them safely on
To the bright gates of paradise,
Where Christ their Lord is gone.
- 5 But if we trace those crooked ways
That the old serpent drew,

The wrath that drove him first to hell,
Shall smite his followers too.

P S A L M CXXV. Short Metre.

The Saint's Trial and Safety ; or, moderated Afflictions.

1 **F**IRM and unmov'd are they
That rest their souls on God ;
Firm as the mount where David dwelt,
Or where the ark abode.

2 As mountains stood to guard
The city's sacred ground,
So God and his almighty love
Embrace his saints around.

3 What though the Father's rod
Drop a chastising stroke,
Yet lest it wound their souls too deep,
Its fury shall be broke.

4 Deal gently, Lord, with those
Whose faith and pious fear,
Whose hope, and love, and every grace,
Proclaim their hearts sincere.

5 Nor shall the tyrant's rage
Too long oppress the saints ;
The God of Israel will support
His children, lest they faint.

6 But if our slavish fear
Will choose the road to hell,
We must expect our portion there
Where bolder sinners dwell.

P S A L M CXXVI. Long Metre,

Surprising Deliverance.

1 **W**HEN God restor'd our captive state,
Joy was our song, and grace our theme
The grace beyond our hopes so great,
That joy appear'd a pleasing dream.

2 The scoffer owns thy hand, and pays
Unwilling honours to thy name ;
While we with pleasure shout thy praise,
Which cheerful notes thy love proclaim.

- 3 When we review our dismal fears,
 'Twas hard to think they'll vanish so ;
 With God we left our flowing tears,
 He makes our joys like rivers flow.
- 4 The man that in his furrow'd field,
 His scatter'd seed with sadness leaves,
 Will shout to see the harvest yield
 A welcome load of joyful sheaves.

P S A L M CXXVI. Common Metre.

The Joy of a remarkable Conversion ; or, Melancholy removed.

- 1 **W**HEN God reveal'd his gracious name,
 And chang'd my mournful state,
 My rapture seem'd a pleasing dream,
 The grace appear'd so great.
- 2 The world beheld the glorious change,
 And did thy hand confess ;
 My tongue broke out in unknown strains,
 And sung surprising grace.
- 3 " *Great is the work*, my neighbours cry'd,
 And own'd the power divine :
 " *Great is the work*, my heart reply'd,
 " *And be the glory thine.*"
- 4 The Lord can clear the darkest skies,
 Can give us day for night ;
 Make drops of sacred sorrow rise
 To rivers of delight.
- 5 Let those that sow in sadness wait
 Till the fair harvest come,
 They shall confess their sheaves are great,
 And shout the blessings home.
- 6 Though seed lie buried long in dust,
 It shan't deceive their hope ;
 The precious grain can ne'er be lost,
 For grace Insures the crop.

P S A L M CXXVII. Long Metre.

The Blessing of God on the Business and Comfort of Life.

- 1 **I**F God succeed not, all the cost
 And pains to build the house are lost,

If God the city will not keep,
The watchful guards as well may sleep.

- 2 What though we rise before the sun,
And work and toil when day is done,
Careful and sparing eat our bread,
To shun that poverty we dread.
- 3 'Tis all in vain, till God hath blest,
He can make rich, yet give us rest,
On God, our sovereign, still depends
Our joy in children and in friends.
- 4 Happy the man to whom he sends
Obedient children, faithful friends !
How sweet our daily comforts prove
When they are season'd with his love !

P S A L M CXXVII. Common Metre.

God all in all.

- 1 **I**F God to build the house deny,
The builders work in vain ;
And towns without his wakeful eye
And useless watch maintain.
- 2 Before the morning beams arise,
Your painful work renew,
And till the stars ascend the skies
Your tiresome toil pursue.
- 3 Short be your sleep, and coarse your fare ;
In vain till God has blest ;
But if his smiles attend your care,
You shall have food and rest.
- 4 Nor children, relatives, nor friends,
Shall real blessings prove,
Nor all the earthly joys he sends,
If sent without his love.

P S A L M CXXVIII.

Family Blessings.

- 1 **O** Happy man, whose soul is fill'd
With zeal and reverent awe !
His lips to God their honours yield,
His life adorns the law.

- 2 A careful providence shall stand
And ever guard thy head,
Shall on the labours of thy hand
Its kindly blessing shed.
- 3 Thy wife shall be a fruitful vine ;
Thy children round thy board,
Each like a plant of honour shine,
And learn to fear the Lord.
- 4 The Lord shall thy best hopes fulfil
For months and years to come :
The Lord who dwells on Zion's hill
Shall send thee blessing home.
- 5 This is the man whose happy eyes
Shall see his house increase,
Shall see the sinking church arise,
Then leave the world in peace.

P S A L M CXXIX.

Persecutors punished.

- 1 **U**P from my youth, my Israel say,
Have I been nurs'd in tears ;
My griefs were constant as the day,
And tedious as the years.
- 2 Up from my youth I bore the rage,
Of all the sons of strife ;
Oft they assail'd my riper age,
But God preserv'd my life.
- 3 O'er all my frame their cruel dart
Its painful wounds impress'd ;
Hourly they vex'd my fainting heart,
Nor let my sorrows rest.
- 4 The Lord grew angry on his throne,
And with impartial eye,
Measur'd the mischiefs they had done,
Then let his arrows fly.
- 5 How was their insolence surpris'd
To hear his thunders roll
And all the foes of Zion seiz'd
With horror to the soul.

- 6 Thus shall the men that hate the saints
Be blasted from the sky ;
Their glory fades, their courage faints,
And all their prospects die.
- 7 [What though they flourish tall and fair,
They have no root beneath ;
Their growth shall perish in despair,
And lie despis'd in death.
- 8 So Scorn that on the house-top stands,
No hope of harvest gives :
The reaper ne'er shall fill his hands,
Nor binder fold the sheaves.

P S A L M CXXX. Common Metre.

Pardoning Grace.

- 1 **O**UT of the deeps of long distress,
The borders of despair,
I sent my cries to seek thy grace,
My groans to move thine ear.
- 2 Great God, should thy severer eye,
And thine impartial hand,
Mark and revenge iniquity,
No mortal flesh could stand.
- 3 But there are pardons with my God,
For crimes of high degree !
Thy Son has bought them with his blood,
To draw us near to thee.
- 4 [I wait for thy salvation, Lord,
With strong desires I wait ;
My soul invited by thy word
Stands watching at thy gate.]
- 5 [Just as the guards that keep the night
Long for the morning skies,
Watch the first beams of breaking light,
And meet them with their eyes.
- 6 So waits my soul to see thy grace
And more intent than they,
Meets the first openings of thy face,
And finds a brighter day.]

- 7 Then in the Lord let Israel trust,
 Let Israel seek his face ;
 The Lord is good as well as just,
 And plenteous in his grace.
- 8 There's full redemption at his throne,
 For sinners long enslav'd ;
 The great Redeemer is his son :
 And Israel shall be saved.

P S A L M CXXX. Long Metre.
Pardoning Grace.

- 1 **F**ROM deep distress and troubled thoughts,
 To thee, my God, I rais'd my cries :
 If thou severely mark our faults,
 No flesh can stand before thine eyes.
- 2 But thou hast built thy throne of grace
 Free to dispense thy pardons there,
 That sinners may approach thy face,
 And hope, and love, as well as fear.
- 3 As the benighted pilgrims wait,
 And long and wish for breaking day,
 So waits my soul before thy gate ;
 When will my God his face display !
- 4 My trust is fix'd upon thy word,
 Nor shall I trust thy word in vain :
 Let mourning souls address the Lord,
 And find relief from all their pain.
- 5 Great is his love, and large his grace,
 Through the redemption of his Son :
 He turns our feet from sinful ways,
 And pardons what our hands have done.

P S A L M CXXXI.

Humility and Submission.

- 1 **I**S there ambition in my heart ?
 Search, gracious God, and see ;
 Or do I act a haughty part ?
 Lord, I appeal to thee.
- 2 I charge my thoughts, be humble still,
 And all my carriage mild,

Content, My Father, with thy will,
And peaceful as a child.

- 3 The patient soul, the lowly mind
Shall have a large reward :
Let faints in sorrow lie resign'd,
And trust a faithful Lord.

P S A L M CXXXII. 5, 13—18. Long Metre.

At the Settlement of a Church ; or, the Ordination of a Minister.

- 1 **W**HERE shall we go to seek and find
An habitation for our God,
A dwelling for th' eternal Mind
Among the sons of flesh and blood !
- 2 The God of Jacob chose the hill.
Of Zion for his antient rest ;
And Zion is his dwelling still,
His church is with his presence blest.
- 3 " Here I will fix my gracious throne,
" And reign forever, saith the Lord ;
" Here shall my power and love be known,
" And blessings shall attend my word.
- 4 " Here will I meet the hungry poor,
" And fill their souls with living bread ;
" Sinners that wait before my door
" With sweet provisions shall be fed.
- 5 " Girded with truth, and cloth'd with grace
" My priests, my ministers shall shine ;
" Not Aaron in his costly dress
" Appears so glorious and divine.
- 6 " The saints, unable to contain
" Their inward joy, shall shout and sing,
" The son of David here will reign,
" And Zion triumph in her King.
- 7 " Jesus shall see a numerous seed
" Born here t' uphold his glorious name ;
" His crown shall flourish on his head,
" While all his foes are cloth'd with shame."

P S A L M CXXXII. 4, 5, 7, 8, 15—17.
Common Metre.

A Church Established.

- 1 [N]O sleep nor slumber to his eyes
Good David would afford,
Till he had found below the skies
A dwelling for the Lord.
 - 2 The Lord in Zion plac'd his name,
His ark was settled there :
And there th' assembled nation came
To worship thrice a year.
 - 3 We trace no more those toilsome ways,
Nor wander far abroad ;
Where e'er thy people meet for praise,
There is a house for God.]
- P A U S E.
- 4 Arise, O King of grace, arise,
And enter to thy rest,
Lo ! thy church waits with longing eyes
Thus to be own'd and blest.
 - 5 Enter with all thy glorious train,
Thy spirit and thy word ;
All that the ark did once contain
Could no such grace afford.
 - 6 Here, mighty God, accept our vows,
Here let thy praise be spread ;
Bless the provision of thy house,
And fill thy poor with bread.
 - 7 Here let the Son of David reign,
Let God's anointed shine ;
Justice and truth his court maintain,
With love and power divine.
 - 8 Here let him hold a lasting throne,
And at his kingdom grows,
Flesh honours shall adorn his crown,
And shame confound his foes.

P S A L M CXXXIII. Common Metre.

Brotherly Love

- 1 L O, what an entertaining sight
Those friendly brethern prove,

Whose cheerful hearts in bands unite
Of harmony and love.

2 Where streams of bliss from Christ the spring
Descends to every soul,
And heavenly peace with balmy wing
Shades and bedews the whole.

3 'Tis like the oil divinely sweet
On Aaron's reverend head,
The trickling drops perfum'd his feet,
And o'er his garments spread.

4 'Tis pleasant as the morning dews
That fall on Sion's hill,
Where God his mildest glory shews,
And makes his grace distil.

P S A L M CXXXIII. Short Metre.

Communion of Saints; or, Love and Worship in a Family.

1 **B**LEST are the sons of peace,
Whose hearts and hopes are one,
Whose kind designs to serve and please
Through all their actions run.

2 Blest is the pious house
Where zeal and friendship meet,
Their songs of praise, their mingled vows
Make their communion sweet.

3 Thus when on Aaron's head
They pour'd the rich perfume,
The oil throughout his raiment spread,
And pleasure fill'd the room.

4 Thus on the heavenly hills
The saints are blest above,
Where joy like morning dew distils,
And all the air is love.

P S A L M CXXXIII. As the 122d Psalm.

The Blessings of Friendship.

1 **H**OW pleasant 'tis to see
Kindred and friends agree,
Each in his proper station move,
And each fulfil his part.

With sympathizing heart,
In all the cares of life and love.

- 2 'Tis like an ointment shed
On Aaron's sacred head,
Divinely rich, divinely sweet ;
The oil thro' all the room
Diffus'd a choice perfume,
Ran through his robes, and blest his feet.

- 3 Like fruitful showers of rain
That water all the plain,
Descending from the neighbouring hills ;
Such streams of pleasure roll
Thro' every friendly soul,
Where love like heavenly dew distils.

Repeat the first Stanza to complete the Tune.

P S A L M CXXXIV.

Daily and Nightly Devotion.

- 1 **Y**E, that obey th' immortal King,
Attend his holy place ;
Bow to the glories of his power,
And bless his wondrous grace.
- 2 Lift up your hands by morning-light,
And send your souls on high ;
Raise your admiring thoughts by night
Above the starry sky.

- 3 The God of Zion cheers our hearts
With rays of quickening grace ;
The God that spread the heavens abroad,
And rules the swelling seas.

P S A L M CXXXV. 1—4, 14, 19—21. *First Part.*
Long Metre.

The Church is God's House and Care.

- 1 **P**RAISE ye the Lord exalt his name,
While in his earthly courts ye wait,
Ye saints that to his house belong,
Or stand attending at his gate.
- 2 Praise ye the Lord, the Lord is good ;
To praise his name is sweet employ :
Israel he chose of old, and still
His church is his peculiar joy.

- 3 The Lord himself will judge his saints ;
He treats his servants as his friends ;
And when he hears their sore complaints,
Repents the sorrows that he sends.
- 4 Through every age the Lord declares
His name, and breaks th' oppressor's rod ;
He gives his suffering servants rest,
And will be known th' almighty God.
- 5 Bless ye the Lord, who taste his love,
People and priests exalt his name :
Amongst his saints he ever dwells ;
His church is his Jerusalem.

P S A L M CXXXV. Ver. 5—12. *Second Part.*
The Works of Creation, Providence, Redemption of Israel,
and Destruction of Enemies.

- 1 GREAT is the Lord, exalted high
Above all powers and every throne ;
What e'er he please in earth and sea,
Or heaven, or hell, his hand hath done.
- 2 At his command the vapours rise,
The lightnings flash, the thunders roar ;
He pours the rain, he brings the wind
And tempest from his airy store.
- 3 'Twas he those dreadful tokens sent,
O Egypt, through thy stubborn land ;
When all thy first-born, beasts and men,
Fell dead by his avenging hand.
- 4 What mighty nations, mighty kings
He slew, and their whole country gave
To Israel, whom his hand redeemed,
No more to be proud Pharaoh's slave.
- 5 His power the same, the same, his grace,
That saves us from the hosts of hell ;
And heaven he gives us to possess,
Whence those apostate angels fell.

P S A L M CXXXV. Common Metre.

Praise due to God, not to Idols.

- 1 A WAKE, ye saints : To praise your King
Your sweetest passions raise.

Your pious pleasure, while you sing,
Increasing with the praise.

- 2 Great is the Lord : and works unknown
Are his divine employ :
But still his saints are near his throne,
His treasure and his joy.
- 3 Heaven, earth, and sea confess his hand ;
He bids the vapours rise ;
Lightning and storm at his command
Sweep through the sounding skies.
- 4 All power that gods or kings have claim'd
Is found with him alone ;
But heathen gods should ne'er be nam'd
Where our Jehovah's known.
- 5 Which of the stocks and stones they trust
Can give them showers of rain ?
In vain they worship glittering dust,
And pray to gold in vain.
- 6 [Their gods have tongues that speechless prove,
Such as their makers gave :
Their feet were never form'd to move,
Nor hands have power to save.
- 7 Blind are their eyes, their ears are deaf,
Nor hear when mortals pray ;
Mortals that wait for their relief,
Are blind and deaf as they.]
- 8 Ye nations, know the living God,
Serve him with faith and fear ;
He makes the churches his abode,
And claims your honours there.

P S A L M CXXX VI. Common Metre.

*God's Wonders of Creation, Providence, Redemption of
Israel, and Salvation of his People.*

- 1 **G**IVE thanks to God, the sovereign Lord ;
His mercies still endure,
And be the King of kings ador'd,
His truth is ever sure.
- 2 What wonders hath his wisdom done !
How mighty is his hand !

- Heaven, earth and sea he fram'd alone :
How wide is his command !
- 3 The sun supplies the day with light :
How bright his counsels shine !
 The moon and stars adorn the night :
His works are all divine !
- 4 [He struck the sons of Egypt dead :
How dreadful is his rod !
 And thence with joy his people led :
How Gracious is our God.
- 5 He cleft the swelling sea in two,
His arm is great in might :
 And gave the tribes a passage through ;
His power and grace unite.
- 6 But Pharaoh's army there he drown'd :
How glorious are his ways !
 And brought his saints through desert ground :
Eternal be his praise.
- 7 Great monarchs fell beneath his hand ;
Victorious is his sword :
 While Israel took the promis'd land
And faithful is his word.]
- 8 He saw the nations dead in sin ;
He felt his pity move :
 How sad the state the world was in !
How boundless was his love !
- 9 He sent to save us from our woe ;
His goodness never fails ;
 From death and hell, and every foe ;
And still his grace prevails.
- 10 Give thanks to God the heavenly King ;
His mercies still endure ;
 Let the whole earth his praises sing ;
His truth is ever sure.

P S A L M CXXXVI. As the 143th Psalm.

GIVE thanks to God most high,
 The universal Lord :
 The sovereign King of kings :
 And be his grace ador'd.

*His power and grace
Are still the same ;
And let his name
Have endless praise.*

- 2 How mighty is his hand !
What wonders hath he done !
He form'd the earth and seas,
And spread the heavens alone.
*Thy mercy, Lord,
Shall still endure ;
And ever sure
Abides thy word.*

- 3 His wisdom fram'd the sun
To crown the day with light ;
The moon and twinkling stars
To cheer the darksome night.
*His power and grace
Are still the same ;
And let his name
Have endless praise.*

- 4 [He smote the first-born sons,
The flower of Egypt, dead :
And thence his chosen tribes
With joy and glory led.
*Thy mercy, Lord,
Shall still endure ;
And ever sure
Abides thy word.*

- 5 His power and lifted rod
Cleft the red-sea in two ;
And for his people made
A wondrous passage through.
*His power and grace
Are still the same ;
And let his name
Have endless praise.*

- 6 But cruel Pharaoh there
With all his host he drown'd ;
And brought his Israel safe
Through a long desert ground
*Thy mercy, Lord,
Shall still endure,
And ever sure
Abides thy word.*

- 7 The kings of Canaan fell
Beneath his dreadful hand ;
While his own servants took
Possession of their land.

*His power and grace
Are still the same ;
And let his name
Have endless praise:]*

- 8 He saw the nations lie
All perishing in sin,
And pity'd the sad state
The ruin'd world was in.

*Thy mercy, Lord,
Shall still endure ;
And ever sure
Abides thy word.*

- 9 He sent his only Son
To save us from our woe,
From satan, sin and death,
And every hurtful foe.

*His power and grace
Are still the same ;
And let his name
Have endless praise.*

- 10 Give thanks aloud to God,
To God the heavenly king :
And let the spacious earth
His works and glories sing,

*Thy mercy, Lord,
Shall still endure ;
And ever sure
Abides thy word,*

P S A L M CXXXVI. *Abridged.* Long Metre.

- 1 **G**IVE to our God immortal praise ;
Mercy and truth are all his ways ;
*Wonders of grace to God belong
Repeat his mercies in your song.*

- 2 Give to the Lord of lords renown,
The King of kings with glory crown ;
*His mercies ever shall endure,
When lords and kings are known no more.*

- 3 He built the earth, he spread the sky,
And fix'd the starry lights on high:
*Wonders of grace to God belong
Repeat his mercies in your song.*
- 4 He fills the sun with morning light,
He bids the moon direct the night:
*His mercies ever shall endure,
When suns and moons shall shine no more.*
- 5 The Jews he freed from Pharaoh's hand,
And brought them to the promis'd land:
*Wonders of grace to God belong
Repeat his mercies in your song.*
- 6 He saw the Gentiles dead in sin,
And felt his pity move within:
*His mercies ever shall endure
When death and sin shall reign no more.*
- 7 He sent his Son with power to save
From guilt, and darkness, and the grave:
*Wonders of grace to God belong
Repeat his mercies in your song.*
- 8 Thro' this vain world he guides our feet,
And leads us to his heavenly seat:
*His mercies ever shall endure
When this vain world shall be no more.*

P S A L M CXXXVII.

The Babylonian Captivity.

- 1 **A** LONG the banks where Babel's current flows,
Our captive bands in deep despondence stray'd,
While Zion's fall in sad remembrance rose,
Her friends, her children mingled with the dead.
- 2 The tuneless harp, that once with joy we strung,
When praise employ'd and mirth inspir'd the lay,
In mournful silence on the willows hung;
And growing grief prolong'd the tedious day.
- 3 The barbarous tyrants, to increase the woe,
With taunting smiles a song of Zion claim;
Bid sacred praise in strains melodious flow,
While they blasphème the great Jehovah's name.
- 4 But how, in heathen chains and lands unknown,
Shall Israel's sons, a song of Zion raise?
O hapless Salem, God's terrestrial throne,
Thou land of glory, sacred mount of praise.

- 5 If e'er my memory lose thy lovely name,
 If my cold heart neglect my kindred race,
 Let dire destructions seize this guilty frame;
 My hand shall perish and my voice shall cease.
- 6 Yet shall the Lord, who hears when Zion calls,
 O'ertake her foes with terror and dismay,
 His arm avenge her desolated walls,
 And raise her children to eternal day.

P S A L M CXXXVIII.

Restoring and Preserving Grace.

- 1 **W**ITH all my powers of heart and tongue
 I'll praise my Maker in my song;
 Angels shall hear the notes I raise,
 Approve the song and join the praise.
- 2 [Angels that make thy church their care
 Shall witness my devotions there,
 While holy zeal directs my eyes
 To thy fair temple in the skies.]
- 3 I'll sing thy truth and mercy, Lord,
 I'll sing the wonders of thy word;
 Not all the works and names below
 So much thy power and glory show.
- 4 To God I cry'd when troubles rose;
 He heard me, and subdu'd my foes:
 He did my rising fears controul,
 And strength diffus'd through all my soul.
- 5 The God of heaven maintains his state,
 Frowns on the proud, and scorns the great;
 But from his throne descends to bless
 The humble souls that trust his grace.
- 6 Amidst a thousand snares I stand
 Upheld and guarded by thy hand:
 Thy words my fainting soul revive,
 And keep my dying faith alive.
- 7 Grace will complete what grace begins,
 To save from sorrows or from sins,
 The work that wisdom undertakes,
 Eternal mercy ne'er forsakes.

P S A L M CXXXIX. *First Part.* Long Metre.
The all-seeing God,

- 1 **L**ORD, thou hast search'd and seen me thro' ;
 Thine eye commands with piercing view
 My rising and my resting hours,
 My heart and flesh with all their powers.
- 2 My thoughts, before they are my own,
 Are to my God distinctly known ;
 He knows the words I mean to speak
 Ere from my opening lips they break.
- 3 Within thy circling power I stand,
 On every side I find thy hand ;
 Awake, asleep, at home, abroad,
 I am surrounded still with God.
- 4 Amazing knowledge, vast and great !
 What large extent ! what lofty height !
 My soul with all the powers I boast,
 Is in the boundless prospect lost.
- 5 *Oh may these thoughts possess my breast,
 Where-e'er I rove where-e'er I rest ;
 Nor let my weaker passions dare
 Consent to sin, for God is their.*

P A U S E I.

- 6 Could I so false, so faithless prove,
 To quit thy service and thy love,
 Where, Lord, could I thy presence shun,
 Or from thy dreadful glory run ?
- 7 If up to heaven I take my flight,
 'Tis there thou dwell'st enthron'd in light ;
 Or dive to hell, there vengeance reigns,
 And Satan groans beneath thy chains.
- 8 If mounted on a morning ray
 I fly beyond the Western sea,
 Thy swifter hand would first arrive,
 And there arrest thy fugitive.
- 9 Or should I try to shun thy sight
 Beneath the spreading veil of night,
 One glance of thine, one piercing ray
 Would kindle darkness into day.

- 10 *Oh may these thoughts possess my breast,
Where-e'er I rove, where-e'er I rest ;
Nor let my weaker passions dare
Consent to sin, for God is there.*

P A U S E II.

11. The veil of night is no disguise,
No screen from thy All-searching eyes ;
Thy hand can seize thy foes as soon
Through midnight shades as blazing noon.

- 12 Midnight and noon in this agree,
Great God, they'er both alike to thee,
Not death can hide what God will spy,
And hell lies naked to his eye.

- 13 *Oh may these thoughts possess my breast,
Where-e'er I rove, where-e'er I rest !
Nor let my weaker passions dare
Consent to sin, for God is there.*

P S A L M CXXXIX. Second Part. Long Metre.

The wonderful Formation of man.

- 1 **T**WAS from thy hand, my God, I came,
A work of such a curious frame;
In me thy fearful wonders shine.
And each proclaim thy skill divine.

- 2 Thine eyes could all my limbs survey,
Which yet in dark confusion lay :
Thou sawest the daily growth they took,
Form'd by the model of thy book.

- 3 By thee my growing parts were nam'd
And what thy sovereign counsels fram'd
The breathing lungs, the beating heart,
Was copy'd with unerring art.

- 4 At last to shew my Maker's name,
God stamp'd his image on my frame,
And in some unknown moment join'd,
The finish'd members of the mind.

- 5 There the young seeds of thought began
And all the passions of the man,
Great God, our infant nature pays
Immortal tribute to thy praise.

P A U S E.

- 6 Lord, since in my advancing age
I've acted on life's busy stage,
Thy thoughts of love to me surmount
My power of numbers to recount.
- 7 I could survey the ocean o'er,
And count each sand that makes the shore,
Before my swiftest thoughts could trace
The numerous wonders of thy grace.
- 8 These on my heart are still impress'd,
With these I give my eyes to rest ;
And at my waking hour I find
God and his love possess my mind.

P S A L M CXXXIX. *Third Part.* Long Metre.
Sincerity profess'd, and Grace tried ; or, the Heart-searching God.

- 1 **M**Y God, what inward grief I feel,
When impious men transgress thy will !
I mourn to hear their lips profane,
Take thy tremendous name in vain.
- 2 Does not my soul detest and hate
The sons of malice and deceit ?
Those that oppose thy laws and thee,
I count for enemies to me.
- 3 Lord, search my soul, try every thought,
Though my own heart accuse me not,
Of walking in a false disguise,
I beg the trial of thine eyes.
- 4 Doth secret mischief lurk within ?
Do I indulge some unknown sin ?
Oh turn my feet whene'er I stray,
And lead me in thy perfect way.

P S A L M CXXXIX. *First Part.* Common Metre.
God is every where.

- 1 **I**N all my vast concerns with thee,
In vain my soul would try
To shun thy presence, Lord, or flee
The notice of thine eye.

- 2 Thy all-surrounding sight survey,
My rising and my rest,
My public walks, my private ways,
And secrets of my breast.
- 3 My thoughts lie open to the Lord
Before they're form'd within ;
And ere my lips pronounce the word,
He knows the sense I mean.
- 4 Oh wondrous knowledge, deep and high ;
Where can a creature hide ?
Within thy circling arms I lie,
Enclos'd on every side.
- 5 So let thy grace surround me still,
And like a bulwark prove,
To guard my soul from every ill,
Secur'd by sovereign love.

P A U S E.

- 6 Lord, where shall guilty souls retire
Forgotten and unknown ?
In hell they meet thy dreadful fire,
In heaven thy glorious throne.
- 7 Should I suppress my vital breath
To 'scape the wrath divine,
Thy voice would break the bars of death,
And make the grave resign.
- 8 If wing'd with beams of morning-light
I fly beyond the west,
Thy hand, which must support my flight,
Would soon betray my rest.
- 9 If o'er my sins I think to draw
The curtains of the night,
The flaming eyes that guard thy law
Would turn the shades to light.
- 10 The beams of noon, the midnight-hour
Are both alike to thee :
Oh may I ne'er provoke that power
From which I cannot flee

PSALM CXXXIX *Second Part. Common Metre.*

The Wisdom of God in the formation of Man.

WHEN I with pleasing wonder stand,
And all my frame survey,

Lord, tis thy work ; I own thy hand
Thus built my humble clay.

- 2 Thy hand my heart and reins possesse
Where unborn nature grew ;
Thy wisdom all my features trac'd,
And all my members drew.
- 3 Thine eye with nicest care survey'd
The growth of every part ;
Till the whole scheme thy thoughts had laid
Was copy'd by thy art.
- 4 Heaven, earth, and sea, and fire and wind
Shew me thy wondrous skill ;
But I review myself, and find
Diviner wonders still.
- 5 Thy awful glories round me shine,
My flesh proclaims thy praise ;
Lord, to thy works of nature join
Thy miracles of grace.

P S A L M CXXXIX. 14, 17, 18. *Third Part.*
Common Metre.

The mercies of God innumerable.

An Evening Psalm.

- 1 **L**ORD, when I count thy mercies o'er,
They strike me with surprise ;
Not all the sands that spread the shore,
To equal numbers rise.
- 2 My flesh with fear and wonder stands,
The product of thy skill,
And hourly blessings from thy hands
Thy thoughts of love reveal.
- 3 These on my heart by night I keep ;
How kind, how dear to me !
Oh may the hour that ends my sleep
Still find my thoughts with thee.

P S A L M CXL. Common Metre.

- 1 **P**ROTECT us, Lord, from fatal harm ;
Behold our rising woes ;
We trust alone thy powerful arm,
To scatter all our foes.

- 2 Their tongue is like a poison'd dart,
 Their thoughts are full of guile,
 While rage and carnage swell their heart,
 They wear a peaceful smile.
- 3 O God of grace, thy guardian care,
 When foes without invade,
 Or spread within a deeper snare,
 Supplies our constant aid.
- 4 Let falsehood flee before thy face,
 Thy heavenly truth extend,
 All nations taste thy heavenly grace,
 And all delusion end.
- 5 With daily bread the poor supply,
 The cause of justice plead,
 And be thy church exalted high,
 With Christ the glorious head.

P S A L M CXLI. Ver. 2, 3, 4 5.

Watchfulness and Brotherly Love.

A Morning or Evening Psalm.

- 1 **M**Y God, accept my early vows,
 Like morning incense in thine house,
 And let thy nightly worship rise
 Sweet as the evening sacrifice.
- 2 Watch o'er my lips, and guard them, Lord,
 From every rash and heedless word ;
 Nor let my feet incline to tread
 The guilty path where sinners lead.
- 3 Oh may the righteous, when I stray,
 Smite and reprove my wandering way !
 Their gentle words, like ointment shed,
 Shall never bruise, but cheer my head.
- 4 When I behold them prest with grief,
 I'll cry to heaven for their relief ;
 And by my warm petitions prove
 How much I prize their faithful love.

P S A L M CXLII.

God is the Hope of the Helpless.

- 1 **T**O God I made my sorrows known,
 From God I sought relief ;

- In long complaints before his throne
I pour'd out all my grief.
- 2 My soul was overwhelm'd with woes,
My heart began to break ;
My God, who all my burdens knows,
Beholds the way I take.
- 3 On every side I cast mine eye,
And found my helper gone,
While friends and strangers past me by
Neglected and unknown.
- 4 Then did I raise a louder cry,
And call'd thy mercy near,
" Thou art my portion when I die,
" Be thou my refuge here."
- 5 Lord, I am brought exceeding low,
Now let thine ear attend,
And make my foes who vex me know
I've an almighty Friend.
- 6 From my sad prison set me free,
Then shall I praise thy name,
And holy men shal join with me,
Thy kindness to proclaim.

P S A L M CXLIII.

Complaint of heavy Afflictions in Mind and Body.

- 1 **M**Y righteous Judge, my gracious God,
Hear when I spread my hands abroad,
And cry for succour from thy throne,
Oh make thy truth and mercy known.
- 2 Let judgment not against me pass ;
Behold thy servant pleads thy grace ;
Should justice call us to thy bar,
No man alive is guiltless there.
- 3 Look down in pity, Lord, and see
The mighty woes that burthen me ;
Down to the dust my life is brought,
Like one long bury'd and forgot.
- 4 I dwell in darkness and unseen,
My heart is desolate within,

- My thoughts in musing silence trace
The antient wonders of thy grace.
- 5 Thence I derive a glimpse of hope
Yo bear my sinking spirits up ;
I stretch my hands to God again,
And thirst like parched lands for rain.
- 6 For thee I thirst, I pray, I mourn ;
When will thy smiling face return ?
Shall all my joys on earth remove,
And God forever hide his love ?
- 7 My God, thy long delay to save,
Will sink thy prisoner to the grave ;
My heart grows faint, and dim mine eye ;
Make haste to help before I die.
- 8 The night is witness to my tears,
Distressing pains, distressing fears ;
Oh might I hear thy morning voice,
How would my wearied powers rejoice !
- 9 In thee I trust, to thee I sigh,
And lift my weary soul on high ,
For thee sit waiting all the day,
And wear the tiresome hours away.
- 10 Break off my fetters, Lord, and show
The path in which my feet should go :
If snares and foes beset the road,
I flee to hide me near my God.
- 11 Teach me to do thy holy will,
And lead me to thy heavenly hill :
Let the good spirit of thy love
Conduct me to thy courts above.
- 12 Then shall my soul no more complain,
The tempter then shall rage in vain ;
And flesh that was my foe before,
Shall never vex my spirit more.

P S A L M CXLIV. *First Part.* Ver. 1 2.

Assistance and Victory in the spiritual Warfare:

- 1 **F**OREVER blessed be the Lord,
My Saviour and my shield ;
Y

He sends his spirit with his word,
To arm me for the field.

- 2 When sin and hell their force unite,
He makes my soul his care,
Instructs me in the heavenly fight,
And guard me through the war.
- 3 A friend and helper so divine
My fainting hope shall raise ;
He makes the glorious victory mine,
And his shall be the praise.

P S A L M CXLIV. *Second Part.* Ver. 3, 4, 5, 6

The Vanity of Man, and Condescension of God.

- 1 **L**ORD, what is man, poor feeble man,
Born of the earth at first ?
His life a shadow, light and vain,
Still hasting to the dust.

- 2 Oh what is feeble dying man,
Or all his sinful race,
That God should make it his concern
To visit him with grace ?
- 3 That God who darts his lightnings down,
Who shakes the worlds above,
What terrors wait his awful frown,
How wondrous is his love ?

P S A L M CXLIV. *Third Part.* Ver. 12—15

Grace above Riches ; or, the happy Nation.

- 1 **H**APPY the city, where their sons
Like pillars round a palace set,
And daughters bright as polish'd stones
Give strength and beauty to the state.
- 2 Happy the land in culture dress'd,
Whose flocks and corn have large increase ;
Where men securely work or rest,
Nor sons of plunder break their peace.
- 3 Happy the nation thus endow'd,
But more divinely blest are those
On whom the all-sufficient God
Himself with all his grace bestows.

P S A L M CXLV. Long Metre.

The Greatness of God.

- 1 **M**Y God, my King, thy various praise,
Shall fill the remnant of my days ;
Thy grace employ my humble tongue
Till death and glory raise the song.
- 2 The wing of every hour shall bear
Some thankful tribute to thine ear ;
And every setting sun shall see
New works of duty done for thee.
- 3 Thy truth and justice I'll proclaim ;
Thy bounty flows, an endless stream ;
Thy mercy swift ; thine anger slow,
But dreadful to the stubborn foe.
- 4 Thy works with sovereign glory shine ;
And speak thy Majesty divine ;
Let every realm with joy proclaim
The sound and honour of thy name.
- 5 Let distant times and nations raise
The long succession of thy praise :
And unborn ages make my song
The joy and triumph of their tongue.
- 6 But who can speak thy wondrous deeds !
Thy greatness all our thoughts exceeds ;
Vast and unsearchable thy ways,
Vast and immortal be thy praise.

P S A L M CXLV. I—7, II—13. *First Part.**The Greatness of God.*

- 1 **L**ONG as I live I'll bless thy name,
My King, my God of love ;
My work and joy shall be the same,
In the bright world above.
- 2 Great is the Lord, his power unknown,
And let his praise be great ;
I'll sing the honours of thy throne,
Thy works of grace repeat.
- 3 Thy grace shall dwell upon my tongue ;
And while my lips rejoice,

The men that hear my sacred song
Shall join their cheerful voice.

- 4 Fathers to sons shall teach thy name,
And children learn thy ways ;
Ages to come thy truth proclaim,
And nations sound thy praise.
- 5 Thy glorious deeds of antient date
Shall through the world be known ;
Thine arm of power, thy heavenly state
With public splendor shown.
- 6 The world is manag'd by thy hands,
Thy saints are rul'd by love ;
And thine eternal kingdom stands,
Tho' rocks and hills remove.

P S A L M CXLV. *Second Part. Ver. 7, &c.*

The Goodness of God.

- 1 **S**WEET is the memory of thy grace,
My God, my heavenly King :
Let age to age thy righteousness
In sounds of glory sing.
- 2 God reigns on high, but ne'er confines
His goodness to the skies ;
Through the whole earth his bounty shines,
And every want supplies.
- 3 With longing eyes thy creatures wait
On thee for daily food,
Thy liberal hand provides their meat,
And fills their mouths with good.
- 4 How kind are thy compassions Lord !
How slow thine anger moves !
But soon he sends his pardoning word
To cheer the souls he loves.
- 5 Creatures with all their endless race
Thy power and praise proclaim ;
But saints that taste thy richer grace
Delight to bless thy name.

P S A L M CXLV. 14, 17, &c. *Third Part.*

Mercy to Sufferers ; or, God hearing Prayer.

- 1 **L**ET every tongue thy goodness speak,
 Thou sovereign Lord of all ;
 Thy strengthening hands uphold the weak,
 And raise the poor that fall.
- 2 When sorrow bows the spirit down,
 Or virtue lies distressed
 Beneath some proud oppressor's frown,
 Thou giv'st the mourners rest.
- 3 The Lord supports our sinking days
 And guides our giddy youth ;
 Holy and just are all his ways,
 And all his words are truth.
- 4 He knows the pain his servants feel,
 He hears his children cry,
 And their best wishes to fulfil.
 His grace is ever nigh.
- 5 His mercy never shall remove
 From men of heart sincere ;
 He saves the souls, whose humble love
 Is join'd with holy fear.
- 6 [His stubborn foes his sword shall slay,
 And pierce their hearts with pain ;
 But none that serve the Lord shall say,
 " They sought the Lord in vain."]
- 7 [My lips shall dwell upon his praise,
 And spread his fame abroad ;
 Let all the sons of Adam raise
 The honours of their God.]

P S A L M CXLVI. Long Metre.

Praise to God for his Goodness and Truth.

- 1 **P**RAISE ye the Lord, my heart shall join
 In works so pleasant, so divine ;
 Now while the flesh is mine abode,
 And when my soul ascends to God.
- 2 Praise shall employ my noblest powers,
 While immortality endures ;
 My days of praise shall ne'er be past,
 While life and thought and being last,

- 3 Why should I make a man my trust ?
Princes must die and turn to dust ;
Their breath departs, their pomp and power,
And thoughts all vanish in an hour.
- 4 Happy the man, whose hopes rely
On Israel's God : He made the sky,
And earth, and seas, with all their train,
And none shall find his promise vain.
- 5 His truth forever stands secure :
He saves th' oppress'd, he feeds the poor ;
He sends the labouring conscience peace,
And grants the prisoner sweet release.
- 6 The Lord to sight restores the blind ;
The Lord supports the sinking mind ;
He helps the stranger in distress,
The widow and the fatherless.
- 7 He loves the saints, he knows them well,
But turns the wicked down to hell :
Thy God, O Zion, ever reigns ;
Praise him in everlasting strains.

P S A L M CXLVI. As the 113th Psalm.
Praise to God for his Goodness and Truth.

- 1 **I**'LL praise my Maker with my breath ;
And when my voice is lost in death
Praise shall employ my nobler powers :
My days of praise shall ne'er be past,
While life and thought and being last,
On immortality endures.
- 2 Why should I make a man my trust ?
Princes must die and turn to dust ;
Vain is the help of flesh and blood ;
Their breath departs, their pomp and power
And thoughts all vanish in an hour,
Nor can they make their promise good.
- 3 Happy the man, whose hopes rely.
On Israel's God ; he made the sky,
And earth and seas with all their train ;
His truth forever stands secure :
He saves th' oppress'd, he feeds the poor,
And none shall find his promise vain.

4 The Lord hath eyes to give the blind :
 The Lord supports the sinking mind ;
 He sends the labouring conscience peace
 He helps the stranger in distress,
 The widow and the fatherless,
 And grants the prisoner sweet release.

5 He loves his saints, he knows them well,
 But turns the wicked down to hell ;
 Thy God, O Zion ever reigns ;
 Let every tongue, let every age,
 In this exalted work engage :
 Praise him in everlasting strains.

6 I'll praise him while he lends me breath,
 And when my voice is lost in death
 Praise shall employ my nobler powers ;
 My days of praise shall ne'er be past,
 While life and thought and being last,
 Or immortality endures.

P S A L M CXLVII. *First Part.*
The divine Nature, Providence, and Grace.

- 1 **P**RAISE ye the Lord ; 'tis good to raise
 Our hearts and voices in his praise :
 His nature and his works invite
 To make this duty our delight.
- 2 The Lord builds up Jerusalem,
 And gathers nations to his name :
 His mercy melts the stubborn soul,
 And makes the broken spirit whole.
- 3 He form'd the stars, those heavenly flames,
 He counts their numbers, calls their names,
 His sovereign wisdom knows no bound,
 A deep where all our thoughts are drown'd.
- 4 Great is our Lord, and great his might ;
 And all his glories infinite :
 He crowns the meek, rewards the just.
 And treads the wicked to the dust.

P A U S E.

- 5 Sing to the Lord, exalt him high,
 Who spreads his clouds around the sky ;
 There he prepares the fruitful rain,
 Nor lets the drops descend in vain.

- 6 He makes the grass the hills adorn,
And clothes the smiling fields with corn ;
The beasts with food his hands supply,
And feeds the ravens when they cry.
- 7 What is the creature's skill or force ?
The vigorous man, the warlike horse,
The sprightly wit, the active limb.
All are too mean delights for him.
- 8 But saints are lovely in his sight :
He views his children with delight :
He sees their hope, he knows their fear,
And finds and loves his image there.

P S A L M CXLVII. *Second Part.**Summer and Winter.*

- 1 **L**ET Zion praise the mighty God,
And make his honours known abroad ;
For sweet the joy, our songs to raise,
And glorious is the work of praise.
- 2 Our children live secure and blest ;
Our shores have peace, our cities rest ;
He feeds our sons with finest wheat,
And adds his blessing to their meat.
- 3 The changing seasons he ordains,
The early and the latter rains ;
His flakes of snow like wool he sends,
And thus the springing corn descends.
- 4 With hoary frost he strews the ground :
His hail descends with dreadful sound :
His icy hands the rivers hold,
And terror arms his wintry cold.
- 5 He bids the warmer breezes blow ;
The ice dissolves, the waters flow ;
But he hath nobler works and ways
To call his people to his praise.
- 6 Thro' all our realm his laws are shown ;
His gospel through the nation known ;
He hath not thus reveal'd his word
To every land : praise ye the Lord.

PSALM CXLVII. 7—9. 13—18. Common Metre.

The Seasons of the Year.

- 1 **W**ITH songs and honours sounding loud,
 Address the Lord on high ;
 Over the heavens he spreads his cloud,
 And waters veil the sky.
- 2 He sends his showers of blessings down
 To cheer the plains below ;
 He makes the grass the mountains crown ;
 And corn in valleys grow.
- 3 He gives the grazing ox his meat,
 He hears the ravens cry ;
 But man who tastes his finest wheat
 Should raise his honours high.
- 4 His steady counsels change the face
 Of the declining year ;
 He bids the sun cut short his race,
 And wintry days appear.
- 5 His hoary frost, his fleecy snow
 Descend and clothe the ground ;
 The liquid streams forbear to flow,
 In icy fetters bound.
- 6 When from his dreadful stores on high
 He pours the sounding hail,
 The wretch that dares his God defy
 Shall find his courage fail.
- 7 He sends his word and melts the snow,
 The fields no longer mourn ;
 He calls the warmer gales to blow,
 And bids the spring return.
- 8 The changing wind, the flying cloud,
 Obey his mighty word :
 With songs and honours sounding loud
 Praise ye the sovereign Lord.

P S A L M CXLVIII. Proper Metre.

Praise to God for all Creatures.

- 1 **Y**E tribes of Adam, join
 With heaven, and earth, and seas,
 And offer notes divine
 To your Creator's praise.

Ye holy throng
Of angels bright,
In worlds of light
Begin the song.

- 2 Thou sun with dazzling rays,
And moon that rule the night,
Shine to your Maker's praise,
With stars of twinkling light.

His power declares,
Ye floods on high
And clouds that fly
In empty air.

- 3 The shining worlds above
In glorious order stand,
Or in swift courses move,
By his supreme command.

He spake the word,
And all their frame
From nothing came
To praise the Lord.

- 4 He mov'd their mighty wheels
In unknown ages past,
And each his word fulfils
While time and nature last.

In different ways
His works proclaim
His wondrous name,
And speak his praise.

P A U S E.

- 5 Let all the earth-born race,
And monsters of the deep
The fish that cleave the seas,
Or in their bosom sleep,

From sea and shore
Their tribute pay,
And still display
Their Maker's power.

- 6 Ye vapours, hail and snow,
Praise ye th' almighty Lord,
And stormy winds that blow
To execute his word.

When lightning shine
Or thunders roar,
Let earth adore
His hand divine.

7 Ye mountains near the skies,
With lofty cedars there,
And trees of humbler size
That fruit in plenty bear ;
Beasts wild and tame,
Birds, flies and worms,
In various forms
Exalt his name.

8 Ye kings and judges, fear
The Lord the sovereign King ;
And while you rule us here,
His heavenly wonders sing :
Nor let the dream
Of power and state
Make you forget
His power supreme.

9 Virgins and youths engage
To sound his praise divine,
While infancy and age
Their feeble voices join :
Wide as he reigns
His name be sung
By every tongue
In endless strains.

10 Let all the nations fear
The God that rules above ;
He brings his people near,
And makes them taste his love :
While earth and sky
Attempt his praise
His saints shall raise
His honours high.

PSALM CXLVIII. *Paraphrased in Long Metre.
Universal Praise to God.*

1 **L** OUD hallelujahs to the Lord
From distant worlds where creature dwell ;
Let heaven begin the solemn word,
And sound it dreadful down to hell.

Note. This Psalm may be sung to the Tune of the old 112th or 127th Psalm if these two lines be added to every Stanza, (viz.)

Each of his works his name displays.

But they can ne'er complete the praise.

Otherwise it must be sung to the usual Tunes of the Long Metre.

- 2 The Lord, how absolute he reigns,
Let every angel bend the knee ;
Sing of his love in heavenly strains,
And speak how fierce his terrors be.
- 3 High on a throne his glories dwell,
An awful throne of shining bliss :
Fly through the world, O sun and tell
How dark thy beams compar'd to his.
- 4 Awake ye tempests and his fame
In sounds of dreadful praise declare ;
Let the sweet whisper of his name
Fill every gentler breeze of air.
- 5 Let clouds, and winds, and waves agree
To join their praise with blazing fire ;
Let the firm earth and rolling sea
In this eternal song conspire.
- 6 Ye flowery plains, proclaim his skill ;
Ye vallies sink before his eye ;
And let his praise from every hill
Rise tuneful to the neighbouring sky.
- 7 Ye stubborn oaks, and stately pines,
Bend your high branches and adore :
Praise him, ye beasts, in different strains ;
The lamb must beat, the lion roar.
- 8 Ye birds, his praise must be your theme.
Who form'd to song your tuneful voice ;
While the dumb fish that cut the stream
In his protecting care rejoice.
- 9 Mortals, can you refrain your tongue,
When nature all around you sings ?
Oh for a shout from old and young,
From humble swains and lofty kings ?

- 10 Wide as his vast dominion lies,
 Make the Creator's name be known ;
 Loud as his thunder shout his praise,
 And sound it lofty as his throne.
- 11 Jehovah ! 'tis a glorious word !
 Oh may it dwell on every tongue !
 But saints who best have known the Lord
 Are bound to raise the noblest song.
- 12 Speak of the wonders of that love
 Which Gabriel plays on every chord:
 From all below and all above,
 Loud Hallelujahs to the Lord.

P S A L M CXLVIII. Short Metre.

Universal Praise.

- 1 **L**ET every creature join
 To praise th' eternal God ;
 Ye heavenly hosts, the song begin,
 And sound his name abroad.
- 2 Thou sun with golden beams,
 And moon with paler rays,
 Ye starry lights, ye twinkling flames,
 Shine to your Maker's praise.
- 3 He built those worlds above,
 And fix'd their wondrous frame ;
 By his command they stand or move,
 And ever speak his name.
- 4 Ye vapours, when ye rise,
 Or fall in showers or snow,
 Ye thunders murmuring round the skies,
 His power and glory show.
- 5 Wind, hail, and flashing fire,
 Agree to praise the Lord,
 When ye in dreadful storms conspire
 To execute his word.
- 6 By all his works above
 His honours be express'd ;
 But saints that taste his saving love
 Should sing his praises best.

P A U S E I.

- 7 Let earth and ocean know
 They owe their Maker praise ;
 Praise him, ye watery worlds below.
 And monsters of the seas.
- 8 From mountains near the sky
 Let his high praise resound,
 From humble shrubs and cedars high,
 And vales and fields around.
- 9 Ye lions of the wood,
 And tamer beasts that graze,
 Ye live upon his daily food,
 And he expects your praise.
- 10 Ye birds of lofty wing,
 On high his praises bear ;
 Or sit on flowery boughs and sing
 Your Maker's glory there.
- 11 Ye reptile myriads join,
 T' exalt his glorious name,
 And flies in beauteous forms that shine,
 His wondrous skill proclaim.
- 12 By all the earth-born race,
 His honours be express'd,
 But saints that know his heavenly grace,
 Should learn to praise him best.

P A U S E II.

- 13 Monarchs of wide command,
 Praise ye th' eternal King,
 Judges, adore that sovereign hand,
 Whence all your honours spring.
- 14 Let vigorous youth engage
 To sound his praises high ;
 While growing babes and withering age
 Their feeble voices try.
- 15 United zeal be shown
 His wondrous fame to raise ;
 God is the Lord ; his name alone
 Deserves our endless praise.
- 16 Let nature join with art,
 And all pronounce him blest,

But saints that dwell so near his heart
Should sing his praises best.

P S A L M CXLIX.

Praise God, all his Saints ; or, the Saints judging the World.

- 1 **A**LL ye that love the Lord, rejoice,
And let your songs be new ;
Amidst the church with cheerful voice
His latter wonders shew.
- 2 The Jews the people of his grace,
Shall their Redeemer sing ;
And Gentile nations join the praise
While Zion owns her king
- 3 The Lord takes pleasure in the just,
Whom sinners treat with scorn :
The meek that lie dispis'd in dust
Salvation shall adorn.
- 4 Saints should be joyful in their king
E'en on a dying bed :
And like the souls in glory sing,
For God shall raise the dead.
- 5 Then his high praise shall fill their tongues,
Their hand shall wield the sword :
And vengeance shall attend their songs,
The vengeance of the Lord.
- 6 When Christ his judgment-seat ascends,
And bids the world appear.
Thrones are prepar'd for all his friends
Who humbly lov'd him here.
- 7 Then shall they rule with iron rod
Nations that dar'd rebel :
And join the sentence of their God,
On tyrants doom'd to hell.
- 8 The royal sinners bound in chains
New triumph shall afford :
Such honour for the saints remains :
Praise ye and love the Lord.

IN Gods's own house pronounce his praise,
His grace he there reveals ;
To heaven your joy and wonder raise,
For there his glory dwells.

2 Let all your sacred passions move,
While you rehearse his deeds ;
But the great work of saving love
Your highest praise exceeds.

3 All that have motion, life and breath,
Proclaim your Maker blest ;
Yet when my voice expires in death,
My soul shall praise him best,



THE CHRISTIAN DOXOLOGY.

Long Metre.

TO God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Spirit, three in one,
Be honour, praise, and glory given,
By all on earth, and all in heaven.

Common Metre.

LET God the Father, and the Son,
And Spirit be ador'd.
Where there are works to make him known,
Or saints to love the Lord.

Common Metre.

Where the Tune includes two Stanzas.

I.

THE God of mercy be ador'd,
Who calls our souls from death,
Who saves by his redeeming word,
And new-creating breath.

II.

To praise the Father, and the Son,
And Spirit all divine,
The one in three, and three in one,
Let saints and angels join.

Short Metre.

YE angels round the throne,
And saints that dwell below,
Worship the Father, praise the Son,
And bless the spirit too.

As the 113th Psalm.

NOW to the great and sacred three,
The Father, Son, and Spirit be
Eternal praise and glory given.
Through all the worlds where God is known,
By all the angels near the throne,
And all the saints in earth and heaven.

As the 148th Psalm.

TO God the Father's throne
Perpetual honours raise,
Glory to God the Son.
To God the Spirit praise :
With all our powers,
Eternal King,
Thy name we sing,
While faith adores.

END OF THE PSALMS.

AN INDEX,

O R

T A B L E to find a Psalm suited to particular SUBJECTS or OCCASIONS.

If you find not what Word you seek in this Table seek another of the same Signification ; Or, seek it under some of the more general Words, such as *God, Christ, Church, Saints, Psalm, Prayer, Praise, Affliction, Grace, Deliverance, Death, &c.*

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H Y M N S
AND
SPIRITUAL SONGS.

H Y M N I.

A Song to the Lamb that was slain. Rev.

- 1 **B**EHOLD the glories of the Lamb,
Amidst the Father's throne ;
Prepare new honours for his name,
And songs before unknown.
- 2 While angels worship at his feet,
And saints around him throng,
The church on earth with joy shall meet,
And join the heavenly song.
- 3 Eternal Father, who shall look
Thro' all thy secret will ?
Who but the Son shall take the book,
And open every seal ?
- 4 He shall accomplish thy decrees,
And all thy wonders tell :
Lo ! in his sovereign hand, the keys
Of heaven, and death, and hell.
- 5 He hath redeem'd our souls with blood,
Hath broke the prisoner's chain ;
Hath made us kings and priests with God,
And we with him shall reign.
- 6 Now, to the Lamb, that once was slain,
Be endless blessing paid ;
While saints and angels fill his train,
And glories crown his head.

H Y M N, II.

The Nativity of Christ. Luke i. 30, &c. ii. 10.

- 1 **B**EHOLD, the grace appears !
The promise is fulfill'd ;
Mary, the wondrous virgin, bears,
And Jesus is the child !
- 2 To bring the glorious news,
A heavenly form appears :
He tells the shepherds of their joys,
And banishes their fears.
- 3 Go *humble swains* ; said he,
To *David's city* fly ;
The promis'd infant, born to-day,
Doth in a manger lie.
- 4 With looks and hearts serene,
Go, visit Christ, your King ;
And straight a flaming troop was seen ;
The shepherds heard them sing.
- 5 Glory to God on high !
And heavenly peace on earth ;
Good will to men, to angels joy,
At the Redeemer's birth !
- 6 In worship so divine,
Let saints employ their tongues ;
With the celestial hosts we join,
And loud repeat their songs.
- 7 Glory to God on high !
And Heavenly peace on earth,
Good will to men, to angels joy,
At our Redeemer's birth.

H Y M N, III.

Submission to afflictive providences, Job. i. 21.

- 1 **N**AKED, as from the earth we came,
And rose to life at first,
We to the earth return again,
And mingle with our dust.
- 2 The dear delights we here enjoy,
And fondly call our own,
Are but short favours borrow'd now,
To be repaid anon.

- 3 'Tis God who lifts our comforts high,
Or sinks them in the grave ;
He gives, and (blessed be his name !)
He takes but what he gave.
- 4 Peace, all our angry passions then !
Let each rebellious sigh,
Be silent at his sovereign will,
And every murmur die.
- 5 If smiling mercy crown our lives,
Its praises shall be spread,
And we'll adore the justice too,
Which strikes our comforts dead.

H Y M N IV.

The invitation of the gospel, Isa. iv. 12, &c.

- 1 **L**ET every mortal ear attend,
And every heart rejoice,
The trumpet of the gospel sounds
With an inviting voice.
- 2 Come all ye hungry starving souls,
Who feed upon the wind,
And vainly strive with earthly toys,
To fill th' immortal mind.
- 3 Eternal wisdom has prepar'd
A soul-reviving feast,
And bids your longing appetites
The rich provision taste.
- 4 Come, ye who pant for living streams,
And pine away, and die ;
Here you may quench your raging thirst
With springs that never dry.
- 5 Rivers of love and mercy here
In spreading oceans join ;
Salvation in abundance flows
Like floods of milk and wine.
- 6 Great God, the treasures of thy love
Are everlasting mines,
Deep our helpless mercies are,
And boundless as our sins.

H Y M N V.

Blessedness of gospel times. Isa. v. 2, 7, &c.

- 1 **H**OW beauteous are their feet
Who stand on Zion's hill,
Who brings salvation on their tongues,
And words of peace reveal.
- 2 How charming is their voice !
How sweet the tidings are !
" Zion, behold thy Saviour king,
" He reigns and triumphs here.
- 3 How happy are our ears,
That hear thy joyful sound,
Which kings and prophets long to know
And sought, but never found !
- 4 How blest our ravish'd eyes,
That see this heavenly light ;
Prophets and kings desir'd it long,
But dy'd without the sight !
- 5 The watchmen join their voice,
And tuneful notes employ ;
Jerusalem breaks forth in songs,
And deserts learn the joy.
- 6 The Lord displays his arm
Through all the earth abroad ;
Let every nation now behold
Their Saviour and their God.

H Y M N VI.

The triumph of Faith, Rom. viii. 33.

- 1 **W**HO shall the Lord's elect condemn,
'Tis God who justifies their souls,
And mercy, like a mighty stream,
O'er all their sins divinely rolls.
- 2 Who shall a judge the saints to hell ?
'Tis Christ who suffer'd in their stead ;
And, the salvation to fulfil,
Behold him rising from the dead.
- 3 He lives ! He lives ! and sits above,
Forever interceding there :
Who shall divide us from his love,
Or what shall tempt us to despair ?

- 4 Shall persecution, or distress,
Famine, or sword or nakedness ?
He who hath lov'd us, bears us through,
And makes us more than conquerors too.
- 5 Faith has an overcoming power,
It triumphs in the dying hour :
Christ is our life, our joy, our hope,
Nor can we sink with such a prop.
- 6 Not all that men on earth can do,
Nor powers on high, nor powers below,
Shall cause his mercy to remove,
Or wean our hearts from Christ our love.

H Y M N VII.

Christ our strength. 2 Cor. XII. 7, 9, 13.

- 1 **O**H, let me hear my Saviour say,
Thy strength be equal to thy day,
Then I'll rejoice in deep distress,
And trust secure his sovereign grace.
- 2 My weakness shall my glory prove,
That power may aid me from above ;
When flesh is weak, my soul is strong,
Be grace my shield and Christ my song.
- 3 All things I do, all sufferings bear,
While God, my strength is with me here ;
But, he withdrawn, temptations reign,
And pains and weakness rise again.
- 4 So Sampson, when his locks were lost,
First bow'd beneath Philistia's host ;
Shook his vain limbs with sore surprise,
Made feeble fight, and lost his eyes.

H Y M N VIII.

Hosannah to Christ. Ma. xxi. 9. Luke xix 33.

- 1 **H**OSANNA to the royal Son,
Of David's ancient line
His natures two, his person one,
Mysterious and divine.

- 2 The root of David here we find
And offspring is the same :

Eternity and time are join'd
In our Emanuel's name.

- 3 Blest he who comes to wretched men
With peaceful news from heaven!
Hosannah in the highest strain
To Christ the Lord be given!
- 4 Let mortals ne'er refuse to take
Hosannah on their tongues,
Lest rocks and stones should rise, and break
Their silence into songs.

H Y M N IX.

Hope of Heaven, by the Resurrection of Christ.

1st Pet. 1, 3, 4, 5.

- 1 **B**LEST be the everlasting God,
The father of our Lord;
Be his abounding mercy prais'd,
His majesty ador'd.
- 2 When from the dead he rais'd his Son,
And call'd him to the sky,
He gave our souls a lively hope
That they should never die.
- 3 What though our sins have doom'd our flesh
A while with dust to blend,
Yet as the Saviour rises first,
His followers shall ascend.
- 4 There's an inheritance divine
Reserv'd against that day,
'Tis uncorrupted, undefil'd,
And cannot waste away.
- 5 Saints by the power of God are kept,
Till full salvation come:
We walk by faith, as strangers here,
Till Christ shall call us home.

H Y M N X.

Adoption, 1 John, iii. &c. Gal. vi. 6.

- 1 **B**EHOLD, what wondrous grace
The Father has bestow'd
On sinners, of a mortal race,
To call them—*sons of God!*

2 'Tis no surprizing thing
That we should be unknown;
The Jewish world knew not their king,
God's everlasting Son:

3 Nor can it yet appear
How great we must be made;
But, when we see our Saviour near,
We shall be like our head.

4 We shall no longer lie
Like slaves, beneath the throne
Our faith shall Abba Father cry,
And he the kindred own.

Salvation, Righteousness, and Strength in Christ,
Isa. xiv. 21—25.

1 **J**EHOVAH speaks—let Israel hear!
Let all the earth rejoice and fear;
While God's eternal Son proclaims
His sovereign honours, and his names:

2 "I am the last, and I the first,
"The Saviour God, and God the just;
"Look up to me, from distant lands,
"Light, life, and heaven, are in my hands.

3 "I by my holy name have sworn,
"Nor shall the word in vain return:
"To me, shall all things bend the knee,
"And every tongue shall swear to me.

4 "In me alone, shall men confess
"Lies all their strength and righteousness;
"But such as dare despise my name,
"I'll clothe with everlasting shame.

5 "In me, the Lord, shall all the seed
"Of Israel, from their sins be freed;
"And, by their shining graces prove,
"Their interest in my pardoning love."

H Y M N XII.

Youth and Judgment. Eccl. xi.

1 **Y**E sons of Adam, vain and young,
Indulge your eyes, indulge your tongue,

- Taste the delights your souls desire,
And give a loose to all your fire.
- 2 Pursue the pleasures you design,
And cheer your hearts with songs and wine :
Enjoy the day of mirth—but know
There is a day of judgment too !
- 3 God, from on high, beholds your thoughts,
His book records your secret faults ;
The works of darkness you have done,
Must rise unveil'd before his throne.
- 4 The vengeance, to your follies due,
Should strike your hearts with terror through ;
How will you stand before his face,
Or answer for his injur'd grace ?
- 5 Almighty God, turn off their eyes
From works of vanity and lies ;
And let the terrors of thy word
Awake their souls to fear the Lord.

H Y M N XIII.

Advice to Youth, Eccl. xii, 1, 7.

- 1 **N**OW, in the heat of youthful blood,
Remember your Creator God :
Behold, the months come hastening on,
When you shall say—*my joys are gone !*
- 2 Behold the aged sinner goes,
Laden with guilt and heavy woes,
Down to the regions of the dead,
With endless curses on his head.
- 3 The dust returns to dust again ;
The soul, in agonies of pain,
Ascends to God : not there to dwell,
But hears her doom, and sinks to hell.
- 4 Eternal king ! I fear thy name :
Teach me to know—how frail I am—
And when my soul must hence remove,
Give me a mansion in thy love.

H Y M N XIV.

Justification by Faith, not by Works.
Rom. iii. 19—22.

- 1 **V**AIN are the hopes, the sons-of men
On their own works have built ;
Their hearts, by nature, all unclean,
And all their actions guilt.
- 2 Let Jew and Gentiles stop their mouths,
Without a murmuring word,
And all the race of Adam stand
In guilt before the Lord.
- 3 In vain, we ask God's righteous law
To justify us now ;
Since—to convince, and to condemn—
Is all the law can do.
- 4 Jesus, how glorious is thy grace,
When in thy name we trust !
Our faith receives a righteousness
Which makes the sinner just.

H Y M N XV.

Regeneration, John i. 13. and iii. 3 &c.

- 1 **N**OT all the outward forms on earth,
Nor rites which God has given,
Nor will of man, nor blood, nor birth,
Can raise a soul to heaven.
- 2 The sovereign will of God, alone
Creates us heirs of grace ;
Born in the image of his Son,
A new peculiar race.
- 3 The spirit, like some heavenly wind,
Breathes on the sons of flesh ;
Creates anew the carnal mind,
And forms the man afresh.
- 4 Our quickned souls awake—and rise
From the long sleep of death ;
On heavenly things we fix our eyes,
And praise employs our breath.

H Y M N XVI.

*Heaven invisible and holy, 1 Cor. ii. 9, 10.
Rev. xxi. 27.*

- 1 **N**OR eye hath seen, nor ear hath heard,
Nor sense, nor reason known,
What joys the Father has prepar'd
For those who love the Son.
- 2 But the good spirit of the Lord
Reveals a heaven to come ;
The beams of glory, in his word,
Allure and guide us home.
- 3 Pure are the joys above the sky,
And all the regions peace ;
No wanton lips nor envious eye,
Can see or taste the bliss.
- 4 Those holy gates forever bar
Pollution, sin, and shame ;
None shall obtain admittance there,
But followers of the lamb.
- 5 He keeps the Father's book of life,
There all the names are found
The Hypocrite in vain shall strive
To tread the heavenly ground.

H Y M N XVII.

*The Fall and recovery of Man : Or, Christ and Satan
at enmity. Gen. iii. 1. 15, 17. Gal. iv. 4, Col.
ii. 15.*

- 1 **D**ECEIV'D by subtle snare of hell,
Adam, our head, our father, fell ;
His unborn race receiv'd the wound,
And heavy curses smote the ground.
- 2 Thus saith the vengeance of the Lord—
But Satan found a worse reward ;
“ Let everlasting hatred be
“ Betwixt the woman's seed and thee.
- 3 “ The woman's seed shall be my Son ;
“ He shall destroy what thou hast done—
“ Shall break thy head—and only feel
“ Thy malice raging at his heel.”

4 He spake—and bade four thousand years
Roll on—at length his Son appears ;
Angels, with joy descend to earth,
And sing the blest Redeemer's birth.

5 Lo, by the sons of hell he dies !
But, as he hung 'twixt earth and skies,
He gave their prince a fatal blow,
And triumph'd o'er the powers below.

H Y M N XVIII.

Conviction of sin by the law, Ro. vii, 8. &c.

1 **L**ORD, how secure my conscience lay,
And felt no inward dread ;
I liv'd a while without the law,
And thought my sins were dead.

2 My hopes of heaven were firm and bright,
But since the precept came
I stand convicted by its light,
And find how vile I am.

3 I'm like a helpless captive sold,
Beneath the power of sin ;
I cannot do the good I would,
Nor keep my conscience clean.

4 My God, I'll cry with every breath,
For some kind power to save,
To break the yoke of sin and death,
And thus redeem the slave.

H Y M N XIX.

Love to God and our Neighbours. Mat. xxii.

1 **T**HUS saith the first, the great, command,
Let all thy powers unite,
To love thy Maker and thy God,
With vigour and delight.

2 Then shall thy neighbour, next in place,
Thy warm affections prove ;
And be thy kindness to thyself
The measures of thy love.

3 This Moses and the prophet spoke,
And Jesus from above ;
For want of this the law is broke,
And all the law is love.

- 4 But oh, how base our passions are !
 How cold our blinded zeal !
 Lord, fill our hearts with warm desires,
 To learn and do thy will.

H Y M N XX.

Election, sovereign and free. Ro. ix. 21.

- 1 **T**HE potter moulds the pliant clay,
 And forms to various shapes with ease ;
 Such is our God, and such are we,
 The subjects of his high decrees.
- 2 May not the sovereign Lord on high
 Dispense his favours as he will,
 Choose some to life, while others die,
 And yet be just and gracious still ?
- 3 Shall man reply against the Lord,
 And call his Maker's ways unjust,
 The thunder of whose dreadful word
 Can crush a thousand worlds to dust ?
- 4 But, O my soul, if truth so bright
 Should dazzle and confound thy sight,
 Yet still his written will obey,
 And wait the great decisive day.
- 5 Then shall he make his justice known,
 And the whole world, before his throne,
 With joy or terror, shall confess
 His sovereign power and pardoning grace.

H Y M N XXI.

Moses and Christ ; or, *sin against the law and gospel,*
Joh. i. 17. He. iii. 3, 5, 6. 2. 28.

- 1 **T**HE law by Moses came,
 But peace, and truth, and love,
 Were brought by Christ (a nobler name)
 Descending from above.
- 2 Amidst the house of God
 Their different works were done ;
 Moses a faithful servant stood,
 But Christ—a *faithful son*.—
- 3 Then to his new command
 Be strict obedience paid ;

O'er all his Father's house he stands
The sovereign and the head.

- 4 The man who durst despise
The law which Moses brought,
Behold ! how terribly he dies
For his presumptuous fault :
- 5 But forer vengeance falls
On that rebellious race,
Who hate to hear when Jesus calls
And dare resist his grace.

H Y M N XXII.

The different Success of the Gospel.

1. Cor. i. 13, 24. 2 Cor. ii. 16. 1. Cor. iii. 6, 7.

- 1 **C**HRIST and his cross are all our themes ;
The myst'ries which we speak,
Are scandal in the Jews esteem,
And folly to the Greek :
- 2 But souls, enlightened from above,
With joy receive the word ;
They see what wisdom, power, and love,
Shine in their dying Lord.
- 3 The vital favor of his name
Restores their fainting breath ;
But unbelief perverts the same
To guilt, despair, and death.
- 4 'Till God diffuse his graces down,
Like showers of heavenly rain,
In vain Apollos sows the ground,
And Paul may plant in vain.

H Y M N XXIII.

*Children devoted to God. Gen. xvii. 7, 10, Acts xvi.
14, 15, 33.*

(For those who practice Infant Baptism)

- 1 **T**HUS saith the mercy of the Lord,
" I'll be a God to thee ;
" I'll bless thy numerous race—and they
" Shall prove a seed for me."

- 2 Abra'm believ'd the promis'd grace,
And gave his sons to God ;
But water seals the blessing now,
Which once was seal'd with blood.
- 3 Thus Lydia sanctify'd her house,
When she receiv'd the word ;
Thus the believing jailor gave
His household to the Lord.
- 4 Thus later saints, eternal king,
Thine ancient truth embrace ;
To thee their infant offspring bring,
And humbly claim the grace.

H Y M N N XXIV.

Christ's Compassion to the Weak and the Tempted, Heb. iv
15, 10. & v. 9. Mat. xii. 20.

- 1 **W**ITH joy we meditate the grace
Of our High Priest, above ;
His heart is made of tenderness,
His bowels melt with love.
- 2 Touch'd with a sympathy within,
He knows our feeble frame,
He knows what sore temptations mean,
For he has felt the same.
- 3 But spotless, innocent, and pure,
The great Redeemer stood ;
While satan's fiery darts he bore,
And did resist to blood.
- 4 He, in the days of feeble flesh,
Pour'd out his cries and tears ;
And, in his measure, feels afresh
What every member bears.
- 5 Then let our humble faith address
His mercy and his power ;
We shall obtain delivering grace
In the distressing hour.

H Y M N XXV.

Submission and Deliverance. Gen. xxii. 6.

- 1 **S**AINTS, at your heavenly Father's word,
Give up your honours to the Lord ;
He shall restore what you resign,
Or grant you blessings *more divine.*
- 2 So Abra'm with obedient hand
Led forth his son at God's command ;
The wood, the fire, the knife he took,
His arm prepar'd the dreadful stroke.
- 3 " Abra'm, forbear, the angel cry'd,
" Thy faith is known, thy love is try'd ;
" Thy son shall live—and in thy race
" Shall all the nations learn my grace."
- 4 Just in the last distressing hour
The Lord displays delivering power ;
The mount of danger is the place,
Where we shall see surprising grace.

H Y M N XXVI.

Pharisee and Publican, Luke xviii. 10.

- 1 **B**EHOLD how sinners disagree,
The Publican and Pharisee !
One doth his righteousness proclaim,
The other owns his guilt and shame.
- 2 *This* man at humble distance stands,
And cries for grace with lifted hands ;
That boldly rises near the throne,
And talks of duties he has done.
- 3 The Lord their different Language knows,
And different answers he bestows :
The humble soul, with grace he crowns,
While on the proud his anger frowns.
- 4 Dear Father, let me never be
Join'd with the boasting Pharisee ;
I have no merits of my own,
But plead the Sufferings of thy son.

H Y M N. XXVII.

Holiness and Grace, Tit. ii 10—13.

- 1 **S**O let our lips and lives express
The holy gospel we profess :
So let our works and virtues shine
To prove the doctrine ALL DIVINE.
- 2 Thus shall we best proclaim abroad
The honours of our Saviour God ;
When the salvation reigns within
And grace subdues the power of sin.
- 3 Our flesh and sense must be deny'd,
Passion and envy, lust and pride !
While justice, temperance, truth, and love,
Our inward piety approve.
- 4 Religion bears our spirits up,
While we expect that blessed hope,
The bright appearance of the Lord,
And faith stands leaning on his word.

H Y M N XXVIII.

Love and Charity, 1 Cor. xiii. 2—7.

- 1 **L**ET Pharisees, of high esteem,
Their faith and zeal declare ;
All their religion is a dream,
If love be wanting there.
- 2 Love suffers long with patient eye,
Nor is provok'd in haste :
She lets the present inj'ry die,
And long forgets the past.
- 3 She lays her own advantage by
To seek her neighbour's good ;
So God's own Son came down to die,
And bought our lives with blood.
- 4 Love is the grace which keeps her power,
In realms of light above ;
There faith and hope are known no more,
But saints forever love.

H Y M N XXIX.

Religion vain without Love, 1 Cor. xiii. 1, 2, 3.

- 1 **H**AD I the tongues of Greeks and Jews,
 And nobler speech than angels use,
 If love be absent, I am found
 Like tinkling brass, an empty sound,
- 2 Were I inspired to preach and tell
 All that is done in heaven and hell;
 Or could my faith the world remove,
 Still I am nothing, without love.
- 3 Should I distribute all my store
 To feed the bowels of the poor,
 Or give my body to the flame,
 To gain a martyr's glorious name—
- 4 If love to God, and love to men
 Be absent—*all my hopes are vain* :—
 Nor tongues, nor gifts, nor fiery zeal,
 The work of love can e'er fulfil.

H Y M N XXX.

The Death of a Sinner.

- 1 **M**Y thoughts on awful subjects roll,
 Damnation and the dead;
 What horrors seize the guilty soul
 Upon a dying bed.
- 2 Linger about these mortal shores,
 She makes a long delay;
 'Till, like a flood with rapid force,
 Death sweeps the wretch away!
- 3 Then, swift and dreadful she descends
 Down to the fiery coast;
 Among abominable fiends,
 Herself a frightful ghost.
- 4 There endless crouds of sinners lie,
 And darkness makes their chains;
 Tortur'd with keen despairs they cry,
 Yet wait for fiercer pains.
- 5 Not all their anguish, and their blood,
 For their own guilt atones;

Nor the compassion of a God
Shall hearken to their groans.

- 6 Amazing grace, which kept my breath,
Nor bid my soul remove
'Till I had learn'd my Saviour's death,
And well incur'd his love !

H Y M N XXXI.

The Death and burial of a Saint.

- 1 **W**HY should we mourn departing friends ?
Or shake at death's alarms ?
'Tis but the voice which Jesus sends
To call them to his arms.
- 2 Are we not tending upward too
As fast as time can move ?
Nor would we wish the hours more slow
To keep us from our love.
- 3 Why should we tremble to convey
Their bodies to the tomb ?
There the dear flesh of Jesus lay,
And left a long perfume.
- 4 The graves of all his saints be blest,
And softened every bed :
Where should the dying members rest,
But with the dying head ?
- 5 Thence he arose, ascending high,
And shew'd our feet the way :
Up to the Lord our souls shall fly,
And hail the rising day.
- 6 Then let the last loud trumpet sound,
And bid our kindred rise ;
Awake ye nations, from the ground,
Ye saints, ascend the skies.

H Y M N XXXII.

A Morning Song.

- 1 **O**NCE more, my soul, the rising day
Salutes the waking eyes ;
Once more, my voice, thy tribute pay
To him who rools the skies.

- 2 Night unto night his name repeats,
The day renews the sound,
Wide as the heaven, on which he sits
To turn the seasons round.
- 3 'Tis he supports my mortal frame,
My tongue shall speak his praise ;
My sins would rouse his wrath to flame—
And yet his wrath delays !
- 4 A thousand wretched souls are fled
Since the last setting sun;
And yet thou lengthenest out my thread,
And yet my moments run.
- 5 Dear God, let all my hours be thine,
While I enjoy the light ;
Then shall my sun in smiles decline,
And bring a pleasing night.

H Y M N XXXIII.

An Evening Song.

- 1 **D**READ Sovereign, let my evening song
Like holy incense rise :
Assist the offerings of my tongue
To reach the lofty skies.
- 2 Through all the dangers of the day
Thy hand was still my guard ;
And still to drive my wants away,
Thy mercy stood prepared.
- 3 Perpetual blessings from above
Incompass me around,
But Oh, how few returns of love
Hath my Creator found !
- 4 What have I done for him who dy'd :
To save my wretched soul !
How are my follies multiply'd,
Fast as my minutes roll !
- 5 Lord, with this guilty heart of mine,
To thy dear cross I flee ;
And to thy grace my soul resign,
To be renew'd by thee.
- 6 Sprinkled afresh with pardoning blood,
I'd lay me down to rest ;

As in th' embraces of my God,
Or on my Saviour's breast.

H Y M N XXXIV.

Lord's Day; or, Delight in Ordinances:

1 **W**ELCOME, sweet day of rest,
Which saw the Lord arise :
Welcome, to this reviving breast,
And these rejoicing eyes !

2 The King himself comes near,
And feasts his saints to-day ;
Here we may sit, and see him here,
And love, and praise, and pray.

3 One day amidst the place
Where heavenly glories shine,
Is sweeter than ten thousand days
In all the joys of sin.

4 My willing soul would stay
In such a frame as this ;
And sit, and sing herself away
To everlasting bliss..

H Y M N XXXV..

Death and Eternity..

1 **S**TOOP down, my thoughts, which use to rise,
Converse a while with death :
Think how a gasping mortal lies,
And pants away his breath.

2 His quivering lips hang feebly down,
His pulses faint and few ;
Then speechless, with a doleful groan,
He bids the world adieu.

3 But Oh, the soul, which never dies !
At once it leaves the clay !
Ye thoughts, pursue it where it flies,
And trace its wondrous way.

4 Up to the courts where angels dwell,
It mounts triumphing there ;
Or devils plunge it down to hell,
In terror and despair !

- 5 And must my body faint and die !
 And must this soul remove ?
 Oh, for some guardain angel nigh,
 To bear it safe above.
- 6 Almighty Saviour, to thy hand,
 My naked soul I trust :
 My flesh shall wait thy kind command,
 To mingle with the dust.

H Y M N XXXVI.

Frailty and Folly.

- 1 **H**OW short and hasty is our life !
 How vast our souls affairs !
 Yet senseless mortals vainly strive
 To lavish out their years.
- 2 Our days run thoughtlessly along
 Without a moment's stay ;
 Just like a story or a song,
 We pass our lives away.
- 3 God from on high, invites us home,
 But we march heedless on ;
 And, ever hasting to the tomb,
 Stoop downward as we run.
- 4 How we deserve the deepest hell,
 Who slight the joys above !
 What chains of vengeance should we feel,
 Who break such cords of love !
- 5 Draw us, O God, with sovereign grace
 And lift our thoughts on high,
 That we may end this mortal race,
 And see salvation nigh.

H Y M N XXXVII.

Breathing after the holy Spirit.

- 1 **C**OME, holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
 With all thy quickening powers,
 Kindle a flame of sacred love
 In these cold hearts of ours.
- 2 Behold us groveling here below,
 Engag'd in trifling toys !
 Our souls can neither fly, nor go
 To reach eternal joys.

- 3 In vain we tune our formal songs,
 In vain, we strive to rise ;
 Hofannah's languish on our tongues,
 And but devotion dies.
- 4 Dear Lord ! and shall we still remain
 In this decling state ?
 Our love so faint, so cold to thee.
 And thine to us so great ?
- 5 Come, holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
 With all thy quickening powers ;
 Come, shed abroad a Saviour's love,
 And that shall kindle ours.

H Y M N XXXVIII.

Christ's Intercession.

- 1 **T**HE great Redeemer's gone
 To stand before our God,
 To sprinkle o'er the flaming throne
 With his attoning blood.
- 2 No firey vengeance now,
 No burning wrath comes down ;
 If justice calls for sinners blood,
 The saviour shews his own.
- 3 Before his Father's eye
 Our humble suit he moves ;
 The Father lays his thunder by,
 And looks, and smiles, and loves.
- 4 Now may our joyful tongues
 Our Maker's honour sing ;
 Jesus, the priest, receives our songs,
 And bears them to the king.
- 5 " On earth thy mercy reigns,
 " And triumphs all above ;
 " But, Lord, how weak our mortal strains
 " To speak immortal love !

H Y M N XXXIX.

Hell ; or, Vengeance of God.—

- 1 **W**ITH holy fear, and humble song,
 The dreadful God our souls adore ;

Reverence and awe become the tongue
Which speaks the terrors of his power.

- 2 Far, in the deep, where darkness dwells,
The land of horror and despair,
Justice has built a dismal hell,
And laid her stores of vengeance there.
- 3 There satan the first sinner lies ;
And roars, and bites his iron bands ;
In vain the rebel strives to rise,
Crush'd with the weight of heavenly hands.
- 4 There guilty ghosts, of Adam's race,
Shriek out, and howl beneath thy rod ;
Once they could scorn a Saviour's grace,
And so incens'd a dreadful God.
- 5 Tremble, my soul, and kiss the Son—
Sinner, obey thy Saviour's call ;
Else your damnation hastens on,
And opening hell awaits your fall.

H Y M N XL.

Love to the Creatures is dangerous.

- 1 **H**OW vain are all things here below !
How false and yet how fair !
Each pleasure hath its poison too,
And ev'ry sweet—a snare.
- 2 The brightest things below the sky
Give but a flattering light ;
We should suspect some danger nigh.
Where we possess delight.
- 3 Our dearest joys, and nearest friends,
The partners of our blood,
How they divide our wavering minds,
And leave but half for God !
- 4 The fondness of a creature's love,
Allures the flattering sense !
Thither the warm affections move,
Nor can we call them thence.
- 5 Dear Saviour, let thy beauties be
My soul's eternal food ;

And grace command my heart away
From all created good.

H Y M N XLI.

Shortness of Life, and goodness of God.

1 **T**IME, what an empty vapour 'tis !
And days, how swift they are !
Swift as a feather'd arrow flies,
Or like a shooting star.

2 Our life is ever on the wing,
And death is ever nigh ;
The moment when our lives begin,
We all begin to die.

3 Yet mighty God ! our fleeting days
Thy lasting favours share ;
And still the bounties of thy grace,
Enrich the rolling years.

4 'Tis sovereign mercy finds us food,
And we are cloth'd by love :
While grace stands pointing out the road,
That leads our souls above.

5 Thus we began the lasting song ;
And when we close our eyes,
Let ages down thy praise prolong,
'Till time and nature dies.

H Y M N XLII.

*God the Thunderer :—or, the last Judgment, and Hell.**

1 **S**ING to the Lord ye heavenly hosts,
And let the earth, adore :
Let death and hell, thro' all their coasts,
Stand trembling at his power.

2 His sounding chariot shakes the sky,
He makes the cloud his throne ;
There all his stores of lightning lie,
'Till vengeance darts them down.

3 Before him rolls a fiery stream—
And from his awful tongue
A sovereign voice divides the flame,
And thunder roars along !

* Made in a great Storm of Thunder, August 20th,
1697.

- 4 Think, O my soul, the dreadful day
When this incensed God
Shall rend the sky, and burn the sea,
And send his wrath abroad !
- 5 What shall the wretch, the sinner do ?
He once defy'd the Lord :
Be he shall dread the thunderer now,
And sink beneath his word.
- 6 Tempests of angry fire shall roll
To blast the rebel worm ;
And beat upon his naked soul
In one eternal storm.

H Y M N XLIII.

A Funeral Thought.

- 1 **H**ARK from the tombs, a doleful sound,
Mine ears attend the cry—
“ Ye living men, come, view the ground
“ Where you must shortly lie.
- 2 “ Princes this clay must be your bed,
“ In spite of all your towers ;
“ The tall, the wise, the reverend head
“ Must lie as low as our's.
- 3 Great God, is this our certain doom ?
And are we still secure !
Still walking downwards to the tomb,
And yet prepar'd no more !
- 4 Grant us the powers of quickening grace,
To fit our souls to fly ;
Then, when we drop this dying flesh,
We'll rise above the sky.

H Y M N XLIV.

The Lord's Day ; or, The Resurrection of Christ.

- 1 **B**LEST morning, whose young dawning rays,
Behold our rising God ;
Which saw him triumph o'er the dust,
And leave his dark abode !

- 2 In the cold prison of a tomb
The dear Redeemer lay ;

'Till the revolving skies had brought
The third, th' appointed day.

3 Hell, and the grave unite their force
To hold our God in vain ;
The sleeping Conquerer arose,
And burst their feeble chain.

4 To thy great name, almighty Lord,
These sacred hours we pay ;
And loud Hosannas shall proclaim
The triumph of the day.

H Y M N XLV.
The Christian Warfare.

1 **S**TAND up, my soul, shake off thy fears,
And gird the gospel-armour on ;
March to the gates of endless joy,
Where Jesus went and claim'd his throne.

2 Hell, and thy sins resist thy course ;
But hell and sin are vanquish'd foes ;
Thy Jesus nail'd them to the cross,
And sung the triumph when he rose.

3 Then let my soul march boldly on,
Press forward to the heavenly gate ;
There peace and joy eternal reign,
And glittering robes for conquerers wait.

4 There shall I wear a starry crown,
And triumph in almighty grace ;
While all the armies of the skies
Join in my glorious Leader's praise.

H Y M N XLVI.

Salvation.

1 **S**ALVATION! Oh, the joyful sound!
'Tis pleasure to our ears ;
A sovereign balm for every wound,
A cordial for our fears.

2 Bury'd in sorrow, and in sin,
At hell's dark door we lay ;
But we arise, by grace divine,
To see a heavenly day.

- 3 Salvation ! let the echo fly
The spacious earth around,
While all the armies of the sky
Conspire to raise the sound.

H Y M N XLVII.

Look on him who they pierced and mourn.

- 1 **I**NFINITE grief ! amazing woe !
Behold my bleeding Lord !
Hell and the Jews conspire his death,
And use the Roman sword.

- 2 Oh ! the sharp pangs of smarting pain
My dear redeemer bore,
When knotty whips, and ragged thorns,
His sacred body tore !

- 3 But knotty whips, and ragged thorns,
In vain do I accuse ;
In vain I blame the Roman band,
And more insulting Jews :

- 4 'Twere you, my sins, my cruel sins,
His chief tormentors were ;
Each of my crimes became a nail ;
And unbelief—the spear.

- 5 'Twere you that pull'd the vengeance down
Upon his guiltless head :
Break, break, my heart—Oh, burst mine eyes,
And let my sorrows bleed !

- 6 Strike, mighty grace, my flinty soul,
Till melting waters flow ;
And deep repentance drown mine eyes
In undissembled woe !

H Y M N XLVIII.

The Book of God's Decrets.

- 1 **L**ET all the race of creatures lie
Abas'd before their God :
Whate'er his sovereign voice has form'd
He governs with a nod.

- 2 Ten thousand ages ere the skies
Were into motion brought ;
All the long years and worlds to come
Stood present to his thought.

- 3 If light attend the course I run,
 'Tis he provides the rays ;
 And 'tis his hand which hides my sun,
 If darkness cloud my days.
- 4 Yet I would not too far enquire,
 Nor vainly long to see
 In volumes of his deep decrees,
 What lines are mark'd for me.
- 5 When he reveals the book of life,
 Oh, may I read my name
 Among the chosen of his love,
 The followers of the Lamb.

H Y M N XLIX.

The World's Three chief Temptations.

- 1 **W**HEN, in the light of faith divine,
 We look on things below,
 Honour, and gold, and sensual joy,
 How vain and dangerous too.
- 2 Honour's a puff of noisy breath ;
 Yet men expose their blood,
 And venture everlasting death,
 To gain that airy good.
- 3 Whilst others starve the nobler mind,
 And feed on shining dust ;
 They rob the serpent of his food,
 T' indulge a sordid lust.
- 4 The pleasure which allures the sense,
 Are dangerous snares to souls ;
 There's but a drop of flattering sweet,
 And dash'd with bitter bowls.
- 5 God is mine all-sufficient good,
 My portion, and my choice ;
 In him my vast desires are fill'd,
 And all my powers rejoice.
- 6 In vain the world accosts my ear,
 And tempts my heart anew ;
 I cannot buy your bliss so dear,
 Nor part with heaven for you.

H Y M N L.

Christ's Commission, John iii. 16, 17.

- 1 **C**OME, happy souls, approach your God,
With new melodious songs;
Come, tender to almighty grace
The tribute of your tongues.
- 2 So strange, so boundless was the love
Which pity'd dying men,
The Father sent his equal Son
To give them life again.
- 3 Thy hands, my Saviour, were not arm'd
With a revenging rod;
Nor had commission to perform
The vengeance of a God.
- 4 But all was mercy—all was love
And wrath forsook the throne;
When Christ descended from above,
And brought salvation down.

H Y M N L.

God glorified in the Gospel.

- 1 **T**HE Lord, descending from above,
Invites his children near;
While power and truth, and boundless love
Display their glories here.
- 2 Here in the gospel's wondrous frame,
Fresh wisdom we may view
A thousand angels learn thy name,
Beyond what e'er they knew.
- 3 Thy name is writ in fairest lines,
Thy wonders here we trace,
Wisdom thro' all the mystery shines,
It shines in Jesus' face.
- 4 The law its best obedience owes
To our incarnate God;
And thy revenging justice shows
Its honours in his blood.
- 5 But still the lustre of thy grace
Our warmer thoughts employ;
D d a

Gilds the whole scene with brighter rays,
And more exalts our joys.

H Y M N LII.

Circumcision and Baptism.

*(Written only for those who practice the Baptism of
Infants.)*

1 **O**NCE did the sons of Abra'm pass
Beneath the bloody seal of grace ;
The young disciples bore the yoke,
'Till Christ the painful bondage broke.

2 By milder ways doth Jesus prove
His Father's covenant, and his love ;
He seals, to saints his glorious grace,
And kindly owns their infant race.

3 Their seed is sprinkled with his blood,
Their children set a-part from God ;
His spirit on their offspring's shed,
Like water pour'd upon the head.

4 Let every saint, with cheerful voice,
In this large covenant rejoice ;
Young children, in their early days,
Shall give the God of Abra'm praise.

H Y M N LIII.

The example of Christ.

1 **M**Y dear Redeemer, and my Lord,
I read my duty in thy word :
But in thy life thy law is best
In living characters express.

2 Such was thy truth, and such thy zeal—
Such deference to thy Father's will—
Such love, and meekness, so divine,
I would transcribe, and make them mine.

3 Could mountains, and the midnight air,
Witness'd the fervor of thy prayer ;
The desert thy temptations knew,
Thy conflict, and thy victory too.

4 Be thou my pattern—make me bear
More of thy gracious image here :
Then God, the Judge, shall own my name—
Among the followers of the Lamb.

The Deceitfulness of Sin.

- 1 **S**IN has a thousand treacherous arts
To practice on the mind;
With flattering looks she tempts our hearts,
But leaves a sting behind.
- 2 With names of virtues she deceives
The aged and the young;
And, while the heedless wretch believes,
She makes his fetters strong.
- 3 She pleads for all the joys she brings,
And gives a fair pretence;
But cheats the soul of heavenly things,
And chains it down to sense.
- 4 So, on a tree divinely fair,
Grew the forbidden food;
Our mother took the poison there,
And tainted all her brood.

H Y M N LV.

Christian Virtues.

- 1 **S**TRAIT is the way, the door is strait,
Which leads to joys on high;
'Tis but a few who find the gate,
While crowds mistake, and die.
- 2 Beloved self must be deny'd,
The mind and will renew'd,
Passion suppress'd, and patience try'd,
And vain desires subdu'd.
- 3 The love of gold be banished hence,
(That vile idolatry)
And every member, every sense
In sweet subjection lie.
- 4 The tongue, that most unruly power,
Require a strong restraint:
We must be watchful every hour,
And pray, but never faint.
- 5 Lord! can a feeble helpless worm
Fulfil a task so hard?

Thy grace muſt all my work perform,
And give the free reward.

H Y M N LVI.

Communion with Chriſt and with Saints.

1 Cor. x. 16, 17.

- 1 **J**ESUS invites his ſaints
To meet around his board;
Here pardon'd rebels fit and hold
Communion with their Lord.
- 2 For food he gives his fleſh:
He bids us drink his blood:
Amazing favour! matchleſs grace,
Of our deſcending God!
- 3 This holy bread and wine,
Maintain our fainting breath,
By union with our living Lord,
And intereſt in his death.
- 4 Our heavenly Father calls
Chriſt and his members one;
We the young children of his love,
And he the firſt-born Son.
- 5 Let all our powers be join'd
His glorious name to raiſe:
Pleaſure and love fill every mind,
And every voice be praiſe.

H Y M N LVII.

*The Memorial of our abſent Lord, John xvi. 16.
Luke xxii. 19. John xiv. 3.*

- 1 **T**HE Lord aſcends above the ſkies,
Where our weak ſenſes reach him not;
And carnal objects court our eyes,
To thruſt the Saviour from our thought.
- 2 He knows what wandering hearts we have,
That loſe the memory of his face;
And, to reſreſh our minds, he gave
Theſe kind memorials of his grace.
- 3 The Lord of life this table ſpread
With his own fleſh and dying blood,

We on the rich provision feed,
And taste the wine, and bless our God.

- 4 Let sinful sweets be all forgot,
And earth grow less in our esteem ;
Christ and his love fill every thought,
And faith and hope be fix'd on him.
- 5 Whilst he is absent from our sight,
'Tis to prepare our souls a place :
That we may live in heavenly light,
And dwell forever near his face.

H Y M N LVIII.

Christ Crucify'd; the Wisdom and Power of God.

- 1 **N**ATURE with open volume stands,
To spread her Maker's praise abroad ;
And every labour of his hands
Displays the wisdom of a God :
- 2 But in the grace which rescu'd man,
His brightest form of glory shines ;
Here, on the cross, 'tis fairest drawn
In precious blood, and crimson lines.
- 3 Here I behold his inmost heart,
Where grace and vengeance strangely join ;
Piercing his Son with sharpest smart,
To make the purchas'd pleasures mine.
- 4 Oh ! the sweet wonders of that cross,
Where God, the Saviour, lov'd and dy'd !
Her noblest life my spirit draws
From his dear wounds, and bleeding side.
- 5 I would forever speak his name
In sounds to mortal ears unknown,
With angels join to praise the Lamb,
And worship at his Father's throne.

H Y M N LIX.

The Gospel Feast. Luke xiv. 16, &c.—

- 1 **H**OW rich are thy provisions, Lord !
Thy table furnish'd from above !
The fruits of life o'erspread the board,
The cup o'erflows with heavenly love.

- 2 Thine ancient family, the Jews,
Were first invited to the feast :
We humbly take what they refuse
And Gentiles thy salvation taste.
- 3 We are the poor, the blind, the lame ;
And help was far, and death was nigh !
But at the gospel call, we came,
And every want receiv'd supply.
- 4 From the high way which leads to hell,
From paths of darkness and despair,
Lord, we are come with thee to dwell,
And feel thy gladsome presence here.
- 5 Our everlasting love shall flow,
To him who left his blest abode,
And sought these darksome realms below,
To bring us wanderers back to God.

H Y M N, LX.

Our Lord Jesus at his own Table.

- 1 **T**HE memory of our dying Lord
Awakes a thankful tongue :
How rich he spread his royal board,
And bless'd the food, and sung.
- 2 Happy the man who eat this bread,
But doubly-bless'd was he
Who gently bow'd his loving head,
And lean'd it, Lord, on thee.
- 3 By faith the same delights we taste
As that great favourite did,
And sit and lean on Jesus' breast,
And take the sacred bread.
- 4 Down from the palace of the skies ;
The King of grace descends !
" Come my beloved, eat (he cries)
" And drink salvation friends."
- 5 Hosannah to his bounteous love,
For such a feast below !
And yet he feeds his saints above
With nobler blessing too.

- 6 Come the dear day, the glorious hour,
That brings our souls to God,
Then we shall need these types no more,
But taste the heavenly food.

H Y M N LXI.

Grace and Glory by the Death of Christ.

- 1 **W**HILE sitting round our father's board,
We raise our tuneful breath;
Our faith beholds our dying Lord,
And dooms our sins to death.
- 2 We see the blood of Jesus shed,
Whence all our pardons rise,
The sinner views th' atonement made,
And loves the sacrifice.
- 3 Thy cruel thorns thy shameful cross;
Procure us heavenly crowns;
Our gain arises from thy loss;
Our healing, from thy wounds.
- 4 Not all the race of mortals here,
Who dwell in feeble clay,
For thee can equal sufferings bear
Or equal thanks repay.

H Y M N LXII.

Divine Glories and Graces.

- 1 **H**OW fair thy glories here display'd,
Great God, how bright they shine;
While at thy word we break the bread,
And pour the flowing wine!
- 2 Here thy revenging justice stands,
And pleads its dreadful cause:
Here saving mercy spreads her hands,
Like Jesus on the cross.
- 3 Thy saints attend with every grace
On this great sacrifice,
And love appears with cheerful face,
And faith with lifted eyes.
- 4 Our cheerful hope that waiting sits,
To heaven directs her sight;

Here every warmer passion meets,
And stronger powers unite.'

- 5 Zeal and revenge perform their part,
And rising sin destroy ;
Repentance comes with aching heart,
Yet ne'er forbids the joy.
- 6 Dear saviour, change our faith to sight,
Let sin forever die ;
Then shall our souls be all delight,
And every tear be dry.

H Y M N LXIII.

Our Saviour present at his Table.

- 1 **C**OME let us join the sacred song
To our ascending Lord ;
Ye saints and angels round his throne,
And we around his board.

- 2 Tho' rais'd beyond the worlds of light,
His brighter glories shine,
Where purer souls enjoy the sight
And presence more divine.

- 3 Yet here, unseen by mortal eyes,
The boundless God resides,
Renews the atoning sacrifice
And o'er the feast presides.

- 4 Let every hand that shares the food
And every heart with fear,
Feel the full presence of the God,
That spreads his bounties here.

- 5 But Oh, the love, the wondrous love
The bleeding Lord displays,
Shall earth's united songs improve,
And heaven's eternal praise.

H Y M N LXIV.

Invitation to the gospel feast.

- 1 **T**HE King of heaven his table spreads,
And dainties crown the board ;
Not paradise with all its joys
Could such delight afford.

- 2 Lo, in the blood that Jesus shed,
To raise the soul to heaven,
Pardon and peace for dying men,
And endless life is given.
- 3 Ye hungry poor that long have starv'd
In sins dark mazes, come :
Come from the hedges and highways,
And grace shall find you room.
- 4 Millions of souls, in glory now,
Were fed and feasted here,
And millions more, still on their way,
Around the board appear.
- 5 All things are ready, come away,
Nor weak excuses frame ;
Assume your places at the feast,
And bless the founder's name.

H Y M N LXV.

Innumerable mercies acknowledged.

- 1 **I**N glad amazement, Lord, I stand,
Amidst the bounties of thy hand ;
How numberless those bounties are !
How rich, how various and how fair !
- 2 But oh, what poor returns I bring !
What lifeless songs of praise I sing !
Lord, I confess, with humble shame,
My offerings scarce deserve the name.
- 3 Fain would my labouring heart devise
Some nobler gift and sacrifice ;
It sinks beneath the mighty load
That I should render to my God.
- 4 To him I consecrate my praise,
And vow the remnant of my days ;
Enlarge my soul with grace divine,
And make it worthier to be thine.
- 5 Give me at length an angel's tongue,
To sound thro' heaven the grateful song ;
A theme so great my voice shall raise,
And crown eternity with praise.

H Y M N LXVI.

For a vacant Congregation.

- 1 **O** God of heaven, whose gentle ray;
 Illumes the worlds of light,
 Thy wisdom rules the realms of day,
 And leads the host of night.
- 2 Behold thy waiting servants stand,
 And claim with feeble cries,
 Some skilful guide with gentle hand
 To lead us to the skies.
- 3 While absent from thy temple, Lord
 Like wandering flocks we stray
 We lose the memory of thy word
 And waste the sacred day.
- 4 And when, within these walls of thine
 We find our wonted place;
 How faint our feeble voices join
 To seek thy pardoning grace.
- 5 Almighty Saviour, hear our prayer,
 Some chosen servant raise,
 For us the bread of life to share
 And help our lips to praise.
- 6 Then in thy house, with joy unknown
 We'll raise a nobler song,
 Till we shall meet around thy throne,
 And join the heavenly throng.

H Y M N LXVII.

For a New-Year's Day.

- 1 **E**THERNAL Source of every joy,
 Thy praise shall every voice employ,
 While we within thy courts appear,
 And sing the bounties of the year.
- 2 As worlds of glory round thee roll,
 Thy hand supports the steadfast pole,
 Directs the sun what hour to rise,
 And darkness when to veil the skies.

- 3 The flowery Spring at thy command
Embalms the air, and paints the land;
The blazing beams of Summer shine
To raise the corn and cheer the vine.
- 4 Thy hand in Autumn richly pours
The copious fruits along the shores,
While wintry storms direct our eyes
With fear and wonder to the skies.
- 5 Seasons, and months, and weeks, and days
Demand returning songs of praise;
The opening light and evening shade
Shall see the cheerful homage paid.
- 6 And Oh, may our harmonies tongues
In words unknown pursue the songs;
And in those brighter courts adore,
Where days and years revolve no more

H Y M N LXVIII.

A Hymn for Marriage.

- 1 GREAT God, who form'd for social joys,
Our nature, by thy power and grace,
And join'd in blest conjunction,
The parents of our favour'd race.
- 2 Our Saviour, our ascended Lord,
In Canan once a heavenly guest,
Whose bounty cheer'd the friendly board
Whose presence grac'd the nuptial feast.
- 3 Attend with smiles of heavenly love,
The pair thy sacred laws combine;
Their union bless, their vows approve,
And crown the rites with grace divine.
- 4 Let love assist their mutual toils,
And every social bliss bestow;
Increase each joy with friendly smiles,
And share and soften every woe.
- 5 While each a kindly aid imparts,
To run secure the heavenly race;
And make their dwelling and their hearts,
Perpetual temples of thy praise.

- 6 When death dissolves these sacred ties,
 May each to happier realms remove ;
 There meet and range the peaceful skies,
 In bands of everlasting love.

H Y M N LXIX.

Christ's Ascension.

- 1 **H**AILE the day that sees him rise,
 Ravish'd from our wishful eyes ;
 Christ awhile to mortals given,
 Re-ascends his native heaven ;
 There the pompous triumph waits,
 Lift your heads, eternal gates ;
 Wide unfold the radiant scene,
 Take the King of glory in.
- 2 Him tho' highest heaven receives,
 Still he loves the earth he leaves ;
 Though returning to his throne,
 Still he calls mankind his own ;
 Still for us he intercedes,
 Prevalent his death he pleads,
 Next himself prepares a place,
 Harbinger of human race.
- 3 Master, may we ever say,
 Taken from our world away,
 See thy faithful servants, see,
 Ever gazing up to thee ;
 Grant, though parted from our sight,
 High above yon azure height,
 Grant our souls may thither rise,
 Follow thee beyond the skies.
- 4 Ever upward let us move,
 Wafted on the wings of love ;
 Looking when our Lord shall come,
 Longing for a happier home ;
 There we shall with thee remain,
 Partners of thine endless reign ;
 There thy face unclouded see,
 Find a heaven of heavens in thee.

H Y M N LXX.

The Pilgrim's Song.

- 1 **R**ISE, my soul, and stretch thy wings;
 Thy better portion trace;
 Rise from transitory things,
 Tow'rd's heaven thy native place:
 Sun, and moon, and stars, decay,
 Time shall soon this earth remove;
 Rise, my soul, and haste away
 To seats prepar'd above.
- 2 Rivers to the ocean run,
 Nor stay in all their course,
 Fires ascending seek the sun,
 Both speed them to their source;
 So a soul, that's born of God,
 Wants to view his glorious face;
 Upward tends to his abode,
 To rest in his embrace.
- 3 Fly me, riches: fly me, cares,
 While I that coast explore,
 Flattering world, with all thy snares,
 Solicit me no more
 Pilgrims fix not here their home,
 Strangers tarry but a night.
 When the last dear morn is come,
 They'll rise to joyful light.
- 4 Cease, ye pilgrims: cease to mourn,
 Press onward to the prize;
 Soon the saviour will return,
 Triumphant in the skies;
 Yet a season, and you know
 Happy entrance will be given,
 All our sorrows left behind,
 And earth exchange'd for heaven.

End of the HYMNS.

A N T H E M, FROM JOB, VII.

IS there not an appointed time to man upon earth? *Are not* his days also as the days of an hireling? I'm made to possess months of vanity, and wearisome nights are appointed to me. When I lie down, I say, When shall I arise, and the night be gone? I'm full of tossings to and fro, unto the dawning of the day. My flesh is cloth'd with worms, and clods of dust; my skin is broken, and become loathsome, I loath it, I would not live always: let me alone, for my days *are* vanity. My days are swifter than a weaver's shuttle, and are spent without hope. O remember that my life is wind! mine eye shall no more see good. As the cloud is consumed, and vanisheth away: so he who goeth down to the grave, shall come up no more: for now shall I sleep in the dust, and thou shalt seek me in the morning, but I *shall* not be.

A N T H E M, FROM SUNDRY SCRIPTURES.

ARISE, shine, O Zion, for thy light is come, and the glory of the Lord is risen upon thee: and the gentiles shall come to thy light, and King's to the brightness of thy rising. Sing, sing, O Heavens, and be joyful, O earth, for behold I bring you glad tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people. For unto you is born this day in the city of David, a Saviour, who is Christ the Lord. Glory be to God on high, and on earth peace, good will towards men. For unto us a child is born, unto us a son is given; and his name shall be called Wonderful, Counsellor, the Mighty God, the everlasting Father, the Prince of Peace. Amen. Hallelujah. Amen.

A N T H E M, FROM PSALM CXXIV.

IF the Lord himself had not been on our side—now may Israel say; if the Lord himself had not been on our side, when men rose up against us; they had swallowed us up quick; yea, the waters had drown'd us; and the stream had gone over our soul. But praised be the Lord, our soul is escaped, even as a bird out of the snare of the fowler; the snare is broken, and we are delivered. Our help standeth in the name of the Lord, who made heaven and earth.

A N T H E M. FROM LUKE II.

BEHOLD I bring you glad tidings of joy, which shall be to all people. For unto you is born this day, in the city of David, a Saviour, who is Christ the Lord. And this shall be a sign unto you. You shall find the Babe wrapt in swaddling clothes, lying in a manger. And suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly host, praising God and saying, Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will towards men. Hallelujah!

A N T H E M. FROM ISAIAH XLIV.

SING, sing O ye Heavens; for the Lord hath done it: Shout, shout, ye lower parts of the earth: For the Lord hath redeem'd Jacob, and glorified himself in Israel. Break forth into singing, ye mountains, O forest, and ev'ry tree therein: For the Lord hath redeemed Jacob, and glorified himself in Israel. Glory be to the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, as it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be, world without end. Amen.

A N T H E M. FROM PSALM CIV.

PRAISE the Lord, O my soul! O Lord, my God, thou art become exceeding glorious! Thou art clothed with majesty and honour. Hallelujah Amen. Thou deckest thyself with light, as it were with a garment, and spreadest out the Heavens like a curtain. Who layest the beams of his chambees in the waters, and maketh the clouds his chariot and walketh upon the wings of the wind: He maketh his angels spirits, and his ministers a flaming fire: He laid the foundations of the earth, that it never be removed. O Lord, how manifold are thy works! In wisdom hast thou made them all. The earth is full of thy riches. The glorious majesty of the Lord shall endure forever. The Lord shall rejoice in his works. Hallelujah—Amen.

A N T H E M FROM 2 SAM. Chap. I.

THE beauty of Israel is slain upon thine high places: How are the mighty fallen! Tell it

not in Gath, publish it not in the streets of Askelon :
 Let the daughters of the Philistines should rejoice,
 and the daughters of the uncircumcised should triumph—
 Ye mountains of Gilead, *let there be no dew*, neither
 rain upon you ; for there the shield of the Mighty is
 vilely cast away. Saul and Jonathan *were* lovely and
 pleasant in their lives, and in their deaths they were not
 divided.—Ye daughters of Israel, weep, weep over Saul,
 who clothed you in scarlet with *silver* delights ; who
 put ornaments of gold upon your apparel. How are the
 mighty fallen in the midst of the battle !—O Jonathan !
thou wast slain upon thine high places : I am distressed
 for thee, O my brother Jonathan ! very pleasant hast
 thou been unto me, thy love to me was wonderful,
 passing the love of women.—How are the mighty fallen,
 and the weapons of war perished.

A N T H E M. FROM PSALM VIII.

O LORD, our Governor, how excellent is thy
 name in all the world : Thou hast set thy glory
 above the heavens ! Out of the mouth of babes and
 sucklings thou hast ordained strength, that thou might-
 est still the enemy and the avenger. I will consider the
 heavens the works of thy fingers : the moon and stars
 which thou hast ordained. What is man, that thou
 art mindful of him ? and the son of man, that thou
 visitest him ? Thou madest him lower than the angels,
 to crown him with glory and worship, O Lord, our
 Governor, how excellent is thy name in all the world.

T H E E N D.















CALVARY.

- 1 SEE the Lord of glory, dying,
See him gasping, hear him crying,
See his burden'd bosom heave ;
Look, ye sinners, ye who hung him,
Look, how deep your sins have stung him,
Dying sinners, look and live.
- 2 See the rocks and mountains shaking;
Earth unto her centre quaking,
Nature's groans awake the dead ;
Look on Phœbus, struck with wonder,
While the peals of legal thunder
Smite the blest Redeemer's head.
- 3 Heaven's bright melodious legions,
Chanting to the tuneful regions,
Cease to trill the quiv'ring string ;
Songs seraphic, all suspended,
Till the mighty war is ended
By the all victorious King.
- 4 Hell and all the powers infernal,
Vanquish'd by the King eternal,
When he pour'd the vital flood ;
By his groans, which shook creation,
Lo ! we sound the proclamation,
Peace and pardon through his blood.
- 5 Shout, ye saints, with admiration,
Fill with songs the wide creation,
Since he's risen from the grave ;
Shout with joy and acclamation,
To the Rock of your salvation,
Who alone has power to save.

6 Bear with patience tribulation,
Overcoming all temptation,
Till the glorious jubilee ;
Soon he'll come with bursts of thunder
Then shall we adore and wonder,
Singing on the highest key.

7 See the blissful scene before us;
Join the universal chorus,
Bid the flowing numbers rise ;
Songs immortal sweetly sounding,
Notes angelic, loud rebounding,
Trembling round the vocal skies.



My dear Mr. [illegible]
I have the pleasure
to inform you that
the [illegible]

